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The Boston Weekly Globe.

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FOREIGN HAPPENINGS.

Snail-Like Movements of the Coercion Bill.

Change in the French Ministry—General Boulanger's Position.

Notes and News of Interest from European Centres.

The debate on the coercion bill moves along very slowly in the British Parliament. Every expedient to hinder its passage has been resorted to, and hundreds of amendments have been sprung upon it, so that it is only by the most persistent work that it is being gradually pushed through. There is some talk of the government forcing the bill through the Whitsuntide holidays, and this can only be done by shutting down on the dreary declamation which goes on session after session. Such a course will be greeted with a howl, but both parties know exactly what the bill will be, and the opponents only seek to put the drag on, for both agree that it will be passed. The amendments are steadily rejected by majorities of from 85 to 170, according to their nature, and the shutting off debate when the turgid debate becomes a positive nuisance and hindrance. The rigid care taken to protect minorities in the Houses of Parliament have been abused fearfully of late to impede legislation. There is little doubt that the crimes act will become law soon after Whitsuntide, and equally little doubt that in spite of all the talk on the subject the act will not trouble honest law-abiding men, or what is more to the point, hinder or obstruct the constitutional agitation for home rule. It will very seriously interfere with the "plan of campaign" and the withholding of rents, and tend to embarrass boycotting and moonlighting.

T. P. O'Connor writes: "The government refuse every amendment to the bill, which retains its perfectly despotic character, leaving Ireland at the mercy of the resident magistrates. It is not certain, however, if the government will use the bill harshly or not. It is now evident that the session is destroyed. There can be no result to show for the time lost but the Irish bill. England is without her impatiently expected reforms.

"The upper classes are making a desperate fight and exhausting every weapon in the struggle, which will be fierce enough before victory is gained. The Home Rulers have great hopes. The masses are sure to be sooner or later united. Their temper is getting hotter every hour. Everybody agrees that the Irish fight now fairly divides the English people. It is sure to prove the fiercest of any struggle of modern times.

"Professor Stuart goes to Ireland to speak in Ulster. This is the beginning of an exchange of speakers between the two countries.

"Strong efforts are being made to induce John Morley to attend the meeting of the new home rule society formed by the graduates of Trinity College. He favorably considers the proposal and will probably go.

"This proves that if the government proceeds to extremities, Ireland will have to count on English members of Parliament as well as Irish.

"Mr. Balfour is playing into the hands of the Orangemen in prohibiting the meetings of the Nationalists in Ulster. If the Orangemen call counter meetings he will be forced to promise to reconsider the question.

"All accounts from Ireland agree that the spirit of the people is splendid, and that the nation is ready for a desperate struggle with the government. The excitement may be suppressed, but the resolve of the people is more firm than ever."

The Irish Court of Appeals has rendered a decision in the case of Father Keller, the priest at Youghal, who is imprisoned in Kilmainham jail for refusing to testify regarding his connection with the plan of campaign. The Court of Appeals holds that the warrant for his arrest was illegal and reverses the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench.

Mr. Parnell's Health.

LONDON, May 21.—Mr. Parnell's health causes the gravest anxiety to his friends. He looks extremely indisposed, but speaks cheerfully and says he has hopes of recovering soon from his illness, which is the result of continued confinement indoors, from bad weather and a severe cold.

He takes exercise every day for a couple of hours on horseback when the weather is fine. When he is unable to do this his digestive system goes wrong at once.

His friends are using the strongest possible pressure to induce him to leave London for a short time for his health's sake, but he firmly declines to do so. He is keenly interested and seriously anxious about the condition of political affairs and therefore will not go out of reach of his colleagues and far from the House of Commons.

The strongest sympathy is felt for him by the Liberals, who have come to regard him as the pivot of the whole political situation and at last recognize fully his thorough consistency, honesty and sagacity.

It is no exaggeration to say that at this moment Mr. Parnell occupies in the minds of the Liberals of England the next place to Mr. Gladstone himself. Even the Tories express regret at the visible marks his illness have made upon him.

AN UNEXPECTED SHOT.

Attack on Home Rule Said to be from the Irish College.

The sensation of the week has been the publication in America of a memoir, said to have been prepared by the Irish College at Rome, in which the Nationalist party of Ireland is handled without gloves. Prominent Irish leaders in this country regard the document as a forgery; others ascribe its appearance to English influence at the vatican, and still others think that as the Irish College gets its support from the Irish people it would not be likely to accept bribes from a Tory ministry—therefore, it is argued, with peculiar logic, the document is a forgery.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Rome, after inquiries regarding the alleged memoir on the Irish question prepared by the Irish College, has authority to state that no memoir whatever on the condition of Ireland has been issued from the college, nor has any body of members of the college denounced the Parnellites. The statement to that effect is an absolute falsehood.

The document begins by pointing out that in the Parnell or the Fenian movement interests far higher and holier than the material advantages sought for are at stake. After condemning Parnell for his association with apostles of violence, the memoir declares that to accomplish his self-assumed task of breaking the last link that unites Ireland to England, he made traitors of the masses of the Irish people. The means by which he sought to dissolve the union are denounced in most unmeasured terms, while the "tools" he employed to spread "terrorism" throughout Ireland are held up to public execration.

The memoir then continues: "The acts of the Fenian party are the surest witnesses we can have, first, of what their rule is, and second, what it will be if they get supreme power. They now claim the support of Catholics of Rome and other foreign countries, who of late have been led to look favorably upon the Parnellite movement. Such can have no notion of

The Horrible Terrorism

of which Parnellite rule, wherever it prevails, has been the cause. It is that terrorism which has from the first been the source of Parnell's power." In support of this view it gives a long catalogue of agrarian crimes committed between January, 1866, and March, 1887. It adds: "But incredible as it may seem, there is a party opposed to it in Parliament on whom the appalling sufferings of the defenceless class who are being mercilessly hacked down and butchered, as if they were wild beasts, go for nothing, a party led by the very man who only 10 years ago passed a coercion bill that Nero or Draco would hardly have dared to pass. The bill is opposed by them on the plea that it is a coercion bill, and not what the House of Commons calls it, a crimes bill. That is their plea for the conspiracy now entered into by Gladstone and Parnell to impede its passing and becoming speedily a law. They hope by this inhuman process to prolong the reign of terrorism which now obtains in Ireland, because they see that in its extinction the reign of Parnellism and crime will come to an end.

A Notable Election.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., says: "The narrow majority recorded at the St. Anstell election produced a bad impression among the Liberals, but, all things considered, it is now thought to have been a lucky escape from a not improbable disaster.

"The Unionist candidate was the strongest man that could have been found in England for this particular contest. He is rich, generous and popular, a native of the county, and member of an old family of high standing; and Cornwall, after all, is very clannish. All his relatives are equally popular. All have been benefactors of the shire in various forms, having built fishing piers, endowed public schools and so forth.

"Nearly a thousand agricultural laborers, who, if they had been free to exercise their choice, would have voted for the Liberal candidate, refused to go to the polls. The voters of several of the villages in the division begged the Liberals not to send carriages for them, lest they should fall into disgrace with their employers."

A little note on the subject is very interesting. There are precious few "agricultural laborers" in the district. Mining and fishing are the leading occupations of the workers, the agricultural population is very small indeed. In the election last year the Gladstone candidate had 4464; Conservative, 2183. The Liberal was thus elected by 2281 majority. There are 3860 voters in the constituency, so that 2213 did not vote then. In the late election the Liberals only scored 211 majority. That tells the whole story.

French Ministerial Crisis.

It is reported from Paris that M. de Freycinet has declined the task of forming a cabinet, having informed President Grevy that, after a thorough consideration of the situation, he had come to the conclusion that there was no satisfactory prospect of his being able to form a cabinet that would endure. Sixty Ferry deputies, it is said, threatened M. de Freycinet with systematic obstructions if he should give a portfolio to General Boulanger.

On Saturday it was learned that M. Rourier had consented to form a ministry. Popular opinion in France is decidedly in favor of General Boulanger having a place in the new cabinet, and this means the existence of a widespread warlike feeling.

Taken from the Cables.

The Marquis of Salisbury, addressing the Constitutional Club, said that the Non-conformists had placed their machinery at the disposal of the Liberals. Every one of their chapels was a centre of radicalism. The labor organizations had also fallen into the hands of the Liberals. He urged that it was imperative for the Conservatives to obtain legitimate substitutes for these weapons.

Two sailors on the French ironclad Duguesclin at Brest have been killed and seventeen others badly injured by an accident, the nature of which is concealed.

The ice blockade off the Cape Breton coast has already cut short the chief shipping season by three weeks.

Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna, met with an accident Friday while driving about Halifax, N. S., with her manager, Strakosch. At Point Pleasant, where the Atlantic rolls in with great force, Miss Kellogg alighted and went to the water's edge to gather sea plants. While standing on a rock her foot slipped and she fell into the water. A big wave carried her out some distance, but Strakosch succeeded in getting the singer ashore.

De Bensaude, husband of Violet Cameron, the actress, has obtained $1950 damages against the Manchester Umpire for a libel contained in an interview with Lord Lonsdale, published in that paper.

Lord Rosebery, speaking at Newton Abbott, said that what the English nation wanted was education in the facts of the Irish question. The nation had been grossly and constantly misled by foul libels or by worse means. Once it thoroughly understood the real issue, it would no longer hesitate.

The Maros river in Transylvania has overflowed its banks, flooding the town of Karlsburg and interrupting railroad traffic. Rain is still falling. Troops are engaged in rescuing property in the flooded territory. Immense damage has been caused by floods.

The strikers in the district of Borinage, Belgium, are singing the "Marseillaise," visiting factories, intimidating the employes and stopping their work. The houses of a number of workmen who would not strike have been blown up with dynamite.

Lord Salisbury has refused to consent to a request made by the French foreign office that he instruct the English consul in Madagascar to apply to France for an exequatur, which act would be a recognition of the French protectorate, on the ground that he requires further time to consider the advisability of such a step.

It is reported that Prince Luitpold, the regent of Bavaria, will receive Emperor Francis Joseph's sanction to assume the Bavarian throne, and that Emperor William's consent has already been obtained. This, it is said, was received when Prince Luitpold visited Berlin recently.

A duel has taken place at Paris between Victor Koning, the husband of Mme. Jane Hadding, the well-known French actress, and M. Lacour, a journalist, who had written an article insulting to Mme. Hadding's reputation. M. Lacour was wounded.

The metal-workers of Belgium are joining the strike inaugurated by the miners. Workers in other trades are likely to follow suit. Eighteen thousand persons have struck in the centre district alone. Troops are being forwarded to prevent the strikers from committing acts of violence.

A gentleman in the confidence of Lord Salisbury, the British minister for foreign affairs, is negotiating with the Vatican, in a semi-official capacity, for the resumption of official relations between the Vatican and England.

Six persons have been killed and robbed in the vicinity of Odrau, a small town in Austria Silesia, by a man who was recently released from prison.

General Gene, commander of the Italian forces at Massowah has dissuaded his Government from carrying out its Abyssinian expedition, on the ground that the cost and difficulty of the undertaking would outweigh the probable gain.

The Frankfort Gazette confirms the discovery of a plot at Novo Tcherkask to kill the Czar.

The Bavarian Diet has been dissolved. Elections for a new Diet will be held on June 21.

At an election held in the St. Austell division of Cornwall to fill the parliamentary seat made vacant by William Borlases' acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, Mr. MacArthur, the Gladstonian candidate, was elected by a majority of 211.

The Queen will review 10,000 poor school children at Hyde Park on June 23. Each child will be presented with a mug commemorating the Queen's jubilee.

The German despatch boat Falke has captured the English fishing vessel Lady Godiva, near the island of Norderney, and towed her to Wilhelmshafen.

The Paris Figaro publishes an article by General Leflo, formerly French ambassador to Russia, containing official correspondence relating to the events of 1875, showing that Russia prevented Germany from attacking France. A semi-official note has been issued declaring that General Leflo used documents which were not his property, without permission from the foreign office, and that he deserves the reprobation of all men with a sense of honor for such a serious breach of his professional duties.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck has instructed the German ambassador at Paris to advise the French government, in the interests of peace, to conduct the mobilizing experiment so as not to seem to menace the German frontier. In the meantime diplomatic representations have been postponed on account of the French ministerial crisis.

The Indian Civil and Military Gazette confirms the report of the defeat of the ameer's troops by the Shinwarris. In the most recent battles the rebels met with partial success.

The London Standard says it transpires that Russia claims a wider expanse of territory in Afghanistan than the part already disputed.

The royal commission appointed to inquire into the charges against the British war office of jobbery in the making of contracts and in the purchasing of defective weapons has prepared a report which exonerates the officials individually, but advises numerous administrative changes.

Ten thousand miners are on strike in Belgium, and troops are held in readiness to suppress an outbreak should one occur.

The ice blockade off the Cape Breton coast has been broken, and many vessels have been released.

It is reported that the latest scheme is to have the Danubian-Balkan provinces consolidated, with King Charles of Roumania as ruler.

Over $25,000,000 has been found in vaults beneath the palace of Gevalion of the late maharajah of India. The Indian government has appropriated the hoard as a loan from the young maharajah.

In the British House of Commons Sir William Vernon Harcourt proposed an important amendment to the coercion bill, exempting from secret inquiry all proceedings relating to public meetings or agrarian movements, including combinations to obtain reductions of rent. The Gladstonians will make this a test amendment. If the government accepts it the bill will be permitted to progress, but if the government refuses every possible device will be used to obstruct the measure.

Enormous sums of money are being collected throughout Germany for the purpose of propagating the Protestant faith. The recent concessions of Bismarck to the Vatican have greatly stimulated this work.

A deputation of fishermen from Norman and Breton ports called upon Foreign Minister Flourens at Paris and asked him to protest against the Newfoundland fishery bill stopping the sale of bait to Frenchmen. M. Flourens promised to bring the matter before the Chamber of Deputies.

The British steamer Caldera, bound from Pondicherry for Marseilles, has been sunk near Suakin by collision with the British steamer Goorkha, from London for Calcutta. The Ghoorkha was badly damaged. The crew of the Caldera was saved.

UNSUSPECTED RICHES

Discovered in the Hovel of a Female Nonogenarian, Whereat the Benevolent Grieve.

NORTHBORO, Mass., May 18.—Mary O'Hara, who has long been an object of general commiseration, is dead, after a life of more than fourscore and ten years. She was a peculiar specimen of humanity, and miserly to an extreme, which fact has been demonstrated by the finding of a large sum of money among her possessions, and it is expected that more wealth may be discovered when her effects are overhauled.

Mary O'Hara came here from New York, where she buried her husband, about 30 years ago. She took up her abode in a small, rickety building, situated on the outskirts of the town, in a locality known as "Straw Hollow." She was a large woman; in fact, a veritable female Amazon, and lived by washing, house-cleaning and husking corn. She lived alone in a little, tumble-down shanty. Not exactly alone either, for she did find companionship in cats, being nothing unusual for her to have a dozen or more about her home all the time. She was a very timid woman, and a thunder storm struck terror to her soul. The slightest indication of a storm was sufficient to prompt her to go to her neighbors and tarry until the shower was over. One night, five years ago, while she was staying at a neighbor's house, her shanty, of which she had a life lease, secured by the payment of a certain sum of money, was totally destroyed by fire, with all its contents. She claimed at the time that she lost $200 in money. The assertion was then regarded as thoroughly absurd, she had lived for years by the generosity of the townspeople, but in the light of recent developments the story is now readily believed.

After the fire the townspeople made up clothing and bedding for her, gave her a small sum of money, and supplied her well with provisions. Leonard Wheelock gave her the use of a small but comfortable building in the rear of his farmhouse, and there the old lady lived during the past five years of her life, although not a few of her nights were passed under Mr. Wheelock's roof. From time to time people would send the old lady wearing apparel, and it is now evident that all she could get was stored away and never used.

A visit to her recent apartments today showed that she had three small rooms, but one of them was sufficient for her. It served the purpose of kitchen, dining-room and parlor, in which rags, bedding, furniture, dishes and provisions were distributed about with chaotic effect. The other two rooms, in fact, all three, presented the appearance of so many junk shops thrown into direst confusion. Old dresses, hoods, bonnets, cloaks, shawls, sheets, bedding, in truth about everything imaginable, were scattered about in all directions. Since the fire it is apparent that of all the articles that have been given her, not one has been destroyed or worn out.

She was found dead on a lounge in Mr. Wheelock's house, where she had retired for the night. Mrs. Wheelock sought for suitable clothing among the old miser's effects, in which she might be buried, and in looking over a pile of old clothing she discovered in two old dress pockets, that evidently had been worn about the old old woman's waist, as there was a kind of a belt to which they were attached, $200 in money and a note for $825, given by Charles O. Green of Shrewsbury, one of that town's best-known citizens, who explains the note by stating that Mary O'Hara, who at one time had done not a little work for members of his family, came to him and importuned him to keep her money, taking as security his note. He states that the old lady has not collected any of the interest.

There is a presumption that the deceased left a will, and it is thought that secreted about her late home may be more money, and possibly articles of value, as well as papers that will give, perhaps, some account of her life, and furnish a clew as to who her relatives are, if she has any.

LARGE BOULDERS IN THE AIR.

Particulars of the Recent Earthquake in North Mexican Regions.

ST. LOUIS, May 21.—A special from the City of Mexico says: "Reports from local officials in the regions of North Mexico, recently visited by earthquake shocks, reached here yesterday." The chief of the fiscal guard at Babispe says: "The earthquake was so strong here that it did not leave a single habitable house standing. Sixty persons were killed, and many wounded beyond hope of recovery. Between 3 p. m. and 1 a. m. of the day following there were 18 shocks. We are still digging out bodies, and think the number of killed will reach 150."

A letter from Jenos, in Chihuahua, declares the existence of an extensive volcano, and says: "The smoke is so dense it cuts off the sun's rays. Many testify that when the earthquake occurred they saw large boulders shoot up into the air, and that flames burst forth from the summit of the mountain, setting fire to the forest."

ON JUNE SECOND

The Case of the Ella M. Doughty Will Probably be Reached at Halifax.

PORTLAND, Me., May 21.—The indications are that the case of the seized schooners Ella M. Doughty and David J. Adams will not be reached at Halfax before June 2. The chief justice has offered to allow Hon. W. L. Putnam to appear in person in the case, but Mr. Putnam prefers to leave the matter entirely with the able legal gentlemen who have been retained at Halifax.

Mr. Putnam will content himself with getting the evidence in order for his Canadian associates. The hearing had been fixed for the 26th, but some Canadian case has apparently cut in ahead of it.

FIVE INJURED, THREE FATALLY.

Terrible Results of a Boiler Explosion in Ohio.

GALLIPOLIS, O., May 18.—A boiler at the saw mill of Betz & Morrison exploded yesterday, wrecking the mill and injuring five men, three fatally. James Sague, fireman, had a leg broken and was terribly scalded; James Valentine was scalded nearly all over, and there is scarcely a hope for him; John Dray, leg crushed and scalded from head to foot; Jesse Stone, bad cuts and bruises on head. Charles Brown happened to be in the mill at the time of the accident and had his brains blown out.

The Kaiser's Sword of Honor.

The King of Portugal's gift to Emperor William was worth all the rest of the royal birthday gifts put together. It was a sword of honor, the blade of which was specially made at the Lisbon arsenal and exquisitely chiselled. The hilt is of solid gold, encrusted in every part with diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds, set after a design supplied by the Queen. The question is, did this make the other sovereigns and relatives, with their half-sovereign and half-penny gifts, feel cheap? Or, to go to the root of the matter, do sovereigns ever feel cheap?

Samoiloff's Decoration.

The only Russian ever decorated by the public, the favorite actor, Basil Samoiloff, is dead. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the stage the public presented him with a magnificent decoration enriched with diamonds. The Emperor gave him permission to wear this as an imperial decoration.

My Lady Lea's Occupation.

Lord Salisbury has found steady occupation for "My Lady Lea," who "dances on" in the nursery rhyme. That playful little river is obliged to light his house, thresh his corn, grind his flour, pump his water, and do everything else that needs doing at the Hatfield House, and form an ornamental feature in the landscape as well.

We Think We See Them Doing It.

[Somerville Journal.]

The best way for women to get moustaches off their upper lips is to get themselves to a nunnery and lock the door.

A Warning to Spring Poets.

[Journal of Education.]

Chaucer breathed his last while composing a ballad.

DEATH'S SHINING MARKS.

Lysander Spooner, the Great Radical Thinker.

"Extra Billy" Smith, Virginia's Confederate War Governor.

Other Notable People Who Have Joined the Great Majority.

Mr. Lysander Spooner, at one time prominent as an Abolitionist, died at his residence in Boston on the 15th inst., in his eightieth year. Mr. Spooner was a native of Athol, Mass., and at the age of 25 began the study of law with two notable Worcester lawyers—John Davis ("Honest" John) and Charles Allen—and began his fight with things by opening a law office in defiance of the statute of that day, which required three years' extra study from one not a college graduate before he could be admitted to the bar. He attacked the statute in a pamphlet so sound in sense and witty in style that it was repealed. He soon afterwards went to Ohio, where he spent the next six years. It was in 1844 that he undertook to convince the public that the government had no right to a monopoly of the mails. In 1844 he established an independent mail from Boston to New York, afterward extending it to Philadelphia and Baltimore, carrying letters at the uniform rate of five cents. The business grew rapidly, but the government officials soon overwhelmed him with prosecutions and succeeded in crushing him in the end; but he had gained the victory, and had demonstrated that a low rate of postage would support the department. The next year Congress made the first reduction in postage rates, followed in 1851 and in subsequent years with still further reductions. In 1835 he published "A Deist's Reply to the Alleged Supernatural Evidence of Christianity," a work which has exposed him to much personal prejudice. Another work, "Constitutional Law Relative to Credit, Currency and Banking," appeared in 1845. The same year he published his most celebrated work, "The Unconstitutionality of Slavery." From 1846 to 1870 he published the following works: "Poverty, Its Illegal Causes and Legal Cure"; "A Defence of Fugitive Slaves," against the fugitive slave act of 1850; "An Essay on the Trial by Jury," "Address to the Free Constitutionalists," "A new System of Paper Currency," "The Law of Intellectual Property," "Considerations for Bankers and Bondholders," "No Treason; the Constitution of No Authority." The last, and in some elements the ablest, of Mr. Spooner's works was issued last year under the title of "A Letter to Grover Cleveland." In this he treats of government, politics, finance, law and the judiciary with great boldness and originality. Mr. Spooner left many manuscripts, and was engaged until his last sickness in daily labor upon his writings, which was performed chiefly in the Athenæum Library. He will also be remembered as the defender of Thomas Drew, who in 1870 declined to take his oath as a witness before a legislative committee, on the ground that in the matter they were investigating they had no rightful authority to compel him to testify. Mr. Drew took this course only as a matter of principle, to test the point. He was committed, but sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and the case was heard by Judge Gray. Mr. Spooner appeared for Mr. Drew, and made a very strong, cogent, logical and, in the opinion of some good judges, unanswerable argument, showing that the Legislature had exceeded its authority in making this commitment. The justice gave an adverse decision, merely on the ground of precedent, but the principles of Mr. Spooner's argument have since been sustained by the United States Supreme Court and the New York Court of Appeals.

Hon. Albert Palmer.

Hon. Albert Palmer, ex-mayor of Boston, died at his home on Forest street, Roxbury, Saturday morning, after a brief illness of pneumonia, at the age of 56. Mr. Palmer was a native of Candia, N. H., the son of a small farmer of that town. In the intervals of the hard work of a farmer's boy he obtained an education which enabled him to begin teaching at the age of 14. In this way he fitted himself for Phillips Exeter Academy, and he afterwards entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated with high honors. After coming to Boston he taught in the Latin school for six years. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1872, '73 and '74, being chairman of the joint committee on railroads for two years. He was elected to the Senate in 1875 and mayor of Boston in 1883.

Von Reumont, the Historian.

The death is announced from Paris of the Prussion historian, Alfred von Reumont, at the age of 79. He was bred a diplomatist, beginning his career at Florence, and he was the Prussian charge d'affaires at Rome in 1848, and followed the Pope to Gaeta. He was afterwards sent back to Florence. He was indefatigable as a writer, producing histories of Tuscany and Rome, and biographies of Cellini, Ganganelli, the Countess of Albany, and Lorenzo de Medici, besides various other works.

"Extra Billy" Smith of Virginia.

Hon. William Smith, ex-governor of Virginia, died on the 20th, aged 89. He was a native of King George county, became a lawyer, and made a fortune by establishing a line of mail coaches from Washington to Milledgeville, Ga. In 1836 and 1840 he was a member of the Virginia Legislature, and in 1841 entered the Twenty-seventh Congress as a Democrat. From 1845 to 1848 he was governor of Virginia, and was re-elected to the Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, serving from Dec. 5, 1853, to March 3, 1861. He was a representative from Virginia to the first Confederate Congress, and resigned his seat in 1863 to become a brigadier-general in the Southern army. He was made major-general, and wounded at Antietam. He was governor of Virginia from Jan. 1, 1864, until Richmond fell. His nickname of "Extra Billy" grew out of his demands for extra compensation for his mail contracts. He was in Congress when President Lincoln was inaugurated, and challenged criticism by calling for eggnog, which he drank on the floor of the House of Representatives.

Other Deaths.

Hon. Henry Lane, a prominent politician and agriculturist, dropped dead at his home in Cornwall, Vt., on the 18th inst. He was born in Cornwall, Feb. 14, 1824. He represented that town in the Legislatures of 1864, '65 and '66, was director of the State prison from 1865 to '67, assistant judge of the County Court from 1884 to '86, and member of the State board of agriculture from 1880 to his death.

E. C. Phister, member of Congress from 1878 to 1882, died at his home in Maysville, Ky., on the 18th inst., aged 65.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Gibson, wife of United States Senator Gibson of Lousiana, died in Washington on the 17th.

Dr. Edme Felix Alfred Vupian, dean of the faculty of the Paris Academy of Medicine, is dead.

Lieutenant Charles E. Barnard, a crippled veteran of the war, died at his home at Worcester on the 18th. Since the war he has been an invalid on account of his wounds, and was frequently seen on the streets of Worcester in a wheel-chair. He received a pension of $72 a month.

Dr. George W. Frost, who 20 years ago was the physician in charge of the Sailors' Retreat on Staten Island, died in the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn, aged 81 years. He was as near a hermit as his hotel life would permit him to be, and made no acquaintances. He moved to Brooklyn eight years ago. He occupied a table in the dining-room alone; spent one hour in smoking after each meal, and then disappeared until the next meal. Exactly at 3 o'clock every afternoon he would go out for a walk and direct his steps towards the City Hall, in the corridor of which he would stand for 15 minutes. If any one recognized and spoke to him he would fly into a rage and leave the building. At 6 o'clock promptly he would return to his hotel. Dr. Frost was worth $300,000, and the larger part of his money will go to charitable institutions.

Abel B. Barry, an author of considerable renown, formerly of Waltham, Mass., was found dead from heart disease at his place of residence in North Weare, N. H., on the 20th inst.

Mme. St. Gabriel, Annie Darragh, superior at the Academy de Notre Dame in Waterbury, Conn., since 1882, died Friday.

Hon. Charles E. Stuart, ex-congressman from Michigan, died in Kalamazoo, Thursday. He was born in New York State, Nov. 25, 1810. After practising law he entered politics, and in 1842 became a member of the Michigan Legislature. In 1847 he was elected a representative in Congress to fill a vacancy. He was United senator in 1851, and was the last Democratic senator that Michigan had. To him is accredited the honor of having secured the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas.

General James L. Selfridge, a hero of the late war and a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, committed suicide Thursday. He was about 62 years old, and has suffered for several years with Bright's disease. He recruited a company of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment in April, 1861, and went to the front as its captain. He was commissioned colonel in November, 1862; brevet brigadier general in 1865, and soon after brigadier general. He served with distinction in the Twelfth and Twentieth corps, and was honorably mustered out of the service Aug. 25, 1865.

William E. Kisselberg, managing editor of the Troy, N. Y., Times, and a member of the firm of J. M. Francis, Son & Co., proprietors of the paper, died this morning.

SEVERAL PEOPLE KILLED.

A Railroad Accident This Morning on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad.

CINCINNATI, May 21.—Private information received in this city is to the effect that an accident occurred this morning on the Ohio & Mississippi railroad at Mitchell, Ind., in which several people were killed.

MR. CLEVELAND AND TEMPERANCE.

The President's Views on the Use of Liquor Moderately and Immoderately.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Representative Craine of Texas, who recently had a conversation with the President on the conference question, gives the following as a report of Mr. Cleveland's views: "The President," he says, "remarked the subject of a remedy for intemperance was a very serious and difficult problem to solve that conflicting views were entertained by men who interested themselves on the subject and who were equally honest and conscientious in regard to drinking customs. He observed that our people were to a great extent cosmopolitan. Take the state of things in Buffalo, for instance, where there are a great many Germans and they are thrifty people and make good citizens. There you might see, on Sunday, a German, with his family around him, sitting at a table in a garden taking beer and quietly enjoying himself according to his own notions. It would seem hard to him to deprive him of that enjoyment; on the other hand, it occasionally happens that young men get together and drink to excess, and on Monday morning are unfit for business, and go on until they lose their employment and become outcasts. It also happens, sometimes, that the excessive use of intoxicating drink drives men to the commission of crimes and even to the gallows. He had drank wine and beer, and had not seen any reason to object to others doing the same in moderation. There is no doubt but that the man who uses liquor to excess is not equal to the temperate man in the performance of his duties, and he had observed this when he had men working for him."

O'BRIEN IN CANADA.

The Irish Journalist has a Lively Reception in Toronto.

William O'Brien, editor of United Ireland, and since his departure from the old country, M. P. for North Cork, started out on an expedition to Canada for the purpose of creating a feeling against Lord Lansdowne, the governor general. The theme of his story was that Lord Lansdowne's agent had carried on evictions, especially at Lugecurran, in a wholesale and cruel manner. Lord Lansdowne appears to have let Mr. O'Brien alone, and the recital of the cruel wrongs suffered by the tenants of the governor general, excited much sympathy among the Irish and French. In fact, the whole business resolves itself into the fact that the Home Rule sympathizers and the opponents of the British element enthusiastically welcomed Mr. O'Brien and cheered his denunciation. The other side didn't. At Toronto some roughs chased Mr. O'Brien and his friends and threw stones and demolished the windows of a store in which he had taken refuge. This action was made the most of by the orator. Threats were held out that he dared not visit Ottawa. Mr. O'Brien valued these at their just rate, and spoke in Ottawa. Dennis Kilbride, one of the evicted tenants, was starring with Mr. O'Brien. On Sunday Mr. O'Brien was at Niagara Falls. He complained of being ill, and the doctors put it down to pleurisy. Some effort is being made to connect the stone which struck him in the side on Wednesday last and his present illness, but it has not yet been successful. He goes to Montreal for one more lecture, and then will be received in Boston and New York with all the honors due to him for his plucky campaign.

TO PREVENT HIS MARRIAGE,

A Mother Has Her Son Arrested as a Deserter from the Army.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—A case that has occupied the attention of the District Court for quite a long time was terminated yesterday by the marriage of Ernest L. Von Diezelski to Miss Julia Bardot.

A few months ago arrangements for the wedding were made at St. Teresa's Church in Anacostia. The mother of the young man was opposed to the marriage, and called on the police to interfere, but they were powerless to aid her; whereupon the mother stated that her son was a deserter from the United States army.

Thereupon the would-be bridegroom was taken to the Washington barracks and confined as a deserter. Efforts were made to secure his release by habeas corpus, but Judge McArthur denied the petition.

His counsel appealed to the general term, and after argument on the 9th inst., the court reversed the judgment of Judge McArthur and directed the discharge of the petitioner, holding that testimony to show that the young man was a minor at the time of the enlistment was admissible, and that the parents are entitled to the custody and wages of the minor until he is of age.

Von Diezeiski, having been discharged from the service, there was no further obstacles to his marriage.

TRADE STATISTICS.

Bradstreet's Showing of Trade and Labor Interests.

The bank clearings at 36 cities, reported to Bradstreet's (omitting Duluth and Topeka total), aggregate $1,087,000,000 for six days ended May 2, against $996,527,519 in the preceding week, an increase of 9 per cent., which practically offsets last week's decline. Compared with $787,689,965 in the third week of May, 1886, the gain this week amounts to 38 per cent. The increases at leading cities are: At New York, $62,000,000; Boston, $47,000,000; Philadelphia, $8,000,000; San Francisco, $4,800,000; Pittsburg, $1,300,000, and Baltimore, $1,100,000. Leading decreases were: Chicago, $1,500,000; St. Louis, $1,400,000, and Providence, $800,000. Reports of railway earnings for 1887 show a gain of about 15 per cent., as compared with April, 1886, and about the same against that month in 1885.

The industrial situation has not improved, about 26,000 employes having struck or been locked out during the week. The total striking and locked out this month to the 20th is almost 69,000, an average of about 4100 daily. The leading strikes have included 31,000 building trade operatives at Chicago and 15,000 Pennsylvania coke workers. About 3000 shoemakers were locked out in Massachusetts and 2800 stove moulders at Detroit. Small strikes during May include 20,000 employes.

Reports from 227 New England woollen mills show that a large share of worsted and cassimere mills are running part of the machinery only or on short time. The output of worsted and finer goods is less than one year ago—less than in February last—and promises to be further reduced by July 1 next. Hosiery, satinet and shoddy output and demand are quite active. Very few mills are doing better than last year.

Best grains of Eastern foundry pig iron are firm, and an increased demand would advance prices. Bessemer pig is on 50@75 cents per ton, and merchant bar at Pittsburg is in higher demand than for several months past. Yet there is no over-production and no stock on hand. Special inquiries show that 34 blast furnaces and about 4000 employes are idle in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia owing to the coke strike. No mills or foundries are yet affected by it.

When Most Men Get Married.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

A writer in a scientific journal says that the critical period in a man's life is between the ages of 20 and 30.

COLLISIONS AT SEA.

White Star Steamships Crash Together off Nantucket.

Five Passengers Crushed—The Steamers Return to New York.

Steamer Plover Runs Down a Schooner in Trinity Bay.

NEW YORK, May 22.—Two Atlantic steamers, the Britannic and the Celtic, both of the White Star line, got into collision Thursday night off Nantucket, about 350 miles east of Sandy Hook.

Both vessels were badly damaged, and for a time it was feared that the Britannic would founder.

At the least three, and at the most seven, of the steerage passengers were killed by flying timbers at the time of the collision.

The Britannic left New York last Wednesday with a cabin packed full of well-known people from all parts of the country, bound on the grand tour of summer. The Celtic, with 1100 passengers on board, was nearing port. Thursday a dense fog came down, and the passengers of these two steamers were treated to the hoarse symphony of the fog horn. But time was to be made, and the captains were obliged to keep the screws working, putting their trust in Providence and listening with all their ears for warning sounds.

A passenger says: "There was a very dense fog at the time of the collision, and horns were blowing continually between 5.30 and 6 p. m. On Thursday we heard the fog-horn of another vessel. I went on deck, and could see the

Large Black Hull of a Steamer

bearing down on us. Signals to slow, I believe, were given on our vessel. We were proceeding at about regular fog speed, while the other steamer, which proved to be the Celtic, seemed to have little more than headway on. As the approaching vessel discovered us she changed her course somewhat, and struck us obliquely abaft the steerage gangway. Rebounding, she struck again and again, but with less force each time, and finally she slipped along under our stern and came up on the other, the starboard side. There were evidently orders to launch boats, although I heard none given, for half a dozen boats were manned and launched. The steerage passengers made a stampede for the starboard stern boats, but were driven back by the officers and crew, and the ladies were allowed to embark first. Three of the boats got off safely and carried their passengers to the Celtic. As the fourth was about to leave Captain Perry ordered it to remain, saying at the same time that there was no cause to fear that the ship would founder. He admitted that the fourth compartment was full of water, but said that the damage was limited to that."

The water poured in a cataract through the breaches of either ship, and for five minutes pandemonium reigned, particularly on the ill-fated Britannic.

The passengers there were taken completely by surprise. Many had hung over the rail, and others were sitting on the deck engaged in peaceful occupations.

Mrs. Robinson, a steerage passenger who came from Fall River, Mass., was peeling potatoes; her little thirteen-year-old daughter was writing a history of the voyage, and her son of 14 years was shelling peas for the next day's dinner. A man sat beside them

Smoking a Pipe and Lazily Watching

domestic occupation.

When the cry, "She is going to strike!" was raised, there was a rush of passengers away from the place, but some had not time to escape. Mrs. Robinson got out of the way, but as she ran her daughter's body was cut into two and her son was crushed down by a terrible pile of debris. The pipe smoker was stripped naked by the wicked prow, and his body was cut in two and one of his legs torn off.

Another man was torn into shreds. Still another was decapitated, and a woman near by was buried under such a load of iron that it took seven men to lift it off. She was badly crushed, but survived. There were others wounded by flying bolts, and perhaps other fatal casualties. The number of those killed is not known, as the officers have made no report, and both vessels are still outside of Sandy Hook.

The passengers can only guess at the number. Most of the bodies were thrown overboard.

The steerage pasengers tell a different story from that related by some of the cabin passengers. Thirty or more of them found quarters tonight at the expense of the White Star line at a lodging-house on West street. Among them was Mrs. Robinson of Lynn, Mass., whose daughter was killed. She spoke bitterly of the treatment she received at the hands of the steamer's officials. She said that after her child was killed it was represented to her by the stewardess that the little one was alive and doing well. At that time she was giving all attention to her fourteen-year-old boy, George Arthur, whose arm has received a compound fracture from the falling rigging or the splintered rail. When she next inquired after her daughter she learned that the girl's body had been flung overboard.

FIVE LIVES LOST

By the Collision of the Plover and the Trixie H. in Trinity Bay.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 23.—The steamer Plover, running between the northern ports of this island and the capital, arrived here at 11 o'clock yesterday.

At 10 o'clock Saturday night, while crossing Trinity bay, she had a collision with the schooner Trixie H., of Heart's Content.

The schooner left St. John's Saturday morning with fishing supplies and a general cargo, bound home. She had 16 persons on board, including 10 passengers, three of whom were women. Unusual darkness had settled over the water, and a strong gale from the northeast with a heavy sea prevailed.

A few seconds before the collision each vessel observed the others' lights, and the usual orders under such circumstances were given. The Trixie was then running up the bay, and the steamer was crossing from the north to the south side. Although the orders from the officers of the watch were promptly obeyed, and both vessels seemed to answer their helms readily enough, yet the Plover struck the schooner amidships, cutting her down below the water line, and causing the water to flow in so rapidly that she filled in a few moments and lay over on her side with her companion-way and hatches completely under water. All were on deck at the time of the collision except the women, and these had time to get out of their cabins before the water rushed in. No attempt was made by the Trixie's people to launch their boats, which were smashed and rendered useless by the collision.

Ten of the men and one woman succeeded in climbing up on the side of the vessel still out of the water, where they remained until taken off by the Plover.

After the shock the steamer backed clear of the wreck and immediately launched her life boats, Captain Manuel being resolved to render all possible assistance.

They approached the wreck with great difficulty, owing to the high wind and sea, but the steamer's crew are brave fellows, and they managed, at the risk of their lives, to rescue the 11 survivors and place them safely on board the Plover. It is supposed the other five were killed or knocked overboard while the vessels were in collision. The weather was intensely cold and those on the wreck suffered terribly, water at times washing clean over them. The Plover remained in the neighborhood of the disaster till daylight. No sign of the wreck or the lost ones being visible, the steamer resumed her course across the bay. Captain Percey of the schooner was saved. The drowned were two of his brothers, a niece, a policeman and a woman whose name is not available. They all belonged to Trinity bay. The Plover sustained very little injury.

The schooner Delta of Catalina, while trying to enter port here yesterday morning, had some of her gear carried away by the gale and was driven ashore on the southern point of the harbor where she soon went to pieces. All the crew were saved. She belonged to Messrs. Job Brothers & Co. of this city.

Advices from Bonnie Bay state that two seamen named respectively John Hanson and Peter Marting, belonging to the schooner F. T. Bayard of Gloucester, Mass., were drowned at Greenpoint, May 16, by the upsetting of a dory. Both were natives of Germany. Their bodies were recovered and interred at Greenpoint. One leaves a widow and child. The other was unmarried.

SAVAGES WHO ARE RICH.

Startling Effects of Bad Indian Policy—Red Brutes Who Live on the Fat of the Land and Have White Laborers.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Senator Platt, who went West with Senators Cullom and Blackburn as a select committee to investigate certain allegations with respect to appointments of Indian traders, has returned here.

The complaints of the traders are to the effect that they were removed upon no substantial pretext except that they were Republicans. Some of the old traders complain besides that they not only lost their places, but the change swept away their fortunes. The statements of the traders as to the amounts of money they had invested in their stores, ranging from $12,000 to $50,000 and averaging probably $20,000, seemed almost incredible, but were fully confirmed when the committee took occasion to make a personal inspection of some of the stores and of the methods of the traders

Wealth Without Working.

The Indians receive annuities and lease money and are periodically "flush" for a few days at a time; at all other seasons they are the debtors of the traders, who usually have one-half or three-quarters of their investments outstanding.

The Indians pay their debts promptly enough when they have money to traders who remain in business and who can continue to trust them, but one whose doors are closed, or who, as in some cases, is peremptorily ordered away from the territory, has no chance of recovering more than a fraction of his dues.

When the new appointees are men of means and experience the stocks of goods on hand, buildings and fixtures can sometimes be disposed of to them; but the fact that they come armed with exclusive franchises places the outgoing trader at their mercy as regards price. In several instances the new appointees were not men of property, who openly proposed to the old traders copartnership, the latter to furnish capital, experience and time, and the former nothing but the license.

Effects of Indian Ownership.

"It is but fair to say," adds the senator, "that licenses of this class have usually been cancelled as soon as the fact became known."

The committee took a trip into the Indian territory for personal observation. They saw a number of things which astonished them.

Southern Kansas Senator Platt describes as one of the most fertile portions of this country. Every foot is under cultivation. Cultivated fields, waving crops, orchards, groves and green hedges, through and among which are seen neat cottages and substantial barns and outbuildings, are the pleasing features of the landscape. But when the Indian country is reached all signs of human life and cultivation cease, and in their stead one sees only an ocean-like expanse of unproductive prairie.

Indian Land Monopoly.

Almost directly south of Arkansas City lies the Kaw reservation—more than 120,000 acres of as fine land as can be found in the West. This fine land is the property of a tribal remnant numbering exactly 197 individuals, counting women and children. These people are worthless beggars, upon whom the best efforts of philanthropy are lavished in vain. The committee rode 20 or 25 miles across this reservation without discovering a single sign of human life except the wire fences of the cattlemen and the buildings at the agency.

Coming into the Osage country they found a million and a half of acres, reserved for about 1500 people, two-thirds of whom are full bloods as uncultured and worthless as their ancestors of a century ago.

Indian Landlords and White Laborers.

These degraded savages are, per capita, the wealthiest human beings on the globe. If their trust fund and their land were divided among them every man, woman and child would possess a fortune of about $12,000. A few of them have taken to "farming," but this development is not all that might be gathered from the bare statement. They toil not with their own hands, but employ white men to do it. The fastidious autocrats are daily seen coming to the agency, wrapped in their gaudy blankets, to purchase supplies. For their own consumption they select the most delicate viands, and will take nothing else; but for their white laborers they buy the cheaper and coarser grades.

Degraded, Though Wealthy.

Notwithstanding this discrimination when it is a matter of purchasing supplies, they are beggarly starvelings as a general thing, and are moved to astounding feats of gluttony when they can manage to secure a beeve for a feast. Meat, bones and entrails are put into the common soup kettle, and the hide would doubtless follow but for the fact that other uses are found for it. The habits of these beings were not taken by the committee upon trust. A religious dance and festival of some days' duration was taking place near the agency, and the committee went to see it.

THE USE OF COCA.

Consul du Pre Tells of Its Marvellous Effects Upon the Natives of South America.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Count du Pre transmits from San Salvador an interesting report upon the use of coca in that country and its effects upon the inhabitants. He says:

I have seen so much recently written of coca in newspapers and in medical publications that I am impelled to report what I have learned of the virtues of this product of South American forests. With leathern straps passing around their foreheads to sustain burdens of 150 or 200 pounds on their backs, I find these lithe, slender natives traversing plains and mountains with greater celerity than the mule I bestride, which travels through the livelong day six miles an hour. Native physicians, eleves of the schools of Paris, concur in assuring me that this extraordinary capacity for endurance of toil and hunger is to be ascribed to the use by these viageros of coca.

It is administered freely to infants and is the chief intoxicant of men and women. Youths through many days are intrusted with the care of valuable flocks of llamas, having no other sustenance than that to be found in little leathern purses containing coca and its compounds. Indians chew it constantly. Theirs, like the maxillary movements of tobacco-chewers, are incessant. From 30 to 50 gramas are consumed daily, serving, unlike tobacco, both as food and stimulant. Without coca habitual chewers cannot digest food; without it they are unable to ascend mountains, with long, rapid strides, never slacking their wonderful speed through the livelong day. They will not toil without it; without it they enjoy nothing; without it, practically, they cease to live. The immediate effect of chewing coca is perfect insensibility of the interior of the mouth. The immediate sensation is that which one would experience when finding that his mouth had become a great void in somebody else's head. I had a dentist apply it when extracting the roots of a molar tooth, and the effect was as described. Indians constantly using coca finally lose the senses of taste and smell. They can eat, without repugnance, most disgusting food and drink most nauseating draughts. The sensitiveness of the mucus membrane has been destroyed. When one goes further and swallows the saliva impregnated with the juice of the coca leaf, a delicious sensation of warmth and perfect blessedness pervades one's whole being, intellectual, nervous and physical, and he is lapped in the joys of an elysium.

In doses of 15 to 60 grains, coca produces delightful intoxication. Its joys transcend in perfect blessedness all known human delights. A sensation of lightness first supervenes; the air inhaled is zephyrs from angels' wings; there are wild imaginings and fantastic hallucinations and gorgeous visions, and then complete insensibility. It is intoxication without drowsiness, without congestion of the brain, involving a sense of perfect rest. The law of gravitation is suspended and the coquero drifts bodily among the stars. Meanwhile the muscular system is stimulated to an extraordinary degree. An intellectual excitement supervenes, enabling the "possessed" of this demon to watch and toil through sleepless days and nights. No dreadful headache or more intolerable nervous prostration follows.

"It is the most potent nervine, almost, at man's disposal. Its hygienic properties are disclosed from its physiological properties," says a Spanish M. D., who adds that in hot infusion it is the one useful and healthful beverage one can use after dining. Especially is it commended to the feeble, to those who have transcended the limits of sobriety in using alcohol. Its virtues should be tested, therefore, in inebriate asylums. It surely calms nervous excitability of many, and, taken in small quantities, enables one to endure cold and rain and snow, and it enables one to defy great fatigue and restores the forces lost by excesses. It is popularly used for indigestion, for disordered stomachs, for hysteria, flatulency, and colic, and all forms of intestinal disorders. It is used constantly by toilers in mines, and when one reaches the mines after marching several days through forests and over mountains, sustained alone by the use of coca and maize, he is permitted to eat at discretion through four days and have perfect rest. Then he is in perfect health and "fresh and fat," says the writer above quoted.

Cocaismo—habitual intoxication by use of coca—more easily becomes habitual and incurable than alcoholism or addictiveness to opiates. Its consequences, however, are not yet wholly measured or comprehended. Excessive and constant use of this intoxicant begets rapidly moral and intellectual degradation and decay; steady decline is interrupted at intervals by resistless impulses to do most violent and brutal acts. The nature of the father, as perverted by the drug, is transmitted to the child, and the inveterate vice, operating through generations, is said to account for the brutality of races of Indians, the Quichas and Aimaras of Bolivian fastnesses.

WORSE THAN SLAVES.

Outrageous Treatment of Pennsylvania Miners.

Many Families Are Cruelly Evicted on a Cut-throat Lease.

Friends Not Allowed to Help Them Under Penalty of Similar Treatment.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., May 18.—The men employed in the mines operated by J. S. Wentz & Co., at Hazlebrook, have been on strike for several weeks, and on Saturday the company began the forcible ejection from their houses. The whole village and the land lying around about for miles are owned by the company. It will not sell or lease a foot of it. Every employe in the mine is compelled to rent a hovel from the company at from $5 to $6 a month. A lease must be signed by the tenant, in which he waives every right to which he is entitled under the law, which places his home absolutely at the mercy of the company.

On Saturday the sheriff, backed by a gang of Pinkerton men, appeared in the village and began to evict. Six families with all their effects were thrown into the street. Everything they possessed was thrown pell-mell out of doors, the women and children driven out and the doors locked behind them.

The company had given notice that any tenant affording shelter to the evicted or their goods would be himself dispossessed, and not a soul in the village dare take the unfortunates in.

One woman was ill in bed when the officers entered her house, but she had to go, and her bed was put outside after her, and it was with difficulty that she obtained permission to stay over night at a neighbor's. Women and children were forced to sleep on the bare ground without roof or shelter. Their goods are lying just where they were thrown out, the company refusing to allow wagons on their land to remove them.

The strike and the consequent eviction is the result of the efforts of the company to break up the local district of the Knights of Labor. The company has a large store in the village, and the employes are forced to deal with it.

The local district of the knights began legal proceedings yesterday against the company to test the legality of the leases, but despite this action and the indignation which has been aroused, the company is preparing for further evictions, and the men are helpless.

A BLOW AT THE UNIONS.

An Ironclad Agreement to be Signed by Chicago Workmen.

CHICAGO, May 19.—A plan of campaign to settle the great building trades lockout by June 1 and strike a blow at trades unionism was set on foot here this afternoon.

At a conference of delegates from every building interest in Chicago, with representatives from the Illinois Architects' Association, the Chicago Real Estate Board, and kindred bodies, the members of which hire altogether probably 50,000 workmen, a resolution was unanimously adopted that from this time forth the signature of the following card of principles by the employe be made a universal condition of employment by all the building interests of Chicago:

I recognize the right of every man to decide for himself, without dictation or interference, when he shall work or cease to work; where he shall work; for whom he shall work; how many hours he shall work, and for what wages he shall work.

I recognize the absolute right of the employer to decide for himself, without interference from any source, whom he shall employ or cease to employ; to regulate and manage his business with perfect independence and freedom, provided only that he shall deal lawfully, justly and honorably with all men.

I recognize the right of every father to have his son taught, and of every son to learn, any lawful trade, as on a plane with his right to a knowledge of reading, writing, or any other branch of learning, and should be subject to regulation only by the laws of the land. I hereby pledge myself in all my relations and intercourse with my employers and fellow-workmen to maintain and live up to these principles.

There was no debate on the adoption of this measure and action was enthusiastically unanimous, but a general discussion sprang up when it was proposed that the same card of principles be presented for signature to every employer, with the pledge thereto changed as follows:

I hereby pledge myself to maintain and live up to these principles in the prosecution of my business, and to lend my aid to the full extent of my influence and power for their maintenance and protection amongst my fellow-employers. I further pledge myself not to employ any workman except upon his signature of this card of principles.

AN ORGANIZER KILLED.

Fatally Shot by a Band of Men at Warrenton, Ga.

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 21.—Hiram F. Hoover, an organizer for the Co-operative Workers of America, who has been going around this country urging negroes to band together for higher wages, and to apply the torch if their demands were not complied with, after an incendiary speech at Warrenton, Thursday night, was fatally shot by a band of armed men. There is no clew to the perpetrators.

DAMAGE BY MICHIGAN FIRES.

Villages of Baraga and Ironwood Threatened With Destruction.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 22.—Full details from Lake Lenden show that fully 2000 people suffered from the fire. John Casey, sleeping in Mr. Hasking's barn when the fire broke out, was burned to death. Telegrams and letters, asking aid for sufferers, have been sent out.

The village of Baraga was at one time today apparently doomed by forest fires, but the wind suddenly shifted and the town is safe for the present.

Late advices from Ironwood, Mich., show that the town is threatened with destruction, but the wires are down, and no communication, either via Duluth or Milwaukee, with the Gogebic range can be obtained.

Meaning of a Nursery Rhyme.

Very few children who sing about "Contrary Mary" know the meaning of the words:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

The "pretty maids" are a double form of a common garden plant, saxifraga granulata, also known as "Billy Buttons" and "lady's pincushion." As to "silver bells," it is a Devonshire title for doddering grass, briza media. Cockle shells are periwinkles, vinca major. So it follows that Maiden Mary, instead of the ridiculous garden which foolish artists draw for her full of real shells, little girls and silver bells, had a very pretty parterre of delicate and appropriate flowers.

Augustus Saville's Dandyism.

Here is an item for the commercial traveller to bask in. The late Augustus Saville, better known as Lumley, though ridiculed for his excessive dandyism, was an immense favorite in English society, and for a period of twenty years no lady in fashionable life thought her ball a success when he was not present. At one time in his career he found times hard, and undertook to represent an English house in Stockholm. A merchant on whom he had called sent for his address, and was startled to find that the "traveller" was a guest at the royal palace.

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AROUND THE FARM.

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS IN PRUSSIA.

Report of United States Consul J. S. Potter.

In Prussia there are many establishments for the manufacture of artificial manures, which are extensively used by farmers, and which can be purchased in the market at very reasonable prices. The best known of these are the superphosphates, and, of more recent date, the furnace slag, which is prepared from the refuse of steel and iron works.

This is a new discovery, and is pronounced as superior to all artificial fertilizers, while it is very much cheaper.

Chili saltpetre is regarded as the best form of nitrogen. Salts of ammonia (sulphate of ammonia) are prepared from the waste of various industries, and are brought into the market at low prices. Potash is found in large quantities in and around salt works, and is obtained at reasonable rates under different names, the best known of which is kainit.

The different kinds of phosphates in use in Prussia, the elements composing them, and the prices at which they are sold are as follows:

Ammonia superphosphate, containing from 1 to 9 per cent. of nitrogen, and from 7 to 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid, is sold, according to quality, in the market at from $19 to $42 per ton of 2240 pounds. The grade, or quality, is fixed by official inspection.

Guano superphosphate, without nitrogen, containing from 16 to 20 per cent. of phosphoric acid, has a market value of $23 to $28 per gross ton, according to quality, as determined by inspector's certificate.

Common superphospate, without nitrogen, containing from 12 to 20 per cent. of phosphoric acid, is sold at $15 to $27 per gross ton.

Bone manure, containing from 4 to 4½ per cent. of nitrogen, and about 20 per cent. of phosphoric acid, is marketable at $31 to $34 per gross ton.

The new fertilizer, schlacke, or slag, containing from 22 to 24 per cent. of phosphoric acid, can be purchased in unlimited quantities for $8 per gross ton. If five pounds of saltpetre are added to every 100 pounds of this fertilizer it will be fully equal to the best bone manure, and can be purchased at $11.30 per gross ton. The cost in Prussia would be about $2.25 per acre for this kind of manure. A less quantity would answer after the soil had been once restored to productiveness.

An idea of the extent of the demand in this part of Prussia for the slag fertilizer may be obtained from the fact that one firm in Oberhousen manufactures yearly 33,000,000 pounds. Another establishment near Aix-la-Chapelle produces yearly about 110,000,000 pounds; and extensive works in Neunkirchen manufacture this new fertilizer in still greater quantities, and it is stated that the sources of supply are substantially inexhaustible, and equal to any demand that is likely to exist.

Prussian farmers, who are very economical, and close calculators, use this fertilizer almost exclusively, in preference to all other artificial manures, guano, etc.

POTATO CULTURE.

Some Interesting Facts on Growing, Seeding and Cultivation.

Although it is only about 100 years since the first cultivation of the potato, yet it stands third among our food products, and its total valuation annually amounts to millions of dollars to the farmers of the United States.

In these days, when prices for farm products rule low, the thoughtful farmer is eagerly looking for new branches of farming in which to engage, whereby larger returns may be accrued from labor expended. To such I think potato culture holds out good inducements.

In order to more fully get at the relative profits of potato culture, as compared with the culture of other crops, we will take for example our principal crop, wheat, and compare the profits derived from it with those of potatoes. For basis of comparison we will take the crop statistics of Ellsworth county for the year ending 1885. In the fall of 1884 there was sown to wheat 51,344 acres, and of these 30,806 acres were harvested; and in addition to this there was harvested 1366 acres of spring wheat, making the total harvest of Ellsworth county amount to 32,172 acres, yielding in all 226,370 bushels of wheat, valued at $135,822. The average yield was seven bushels per acre, with an average price of 60 cents per bushel, leaving an average gross profit of $4.20 per acre, barring the expense of preparing and seeding 20,538 acres which was not harvested, being either winter-killed or destroyed by other causes.

The number of acres devoted to the growing of potatoes for the same year was 849, which yielded 76,410 bushels, valued at $40,564, making an average showing of 90 bushels per acre, valued at 40 cents per bushel, making an average gross profit of $36 per acre. Thus we see the average profits of potatoes exceed those of wheat $31.80 per acre; and 90 bushels per acre is placing the yield of potatoes at a very low figure. With good ordinary culture we can reasonably expect a yield of 150 to 200 bushels per acre, but placing the yield at 150 bushels, and taking the same prices, we then have a gross profit of $60 per acre, which far surpasses the profits of anything else we raise on the farm.

And yet, in the face of these facts and figures, we are annually compelled to go abroad for potatoes to supply the home trade. Furthurmore, I find in the United States agricultural report for 1884, the average farm price of potatoes for the United States is placed at 40 cents per bushel. I give the average price per bushel of a few of the principal States, as quoted from the above mentioned report: The lowest is 25 cents in Michigan; the average in New York is 39 cents, 42 in Ohio, 28 in Iowa, 29 in Nebraska and 48 in Kansas. Thus we see Kansas as a State ranks in prices for potatoes above all others.

HOW TO GROW.

After selecting a suitable piece of land (which should be either a light sandy loam or a black loamy soil) the first thing to consider is the preparation of the soil. This should begin early in the fall. Use a three-horse team in ploughing; then plough thoroughly and deep, I would say not less than 10 to 12 inches. Let soil lay to the action of frost and weather, and in spring it will be in a fine, clean, mellow condition. The application of 20 or 30 loads of well-rotted manure, drawn and scattered on the land during the late fall or winter, will make a marked impression on the yield. As soon as the frost leaves the soil, and the weather has somewhat settled, the ground should again be ploughed and made mellow by using harrow and roller.

In planting I use a cornmarker, marking out rows 36 inches apart, then follow on row with plough, running a furrow four inches deep, dropping seed on bottom of furrow 15 to 18 inches apart. Seed should be dropped cut side up; this places the bud in direct contact with the soil, causing it to strike an earlier and stronger root, hence sending up a more vigorous shoot. In covering, use plough to turn furrow back. This leaves a deep, mellow, open bed above and below the seed, through which the stem can shoot up to the light and air, and into which the roots can penetrate and find nutriment. The roots extend downward to an incredible depth, when possible, as has been demonstrated by an experiment by Dr. Sturtevant. He selected a plant which grew on a ridge, the seed having been planted six inches deep. A trench was dug at the side to expose the soil, and the roots were washed with a stream of water, laying the fibres bare. One root was found reaching 34 inches below the top of the ridge, or 28 inches below the tubers. The soil would not permit the tracing of the finest roots. Here is an emphatic word spoken for deep culture; such penetration into deep subsoil ought to carry a plant through the severest drouth.

SEED.

There has been a great deal of discussion and experiment on the mode of preparing the seed, some advocating the whole potato and others defending the one-eye system. But the bulk of the evidence seems to favor the large seed or whole potatoes. The only strong point urged against the use of the whole potato for seed is the large amount required to seed an acre, which is considerable, when seed is bought at a high price. In the use of whole potatoes, it takes about thirty bushels per acre, whereas in the use of cut seed eight to ten bushels is sufficient. Professor Izenby of the Ohio Experimental Station, found that whole potatoes when used for seed ripened nine days earlier than cut potatoes. Professor Sanborn's experiments show that the best results were obtained from large potatoes planted whole, next best from small potatoes planted whole, next from cut potatoes, in proportion to the number of eyes in the set. The record, the summary of nine year's experiments, shows the following yields: From large potatoes, planted whole, 227 bushels per acre; from small potatoes, planted whole, 177 bushels; from three-eye pieces, 160 bushels; from two-eye pieces, 104 bushels; from one-eye pieces, 81 bushels.

This season, in cutting potatoes, I cut very large potatoes in three or four pieces, and planted all potatoes the size of a large hen egg and smaller whole.

CULTIVATION.

The cultivation of the potato should begin with the appearance of the tops above ground, by first giving them a good harrowing. This will kill the weeds, just starting into life. I will here say, the best time to kill weeds is before they can be seen above ground. As soon as rows can be traced use a two-horse cultivator with fender; then cultivate shallow and frequent, and so continue until the blossoms show, but not later. "Vaughan's Potato Manual" summarizes the after-cultivation as follows:

"Give thorough after-culture. Harrow before the tops appear, and after they do. Stirring the soil destroys the weeds, gives light and heat, causes it to dry out readily in a wet season, and acts as a mulch, which by capillary attraction supplies the plant with moisture in time of drought. At time of harvest, select the best tubers from the best hills for seed. As the crop is gathered, put it under shade at once, lest the tubers become green, which would render them bitter and unwholesome. At the same time place them where the air can circulate and dry them before storing. Store in pits or dry cellar, free from frost, capable of being made perfectly dark, and of being ventilated quickly and thoroughly. Store in bins or barrels raised a foot or a foot and a half from the floor. A light sprinkling of air-slaked lime upon potatoes when stored is said to be a preventive against rot.—[Kansas Farmer.

OAT GROWING.

The Best Methods of Seeding—How to Grow a Profitable Crop.

The prime point in successful oat growing is early sowing. Oats require, to yield their highest, a moister climate than ours. Hence, to get the best results, we must bring the crop along as far as possible before our hot, dry summer weather sets in. True, there is nothing ever gained by stirring ground before it is in fit condition; but, if we would get the best possible crop of oats, we must so arrange our work as to begin operations on the oat ground just as soon as the condition of the ground will justify; and operations must be carried on so that the seed may be in a properly-prepared seed bed at the earliest seasonable moment.

After trying both methods of seeding, I am convinced that broadcasting is better than drilling. There is no need of the ridges made by the drill to protect the oats, as is the case possibly of wheat; hence the only advantages of drilling are a more even distribution, and a more uniform covering of the seed. But a careful man, when there is but little air moving, can distribute the seed by broadcasting as evenly as the drill will put it in the ground; and if the seed bed is properly prepared, and proper methods are employed in covering, little if any seed will be covered so deep or so shallow that it will not germinate and produce a thrifty plant. To drilling there are these objections: If the land is not perfectly clean weeds will spring up between the drills; the sun has a better opportunity to dry out the land, there being nothing, unless weeds, to protect the strips between the drills, and the oats are crowded in the drills, as they do not "squat out" and occupy the ground, as does wheat.

I find it highly beneficial to roll the ground immediately after the seed is sown. This compacts the soil above the seed, insuring better germination; oats, as much as any seed, being benefited by firming the soil above it. Rolling the ground also retards its drying out, a point of value in the case of a crop that lacks moisture much oftener than it has an excess of it. Yet another advantage is that it smooths the ground, permitting of low cutting—always desirable, as thereby we get more straw; and not infrequently necessary, when a dry season has caused short culms. But my experience is to the effect that the roller should not be used after the oats appear above the surface. Then rolling does more harm than good, and the damage increases with the growth of the oats. Some years ago, when I had not learned as much about oat growing as I now think I know, I started to roll a field when the oats were six inches high. Although the ground was in very nice condition, when I had rolled two strips through the field, half a mile long, I became convinced that I was doing harm, and not good, and quit. At harvest time it was evident that the rolled strips would yield, area for area, scarce half as much as the land not rolled. But when I have rolled strips through a field immediately after the seed was sown, and have left strips unrolled, to test the value of rolling at this time, the rolled strips have invariably yielded the heavier. Some seasons the increase by rolling has reached 40 per cent., the increase being greatest in a dry season.

I frequently hear farmers say that oats are not a profitable crop, and that if they were not so convenient in the change from corn to wheat, they would not grow them. But I have always found oats a highly profitable crop. I think that those who do not consider it profitable either underestimate the value of the crop or else do not give it a fair show, or both. I know that, as a general rule, no other crop is so often put on poorly prepared ground, or is so rarely given manure. If the same thought and labor, and an equal amount of manure, were given the oat ground as are given ground for other crops, the oats would make a much better showing. But it is true of plants as of men, that when they once get a bad reputation the world opposes them, rather than assisting them in making a better one. The prejudice against oats follows the crop to the harvest and to the granary. It is frequently urged against this crop that when the season is wet the grain lodges—"it goes down just before it is ready to cut." No, it goes down just after it is ready to cut. Oats are commonly allowed to get full ripe before they are harvested, whereas they should be cut while the straw yet shows somewhat green. Cut at this stage they are rarely lodged, and the feeding value of both grain and straw is greater. But, no matter when the crop is harvested, a majority of us, I believe, under-estimate the value of both grain and straw. No matter what the market price has been, it has always paid me to raise oats to feed to growing and working animals. From New York and Pennsylvania west our staple grain is corn, and we feed altogether too much of it. It is well to feed it largely to fattening animals, but a food having a large percentage of the albuminoids is demanded by young and by work animals. Such a food is the grain of oats. Its albuminoid ratio is 1:6.1. This is considerably nearer the ratio of a proper food for growing animals than is the albuminoid ratio of corn. More than this, oats are much richer in those elements which compose the frame of the animal—its bones. Corn has only 2.1 per cent. of ash, and this is poor in phosphate of lime, etc., while oats have 3 per cent. The oat is a splendid food for young animals because compared with corn, straw, etc., it is rich in muscle and bone-forming elements; and this also makes it a splendid food for work animals. Corn should be fed sparingly to work animals during the summer especially, as it is a heating food. It will pay to make the grain ration of oats in the morning and at noon.

The value of oat straw is more often underrated than the value of the grain. True, if the straw is allowed to become "dead ripe"—dry and hard—before it is cut, is then so shocked that it bleaches or rots, and when threshed is put in a pile so constructed as to favor its conversion into manure, its feeding value is not great, especially if the cattle are allowed to run to what is miscalled the "stack," and trample half the straw under their feet. But let oat straw be cut at the right stage of ripening, and decently cured, saved and fed, and it has a considerable feeding value—equal to two-thirds to three-fourths of its weight of meadow hay, more than one-half of its weight of clover hay, and four-fifths of its weight of corn fodder. If the crop is given the same thought, labor and manure that are given other crops, is properly harvested and saved, and so fed as to get the full value of both grain and straw, it will be found a very good crop to raise. Intelligent, accurate calculations would often show it to be more profitable than corn, when the reverse is believed to be the case.

I sow eight to nine pecks of seed per acre. When the seed bed is well prepared and the seeding is carefully done, this amount of seed is an abundance. It is thick seeding. It makes the straw fine; hence it feeds nicely, while this amount of seed secures the maximum yield of grain. I suppose that on a poorly-prepared seed bed, with careless seeding, more seed would be required.

I have never been able to get a good crop of oats and a good stand of clover at the same time. Always the clover was choked out. I have heard that a good catch of clover could be got with oats, and have frequently seen it recommended to sow clover with oats in the spring. I should like to hear from the man who has succeeded in getting a good catch—remember that I would like to hear from the man who has accomplished this himself, not from the man who has heard of its being done or who believes that it can be done.

I nearly always sow oats on cornstalk land, and think it poor policy to plough this land for oats. A better plan is to loosen the surface with the cultivator or disk harrow, and harrow and drag or roll until you have three inches of fine, mellow ground on the surface. You can prepare ground earlier this way than if you plough it, as the surface dries the earlier. If oats are to be sown on stubble ground, plough it in the fall and loosen the surface in the spring.—[Country Gentleman.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Maurandya, Lobelias and Sweet Alyssum Good Plants for Window Stands—Plants for Cemetery Lots.

Window boxes for growing flowers are becoming yearly more popular, especially in crowded districts where there is no place for flower beds. Not alone in these places are they, however, beginning to be seen and used for this branch of window gardening, but for the decoration of the spacious mansion they are also well adapted, and fill a place in the floral decoration of the house nothing else can. On the upper stories this branch of gardening can be carried on as successfully as in the basement of the building. A love for the beautiful as exhibited in the culture of flowers is not confined to those having ample means and plenty of room for carrying out their desires in the way of large flower beds in summer and greenhouses in winter, but the occupant of the garret-rooms, with no other means of cultivating a few plants but a small, dingy window, may also possess a true love for Dame Flora, and one of the best means by which a person so situated can satisfy his desires in this respect is by the use of a window box.

Window boxes can be made of a very ornamental character, or they can be made plain, but require to be of a size suitable for the space they are to occupy. They may be made of strong wire and lined with moss to keep the soil from dropping out, or they may be made of wood and decorated to suit the tastes of the owners. One main feature in window boxes is to provide ample means for the water to pass off freely. Plants will not long retain a healthy appearance if the soil gets saturated from imperfect drainage. The best kind of bottom for such boxes is made of narrow strips of wood nailed on, leaving a space about half an inch wide between them. This allows a free passage of the water. Another good means by which the water can pass off freely, especially if the boxes are to rest solid on the window sill, is by making several auger holes along the bottom of the sides. It is not best, however, to let the box rest solid on the sill; raise it up an inch or so, or, what is better, support it on brackets, independent of the sill. The most suitable soil for filling the box is what can be obtained from a mixture of rotten sod and manure; the manure should be sufficiently decayed so that it can mix with the soil freely. Place over the bottom pieces of charcoal, broken crokery-ware, or similar material for drainage, then fill up with soil, and it is ready for seeds or plants. A leading feature to be observed in filling window boxes is to have a sufficient quantity of good showy, healthy growing vines, without which a window box is a rather tame-looking object. There are some vines which are strong growing, and make rapid growth when allowed a support, but are comparatively useless when allowed to droop over the edge of a box. This class should be carefully avoided and such kinds chosen as grow well in a drooping form. Some of the best for this purpose are here noticed:

Othonna crassifolia, a beautiful drooping plant, having dark green succulent leaves; the flowers are small, yellow, and produced in the greatest abundance. For enduring the bright sun and dry weather we can have nothing to surpass it.

Maurandya. Of this vine there are several colors, blue, pink and white. It is of very free growth, producing its flowers, which are bell-shaped, in great abundance. This plant can be either produced from cuttings or seeds.

Thunbergias have considerable variety in the color of their flowers, the different shades of yellow and orange, also pure white. They are from one to two inches in diameter, bell-shaped, and freely produced. They are liable to the attack of red spider if not kept carefully watered. The plants are mostly raised from seed.

Nierembergias. Although this class of plants is generally grown for edgings of beds, and from their general erect growing habit, pinched back into bushy form, are well adapted for this purpose, still, if allowed to grow freely they assume a drooping form, and make excellent plants for boxes, especially N. glacilis, which has smaller flowers than N. frutescens, but are produced in such abundance as to make one mass of bloom.

Tropæolums are also suitable where a strong growing vine is required, but the double varieties, which do not make such a strong growth, are well adapted for this purpose. They are always in bloom, always attractive, under even the most adverse circumstances.

Besides these, there are Lobelias in variety, Sweet Alyssum, the single or double flowering, or the variegated leaved double flowering variety, which is a fine plant for this purpose. English and German Ivies, Vincas, both Harrisonii and variegata, are suitable, the main feature being to secure good healty plants, and induce at all times a showy, healthy growth.

For centre plants, anything suitable for the flower garden can be used. When ample means can be employed, the finer kinds of foliaged plants can be used to advantage.—[Vick's Magazine.

Plants for Cemetery Lots.

The embellishment of cemetery lots will occupy the attention of many persons this month, and the few suggestions here offered may possibly prove welcome to some. Plants to succeed well in a cemetery must be possessed of strong and vigorous constitutions. They cannot be visited every day, and must be capable of withstanding at least temporary adverse conditions. A few hardy plants that will bear winter's cold and summer's heat are desirable, even if one should annually make a planting for the summer, for, as we are all aware, such attention may at any time be interrupted, or even wholly stopped, and then the hardy plants that hold their place will still indicate the love and care that placed them there. In order to produce the best effect there should be of such hardy plants a sufficient number to ensure a succession of bloom from spring to autumn. Among the early blooming perennials the Astilbe Japonica, the Dicentra spectabilis and the double-flowered Achillæa are particularly desirable and appropriate. They are hardy, of pleasing foliage, and the flowers are abundant and beautiful. A little later in the season some of the low-growing, flowering shrubs will come in. Of these the most desirable are the Double Flowering Plum-leaved Spiræa, the Lance-leaved Spiræa, or S. Reevesii of both varieties, single and double; Golden-leaved Spiræa, with handsome yellow leaves and white flowers; Fortune's Dwarf White Spiræa, with white flowers in bloom most of the time during summer; Deutzia gracilis, a low shrub, is hardy in most locations and bears a profusion of white blossoms; the Double Flowering Deutzia, the Double White Flowering Deutzia, and the Rose Flowered and White Flowered Weigela. At the end of May, or early in June, in this region the Chinese Pæonies come into bloom, and these are excellent plants for the cemetery; one can select varieties to suit the fancy, but none are more appropriate than the Double White and the fragrant pink varieties. Following next in blooming season are the Roses, and here is wide scope for choice among the hardy kinds. A good white variety is always inquired for for this purpose, and there is none better than Madame plantier. Among the moss roses, one of the best is Countess of Murinais; Louis Van Houtte and Prince Camille de Rohan are two of the best dark colored perpetuals. Later in the season come the lilies, and the common white lily is so thrifty and good that we should give it the first place, and, in fact, it is the only one advisable to be generally employed for the cemetery. The white day lily and Yucca filamentosa will follow later in time of blooming, and to continue to the close of the season, the hardy Hydrangea, H. paniculata grandiflora and the Japan Anemone will give bloom until frosts cut them off.

For summer bedding selections should be made with reference, to some extent, to the care that can be bestowed, and, with this in view, there can be a range through the list of the best bedding plants.—[Vick's Magazine.

SELECTED SHORTS.

Securing the Maple Sap—Spraying Apple Trees—Fodder Corn—Hints to Farmers.

A correspondent urges the need of promptness to secure the first flow of maple sap; he has known the best run to come unexpectedly early and catch the owners of paying orchards napping. Further hints we quote as follows:

"Good trees should yield each four pounds of nice sugar in a fair season; but allowing buckets to leak or run over, using spiles not properly fitted, bad or insufficient storage, will cut this down, perhaps, one-half. Hence the importance of proper requisites and close attention to business. The quantity given as a fair yield, namely, four pounds, is far below what some farmers produce. I knew one man, in a specially good year, to make over 800 pounds from 100 trees, but he was a thoroughgoing man. He was ready when the season was, and used good spiles and large buckets. Sometimes sap will run all night, and in such a case the large buckets are the ones that save all the sap.

"I like a good shelter, and have it, and think the man foolish who stands boiling all day in storm and smoke. A slab house is good enough for the camp, and it should be located so that the prevailing winds will carry the smoke away from the cabin, and all the better will it be if the storage and fuel be covered by the same construction. The feeding of the boiler and fire can be done without much expense. It will pay to lay in a stock of fuel cut from dry timber, so as to be able to bring up a fire quickly. My habit has been to haul bits of old rails, broken dry tree-tops, etc., to the camp and put the same into the sugar house at any time when these substances came in the way of my farm work."

Spraying Apple Trees.

This operation for protecting the fruit from the attacks of the codling worm will be extensively practiced during the present season, and it is very important that it be done right so as to effect the desire purpose, and to prevent all risk of harm from the poison. Among the careful experiments which have been tried in past and previous seasons, and from which sound advice has been derived, are those of Professor S. A. Forbes of Illinois. Among the essential results which he reports, and which accord with the practice of the best orchardists, are that the results of once or twice spraying with paris green, before the young apples have drooped upon their stems, have resulted in a saving of about 75 per cent. of the apples exposed to injury by this insect. It is not only important that the work should be done early, in order that it may be effective, but Professor Forbes wisely emphasizes especially the point that spraying after the apples have begun to hang downward is unquestionably dangerous, and should not be permitted under any circumstances, if the fruit is afterwards to be used. It may be well to add that he finds paris green better than white arsenic on several accounts.

The indefinite directions which have been given in past years prescribe that the spraying should be done as soon as the young fruit is as large as cherries, and some have advised the performance of the operation when they are the size of peas. The latter would be safe—the former uncertain. After the fruit has begun to hang downward, so that the rain will not wash and remove the poison at the blossom end where the codling egg has been deposited, Professor Forbes has found, by chemical examination, that violent rains have not washed away entirely the poison from that sheltered cavity. If the poison has not entered it when administered late, it would do no harm, and no good.

He further remarks that from the summary of the assessors' reports the value of the average annual apple crop of Illinois for five years was about $4,750,000. He is satisfied that 50 per cent. of the apple crop of the State is sacrificed each year to the codling moth, and that but for this insect the orchards would yield twice their present income.

Doubtless the loss in the crop of the State of New York is still greater, and, when that of other States is added in, the whole amount will obviously reach many millions. The importance of a general use of the most efficient remedy becomes evident. We have given, on former occasions, detailed directions for preparing the spraying liquid, and for applying it effectively to the trees.—[Rural New Yorker.

Fodder Corn.

The thrifty farmer has his plans fully matured for the current season's work. With most farmers of the Eastern States the forage crop is of great importance. When that is abundant, nearly all others are satisfactory. Short feed for the stock is a death blow to the farmer's success. Observant farmers think the weather of the past winter is a sure indication of a dry summer in this section of the country. It is therefore of great importance to all dairymen and stock farmers to be prepared for a drought next summer.

It is perfectly safe to put in an extra quantity of fodder corn in anticipation of short feed. Even if it should not be needed during the summer months, it will keep and make good winter feed. During the past 10 years we have been visited with severe drought a number of times, and many of our farmers have been quite unprepared and lacking the necessary fodder for their live stock.

In regard to the kind of corn to be sown for fodder, there is a diversity of opinion. Many who formerly raised the Western corn have abandoned it, some using the Sandford and others the Evergreen Sweet. Again, others use the common field corn. My preference is for the Sandford. Eight or 10 quarts to the acre will give a heavy crop full of ears, and even the stalks, though large, are tender and sweet and eaten by stock with great avidity. If it is not all wanted for soiling it may be cut up when in milk and stooked the same as field corn. When cured, it makes very desirable late feed after the frost has killed everything green. It can also be continued into winter as long as it lasts, and it will make butter equal to grass.

The farmer who has a silo needs to be prepared for the drought as well as he who has none, because it usually occurs when the silo is empty. Ensilage corn is hardly fit for soiling, but after it has been cut up fine and cured in the silo, stock eat it quite well. As farmers are situated in the Eastern States, they can ill afford to be regardless of anything so vital to their success as the providing a sure supply of succulent forage.

What Farmers Should Know.

The editor of the Rural New Yorker has tried for years what he terms "the extravagance of utilizing chemical fertilizers or manure in the hill." He says: "The 'tablespoonful' of fertilizer so used by many may do a trifle of good to the young plant, though it may as often do harm. If the 'tablespoonful' were well mixed with the soil about the young plant or seed, no doubt it would help the young plant if the fertilizer contained the needed food. But thrown in a mass, as we have seen it thrown time and time again, it can have very little effect for good, while it may hinder the tender germinating plant. If one has too little manure to spread over the entire field, the next best thing he can do is to spread it about the plant as far as it can be made to go. The young plant will then be forwarded by the supply, though the mature plant will suffer unless the soil can furnish all needed food to the roots which extend outside. It has always seemed so us 'penny wise and pound foolish' to push the plant forward while young and to starve it when the demand made upon it by the forming grain of fruit require an abundant supply of food."

Recent reports made by Florida orange growers make it appear that during the season of 1886-7 about 1,000,000 boxes of oranges have been marketed at an average price of $2 per box. The outlook now is said to be promising and a crop of 1,200,000 boxes is predicted for next year.

The losses of sheep from all causes during the year ending April 1 is 7 per cent. of the whole number of sheep, as against an equal percentage during the corresponding period of 1885-6. Numerically the loss is smaller than in 1885-6, for although the percentage is the same, it applies to a reduced number, the total number of sheep being now 45,000,000, as compared with 48,000,000 a year ago.

Stallions are usually greatly superior to mares or geldings in courage. It is a rare thing to find a stallion that is "skittish" or easily scared. In this respect castration produces a great effect on most horses. The horse that, as a stallion, was not afraid of anything, could not be frightened, and was never known to shy or run away from any object, often becomes a timid, flighty creature when gelded.

While it is the usual custom to castrate a colt when two years old, if it appears to be timid or skittish a greater degree of courage will be developed by leaving it entire for a longer period. If it is inclined to be vicious, however, the earlier the operation is performed the better. Horses that as stallions were so vicious as to be positively dangerous, usually become docile and obedient after being castrated.

Onions are a nice crop to cultivate, and there need be few failures with them when a man understands the right way to go to work, for almost any soil will raise them if properly prepared. Stable or barnyard manure is often recommended. But from my experience I place hen manure first, if that can be had, then hog manure, and, lastly, stable or barnyard manure. Then I want plenty of good wood ashes, for these are the very best preventative of maggots and other injurious insects. Salt I do not use, though it is said to hasten the growth of the onion. More than any other crop onions must be kept absolutely clean and free from weeds, and to use poor onion seed because it is cheap is ruinous. Be sure to get onion seed from a trustworthy source.

Flax for Fibre and Seed.

There is no difficulty in growing flax to a profit for both fibre and seed, and the farmer engaging in the business can have profit in proportion to the care and attention given to it. There is no secret in the business; the same care given to other staple farm crops is all that is required. The same careful preparation of land secures the same results, the only difference being that of care and character of cultivation peculiar to each crop. Corn, wheat, potatoes, pease, beans, rye, oats and barley all have their peculiarities, and so with flax. To ensure the highest profits in either the best attention is required, and either suffers if neglected. Flax is just as sure a crop—certainly if grown for both fibre and seed is a surer crop than any grown for seed alone.

Dry seasons will unduly affect crops on dry land, and wet seasons those on moist land, but flax stands both wet and dry seasons more favorably than the other crops.

The same careful preparation of the land in good tilth and fertility is rewarded equally by all the farmer raises. All may be pushed by unusual fertility and good drainage, flax especially.

Flax may be sowed as early as the ground can be stirred, or up to July 1, if the soil be naturally moist, but most crops suffer more late in the summer, and are more sure the earlier sown.

Perhaps flax is the one crop best adapted to a moist, mellow soil, or a soil which is not perfectly drained. The stalk grows taller, remains green longer, and is better for the fibre when grown on a soil a little moist, as much of the soil is in parts of Indiana.

The quantity of seed sown is determined by the character of fibre desired. One bushel to the acre on poor soil would be almost totally a loss, while on very rich soil it would practically cover the ground and produce a heavy, coarse fibre. Poor soil should have more seed—if poor soil must be seeded at all—that it may shade the ground. Rich soil will stand either light or heavy seeding. The greater the quantity of seed the longer the fibre and the finer and more valuable, but the amount of seed is lessened. About two and one-half bushels of seed to the acre, sown just before planting corn, on good mellow, clean soil, is the nearest direction which can be given to obtain the highest results in both seed and fibre. For fibre alone, or where fibre is the first consideration, sowing three bushels to the acre were better.

To obtain the fibre in the best shape the flax should be pulled just as the bottom of the stocks are turning to ripeness. The seed loses nothing in this rather early harvesting. I say pull the flax, because there is no such thing practicable as to cut it close to the ground; if there were cutting would answer all purposes. If the ground is mellow and carefully rolled after seeding, a harvester may be set so low as to remedy the necessity of pulling, that is when the cost of the two methods of harvesting is considered. If sown on rich soil, three bushels to the acre, the fibre will be very long and very valuable if cut close by a harvester.

When harvested, the flax should be bound and cured, but not left in the field to become discolored by the weather.

Threshing may be done during the winter by flails, by hand beating it over a barrel or board, by roller threshing or by rifling.

To prepare the fibre, the old plan of spreading it in gavels on the ground to be retted by the action of the atmosphere and frequent turning, is still the general practice by small growers. Others steep it until the retting is effected in stagnant water, where it is placed and held under the water by plank and weights.

After retting the straw is passed through a brake by hand or machinery, and then scutched by hand or revolving knives. The business of preparing the fibre is a good winter employment, and our forefathers produced some very fine fibre, and our grandmothers spun some very fine linen from it.

The flax industry is a safe business. There can be no loss, and if the straw is housed it will always be valuable. There is at this time no more promising pursuit to the American people than to develop this industry in all its bearings.—[Country Gentleman.

JOE'S APPRENTICE.

The Midget on the Orange Hawker's Cart Who Drives by Inspiration.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Joe Antonio, the musical street hawker who vocalizes on the orange and banana situation in choice Italian, had an apprentice, Friday afternoon. He was so small that Joe lost him once on Lisbon street, the boy having fallen from the seat and having been inadvertently mixed up among the oranges. Joe Antonio says that he came near selling the boy for an orange; only he happened to hear him squeal. The boy drives, while Joe does the solo behind the cart. The horse moved one of his ears in a fit of energy Friday, and the commotion of air caused thereby nearly blew the boy off the seat. His bare legs look like two sticks of black liquorice. He drives by inspiration, chiefly, with his eyes fixed with admiration on the musical sun of duty. You could put fifteen more just like him on the same wagon seat, but if each of them had a smile like Joe Antonio's midget of an apprentice, the smiles would fill a stormy city.

THE ORIGIN OF LONG JONES.

Where the Singular Cognomen of a Noted Character Came From.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The origin of the title of "Long" Jones, which has so universally been bestowed upon Hon. A. M. Jones, chairman of the Illinois Republican State central committee, and a leading figure in American politics for some years past, is said to have sprung from Civil Service Commissioner Oberly, also of Illinois, who tells the story of its inception as follows: "I was much impressed when chosen assemblyman from the Cairo district with the dignity of the office, and I supposed all the members of the Legislature were great men. I approached the State House with fear and trembling. I watched the other fellows, and took my seat, resolving to be quiet until I had sized up the mighty material surrounding me. The House was called to order. I waited anxiously for the first speech. At last on the other side of the hall I saw a man beginning to get up. It seemed to me that it took him a very long time to rise. He pulled himself out of his chair and went on and upward until he towered over the whole assemblage. I looked at him with awe, and asked my neighbor as to whom he might be. He replied, 'Why! that is Jones of Jo Daviess county.' 'He ought to be called Long Jones!' said I.

"My fellow-member laughed and repeated this remark, and from it 'Long Jones' got his title. He is now a prominent politician in the State of Illinois, and is known everywhere as 'Long Jones.'

"Well, after Jones had risen to his 6 feet 4 inches he threw out his long arm (which it seemed to me was the same length as his body), at the speaker, and, with Jovian brows, said in stentorian tones:

"'Mr. Speaker, there are no ink in the bottles.' And with that he sat down.

"Two full minutes elapsed before another member rose to make a speech. At last there was a stir on the other side of the hall from Jones, and a little bit of black-eyed, black-whiskered, undersized, nervous man popped up out of his seat. He threw his hand at the speaker, and in a jerky voice cried out:

"'Mister Speaker, the gentleman has said there are no ink in the bottles. The gentleman are mistaken. They are ink in the bottles, but it are froze.'

"After these two speeches," relates Mr. Oberly, "I thought that I was equal to the average legislator in grammar, if in nothing else, and I nevermore had any fear of the ordinary country statesman."

JAW-BREAKING NAMES.

They Sound Better Than They Look, but Would Bear Improvement.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

The trial of half a dozen of the Bay View rioters this week, all of whom, except one, have names which are, as printed, almost unpronounceable, has set many persons to wondering how these people get along without getting badly mixed up. A well-educated Polander, in speaking of the matter, says that in many cases these alphabetical combinations, although at first sight meant nothing and represented less, were quite easy to decipher when once a person has the key to the matter: "We often get confused ourselves in the pronunciation of some of the names. This is especially so with those of us who have secured good educations in English, and in writing the name of Mr. Wawrzyniakowski we are quite apt to spell it Wauzynakowski, for that is the literal way. Now, if I was to write it out as it is pronounced in English—as it should be—it would be in this way," and the son of Kosciusko took a pencil and paper and scratched it off like this:

WAU-ZE-NA-KOF-SKY.

(Wawrzyniakowski.)

"Now that name," he added, as he handed it over to the reporter, "is about the worst one I know of. Yet there are a great many others which look fully as bad, and which require as great an effort for the English-speaking people to twist around their tongues. We have a man on the police force—Officer Niezerowski. That isn't very bad, but very few pronounce it as it should be—Ne-zo-rowsky. Coroner Czerwinski's name is easy—'Cher-winsky.'"

The gentleman said that "our own Theodore Rudzinski's" name was Roo-jin-sky, and that Mr. Sokolowski of Mitchell street would answer to Sock-o-lof-sky.

Joseph Skrzypczynski, who is on trial for riot, thinks there is nothing hard about his name. After it is reduced a little it looks this way: "Skrip-ni-jin-sky."

A Second avenue man whose name is selected from the part of the alphabet used the least by the English, is quite smooth after the rough corners are whittled off. He writes it Strzyzewski, but the reporter's informant said that it was pronounced "Stretch-e-ne-off-sky." A Second avenue moulder inherits the name of Szczepankrewicz, which, when hauled over a little, is "Che-che-pa-no-off-sky." Ex-Alderman Hanizeski is simply "Honey-chef-sky," when his friends talk to him.

A Fifth avenue man has a sign in front of his house with the following on it:

LEON SZOYOCZYUSKI,
Boot & Shoemaker.

People from the seventh ward, when strolling that way, look at the sign and gasp for breath. They wouldn't do it, though, if they knew it was simply "Leon Soo-zinski."

Mary Rozmarynoowski is a dressmaker at 753 Fifth avenue, and everyone in the neighborhood will tell you that it is simply Mary Ros-mare-nof-sky. A laborer living at 834 Seventh avenue, who may some day be coroner or a member of the council, sports the name of Wojciech Wesolowski. Mr. Wesolowski's given name when translated is George, but still it is pronounced "Wizow-ick." Joseph Wojcirchow-ski, a Second avenue tailor, spells his name "We-se-chow-ski" when he spells it. Mr. John Wykizyk is a laborer and lives on Garden street, and, although the name looks like a jaw-breaker, it is nothing of the kind. A friend of his says it is Vick-crick. A Brady street laborer, by the name of Kazimir Zdrojewski, is "at home" to plain "Casimere Zro-vuf-sky."

The puzzling condition of the tongue when a person who is unfamiliar with these names is occasioned by the placing together by the Polanders of two letters which answer the purpose of one. That is, they are there as the sound of one. For example, "dz" produces the same sound as "g," "cz" the same as "c" and "sz" the same as "s," except that the pronunciation is more emphatic or longer when these letters are thrown side by side in a name. Where "az" is used the sound produced is "eng." There are three pronunciations for the letters. If it requires emphasis, the Polander will first write the letter and then place a "z" beside it. The soft use of the letter is indicated thus "s," while the ordinary use is "s."

GOING A-FISHING.

What an Angler Needs to Complete His Outfit.

Latest Improvements in Rods, Reels, Flies, Hooks and Lines.

A Fisherman's Experience with Various Appliances.

[Craydon Johnston.]

I have seen a fair share of sport in my time. I have hunted, I have fished. Nowadays, if I had to choose between gun and rod, I would select the latter, and I would select it with exceeding care, too, not in the general sense, but specifically, as the machinery with which the angler must provide himself. Times change, and rods and reels with them, but the wary fisherman will keep abreast of the times. An angler's outfit should be the subject of his most earnest consideration. In this belief I venture to give a hint or two about the details of rods, lines, flies and other matters, for though these words may come to many who are my masters in the gentle sport, I fancy they will not scorn the experience of one who is and hopes long to be a member of their honorable brotherhood. I shall say a word about salmon fishing first, and the trout will come later, for it is the supreme ambition of every angler to kill a good clear run of salmon on a fair rod and line. Lately the mastery of the tarpon has overtopped the excitement of the Restigouche, but, superb as must be the struggle with the silver king of Florida channels, I for one will rest satisfied with the salmon; and as good open fishing may be expected this year in the Penobscot river there will be a chance of getting good sport at a reasonable rate—say $5 per pound of fish killed.

It is an easy matter for Fortunatus to tax his purse to the utmost in buying an outfit for salmon fishing. One man cast at Bangor last year whose equipment was said to have cost $20,000. Certainly that of the late President Arthur was worth over $5000, and scarcely any salmon fisher worthy of the name but shows four figures spent for his tackle.

I hope to get up to Maine this spring and propose to rig out as reasonably as possible. First, I shall buy a rod, or rather two, a reel, a line, leaders, hooks and flies, a book or box to put them in and a cleek or gaff. Let us take these articles up in order.

The split bamboo rod is the favorite in this country, and its manufacture has been brought to wonderful perfection. It is, however, deficient in casting power against a strong wind. A new improvement is a tempered steel core built in with spliced cane, which, though some three ounces heavier, has a great strength of "stiff-springiness." Mr. Cholmondely-Pennell is of the opinion that before long fly rods will be made entirely of steel, and meanwhile gives high praise to the split bamboo with steel core.

I am not a fanatic in favor of the split cane rod. It tires and gets tired. It is open to attack by damp, and the joints have a nasty trick of twisting loose, when the whole affair collapses in a most disgusting way, and even the very best makers' rods will go to pieces unless contant care and attention be paid them. Again, there is a fancy to work such rods down too fine. It should be remembered, especially in salmon fishing, that when you are at work there is quite a weight of wet line swinging from the tip of the rod. So I like a thick top rather than one finely tapered down to a hair line, which is very beautiful, very expensive, and very useless until six inches have been snapped off bit by bit. I intend to try a new three-joint green heart, with spare tips of lancewood, about as follows:

Length when up, 15 feet; weight with knob, 1 pound 10 ounces; circumference of butt at reel, 3 2-16 inches; circumference of butt at middle, 2 5-16 inches; circumference of butt below ferule, 1 10-16 inches; circumference of large joint at bottom, 1 9-16 inches; circumference of large joint below ferule, 1 2-16 inches; circumference of top joint at bottom, 1 2-16 inches; circumference of top joint 2 inches from top, 8-16 inch; circumference of extra tip 2 inches from tip, 10-16 inch.

Such a rod would cost from $10 to $25, according to the maker. Spare tips about $3 each.

There are many woods used in rod making, bethabara being a recent favorite, although hard to work and very brittle. Snakewood, green heart, lancewood, bamboo, ash, cedar and ironwood are also used.

There is a three-piece white whole-cane rod on the market about fourteen feet long, which costs only $2, and with an alternate lancewood top should be a very serviceable weapon. I got one last fall, intending to cast for the fall run of bluefish, but never had a chance to use it. I certainly shall take it along to Maine as a reserve.

The length I mention is somewhat short for a salmon rod, but suits me. I do not believe in extremes. It is well to be able to make a long cast, but actual fishing is done at moderate distances—say from 30 to 70 feet away from the caster. Therefore, for open trout streams I like an 11-foot rod; for lake work one 14 feet in length, and that is good enough to cover a fair expanse of water without tiring one's muscles out.

A word as to ferules. The drawn pipes made in this country are unequalled, and I like a dowel. There are any number of lockfast joints, but not one to my liking. Keep your ferules dry and greased. Get a good make dentated and see that the joints are properly put together and you won't have trouble. The rod fittings made in this country are first-rate, but I should like to see some finer finished upright guides which could be used on light tops instead of the sual ring and keeper.

A reel is next in order. Here you can begin with the upright three-inch Gogebic or Nepigon, holding ninety yards of F or No. 5 oiled silk, at $2 or $1 50, and go up to the hand-finished Kentucky, such as was recently sent to President Cleveland, and which, holding 100 yards of salmon line, would cost $75, or even more. I assume that a check or click is on the reel—the latter being preferable. There are any number of multipliers in the market, and it is hard to tell which is the best. It should be remembered, however, that in using a multiplier what is gained in speed is lost in power, and while the empty hook comes in quickly, a heavy fish is greatly increased in weight. I prefer a high, narrow reel, and while the upright Gogebic is not perfect, being roughly made of poor material, it has some very good points, notably its airy spool or barrel, which gives the line a chance to dry, its adjustable click and its moderate price. The Nepigon is another cheap, good reel, which could be made of lighter wire with advantage. If you want a more expensive article you can get a German silver and black rubber, 3½ in diameter, at $22, with adjustable circle, which will be good for striped bass casting or trolling for muscalonge or tarpon, and will hold up to 250 yards of line. The latest novelty this year is aluminium, which is very light and very dear—an ordinary make, worth only $6 in German silver, costing $18 in aluminium. Good single-section salmon reels holding 120 yards, cost $20, and $30, the latter being fitted with click and a very clever adjustable drag in a screw-collar on the spindle.

Now for your line. The most expensive is the enamelled braided silk, with core of copper wire, which, when tapered to each end, costs for No. 2 as much as 10 cents a yard. I advise, however, an oiled silk not enamelled, which can be got for five cents for No. 1, and four cents for No. 2, per yard. Get about 25 yards of No. 2 and back it up with 70 yards of No. 4 or 5 undressed braided silk, which can be got for, say two and one-half cents. I used to think that no line for fly casting would be too fine or light, but later experience has taught me that far cleaner work can be done with a heavy stiff line that goes where it is sent, regardless of wind or weather. Mind you, though, your cast should be made above—not on the surface of—the water. The heavy line flies forth like a bit of wire, all in the air, jerks the leader out with a zip, and then the flies touch the waves as the back drawn rise of your hand tightens all so that you are fishing from the start. Ten to one that the light line is blown anywhere it is not wanted, or, if it does go out straight, it weakens in the cast and strikes the surface with the leader in the air.

By backing up the heavy casting line with a light working line, three advantages are gained. The saving in cost is considerable, the capacity of your reel is increased, and with a lot of line out the strain on the rod is less, because the back stretch is thinner and cuts the water more easily.

A winding reel is good, but a roll of newspaper or magazine is very nearly as good. Run a stick through the centre, the spring of the paper or book will keep the loops sprung, and you can roll on your reel quite handily. It is well to countersink the hole in the spindle on one side, so that the knot on the end of the line will be flush, and not project so as to spoil the evenness of your coils.

Leaders are made of gut, and it is always best to buy a hank and make your own. Hanks of 100 strands, from 10 to 12 inches in length, range from $1 to $6. Get two at $1 and $2 and you will save money, particularly if you bend on what is known as the buffer knot. The ordinary knot is the fisherman's knot; that is, two hitches drawn and jammed. In this, however, one knot cuts directly against the other, and there is where it knuckles, cracks and breaks. If, however, before drawing the knots together, a figure of eight knit in silk or gut is put on, you have a buffer between the half hitches, and what was the weakest part of the line has become the strongest. I also show a buffer dropper with a single link of gut bent in and a buffer loop bent out of a long loose end. The former is for use with small-eyed flies. The latter is very convenient with those in ordinary use. It is proper to credit Mr. Cholmondely Pennell and the Badminton library with this improvement.

To stain gut brown, soak it in strong tea; to blue it, dilute a gall ink—not aniline—being careful to rinse as soon as the proper tint is obtained. To test a leader, pull steadily against a spring-balance for two to ten pounds, according to expectation of fish, and then bend at each knot to see if there be any break or knuckle.

Last year was the first time I used eyed hooks, and I can heartily commend them. I was up at Greenwood lake after black bass, and my flies were too large. I had with me some common-eyed hooks of the right size, and I cut my flies to pieces, and with what help I could get from the farmyard, the hats of the women folk and the fringes of their wraps, set to work to tie up small sizes. The result was a great success, the advantages being that you have no fly gut to keep moist and stretched in your hook; that you can change flies with a snap of the scissors, and that when you get knuckles or breaks at the tip of the hook, as you always do, you just clip off and bend on again above the break. I have got inturned eyed hooks, some of which are double, and augur well for their working this season. Any one can get the plain-eyed hooks and give them a trial.

While anglers are not boastful thereof, we all take to worms once in a while. I assume you understand how to secure them in bran and dry moss; but a good tip is a double-topped tube of tin, with bran in the centre and moss on both sides. Punch full of small holes to give air and turn over every sunset. You will find the clean tough worms at the lower end every time.

You will want a fly-hook or a tin tackle box. I like my ordinary pattern of the former, but do not care for the elaborate spring and hook arrangements which are on the market. Of course with eyed hooks these latter are not wanted. You should get one or two of those flat enamelled boxes, about four by three inches, that pins come in, and have thin felt leaves cut to fit. Wet this felt and lay your leaders, droppers, etc., in to soak about an hour before you get to work.

All I have said applies to trout fishing, save that everything is on a smaller scale. As above mentioned, I do like a long rod, and for brook work I advise one going from above the grasp net with a stiff butt. Such a rod, with a powerful middle and a stiff, strong top will send out a line with a mere twist of the wrist, and there is more lift and play to it.

You can get a three-piece ten-foot fly-rod from $6 to $12; extra tips, $1 50. In split bamboo it will cost from $12 to $40. A good clink reel, holding sixty yards, can be bought for from $3 to $4, and a multiplier in rubber or German silver from $4 to $12. There is a small upright Gogebic at $1 75 out this season good for light work, and the Nepigon or Acme can be got for $1 25.

The improved automatic self-winder is also offered. I tried this three years ago at Syracuse on the recommendation of a friend who was enthusiastic in praise of its merits, but I found it to be the veriest rattletrap I ever handled. Since then it has got into better shape, and the one in rubber, taking fifty yards, for which I paid $9, looked and acted very well in the shop. If it can be relied on to keep in good order there are many advantages in its use, but I want to try it before I buy it or recommend its purchase. Anyhow, I would never rely upon a spiral spring, but I would always have an old-time to fall back on.

A landing net is wanted for fish up to three pounds; after that a gaff. The handiest frame I have seen is in the shape of a collapsing Y, but I have only seen it in the pages of the "Bennington Library," and have not had one made yet. A right good gaff can be made by lapping a codfish hook to the end of a stick or cane and filing the barb off.

I would go on scribbling as long as my ink holds out, but it is time to close with a little of standard salmon and trout flies. For the first jack scott, silver gray, blue jay, fiery brown, green grouse and dirty orange will do for starters, after that infinity. For trout—professor, coachman, cow-den, cock-a-bundy, grisley king, montreal, red hackle, red spinner, ibis, white miller and black gnat are plenty. I should mention reversed flies, which I have tried. They are good for a change, and that's about all I can say.

A TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY.

Each Member Has to Pay When He Speaks Disparagingly of a Person.

[Lawrence Times.]

A Tongue Guard Society was instituted recently in Lawrence, the members of which pledge themselves to pay a cent into the treasury every time they speak disparagingly of another person. The money thus raised is to be used for the benefit of the poor. Following is the constitution of the society:

MOTTO.

If aught good then thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend.

ARTICLE 1.

The name of the society shall be the Tongue Guard Society of Lawrence.

ARTICLE 2.

Any person may become a member of this society by signing this constitution and conforming to its rules.

ARTICLE III.

We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to endeavor to speak no evil of anyone.

ARTICLE IV.

Should we, however, through carelessness, break our pledge, we agree for each and every offence to forfeit the sum of one cent; the money so forfeited to be placed in a box reserved for the purpose, and to be expended semi-annually for charitable objects.

An Odd Freak of Actresess.

One of the dingiest, dirtiest and most dangerous streets in all Paris was recently chosen as the locality of a remarkable fete. About noon, the aboriginal natives of the notorious Place Maubert, which readers of Eugene Sue will remember, were surprised to see two or three open vehicles laden with handsome ladies in brilliant plumage, and "ultrachics" in bord plat hats and resuscitated inverness capes, sweep down from the Boulevard St. Germain into the dismal Rue Galande. The procession stopped before the red-painted Chateau Rouge, which formerly belonged to Gabrielle d'Estrees, and is now the midnight resort of the greatest cut-throats and ruffians in Paris. The occupants of the vehicles, followed by a crowd of gaping gamins, pickpockets and general metropolitan marauders, went into the hideous hostelry, where they actually had a luncheon which was washed down by a copious shower of champagne. The well-dressed guests who had thus honored the Roi Castle with their temporary presence were some of the most charming actresses in Paris, who, for the novelty of the thing, had agreed to lunch at the sinister tavern with some of their cavaliers. After the repast, one of the actresses recited some verses by Francois Coppee, and then some of the absinthe-saturated musicians and "artists" of the locality, who had been invited to the junketing, were listened to with considerable amusement.

Broke Loose.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"It's all his fault, your honor!" exclaimed a wife as she was arraigned in the Police Court the other day.

"Who's fault?"

"My husband's!"

"How's that?"

"Well, sir, he came home half-tight just as I had finished a hard day's work and was making my supper off of cold potatoes. I felt mad and desperate, and he begun to argue about heaven."

"What did he say?"

"He said there wasn't no such place, nor hades, either, and he argued the case so well that I believed him."

"And then what?"

"And then, sir, thinking that if that was the case I might as well waltz in and have a good time on earth, I picked up a stick of wood and run the old man all over the neighborhood and made him roar for mercy."

Sentence suspended, owing to mitigating circumstances.

And the Harvest Was.

[Hartford Post.]

The blossoms of the cherry trees filled the atmosphere with spring fragrance, and the green of the meadows was at its most refreshing stage. Rosalind McGush stood in the doorway just as the sun was casting its farewell reflection reluctantly on the day.

"Ah, me, would it were always springtime," she sighed, "with flowers and fragrance everywhere."

"Always spring, Rosy?" said her practical mother. "You don't want to keep planting all the year and no harvest, do you?"

Rosalind sighed, and straying to the piano touched the keys lightly for a few bars of "What shall the harvest be?" By that time George had called.

Etiquette of the Hat.

[Household.]

The well-bred man raises his hat if he passes a lady, though a stranger, in the hall of a hotel, on the stair, or if he does her any little service, such as restoring her fan or glove, or if she makes an inquiry of him or he of her. A gentleman walking with an acquaintance raises his hat to those persons whom his acquaintance salutes, but does not bow. Gentlemen remove their hats in hotel elevators when ladies are present. A recent writer on etiquette considers that this is not demanded by politeness at the best, and is, beside, so inconvenient to do when the elevator is full that it might be abandoned altogether. The inconvenience mentioned undoubtedly occurs at times. Nevertheless, this is a pleasant custom, and we have not so many acts of formal courtesy that it is well to dispense with any of them unnecessarily. A gentleman lifts his hat to his wife, mother or sister upon meeting them in a public place as deferentially as to any other lady. A well bred man also removes his hat upon entering a place of amusement, while an ill bred man will often take his hat off only when he reaches his seat, though that may be far from the entrance.

DE LESSEPS' VITALITY.

Teaching His Daughters How to Ride on Horseback.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, "the Count," is almost as noted for his children as for his canals. A recent visitor relates how he was found superintending the riding lesson which enables him and his small horde to create a sensation in the Bois de Boulogne every day. "You will find M. de Lesseps in the courtyard with his children," said the manservant at the door, and without further ceremony the visitor walked through the passage leading to a spacious stable-yard, covered with loose gravel, where the patriarch was giving a riding lesson to two of his daughters, Mlles. Helene and Solange.

Wearing a light overcoat and a brown check polo cap, the more than octogenarian isthmus-piercer was cracking a long circus whip and making the little black ponies trot and gallop; now running after this one, now after that one; giving advice in firm tones, active and gay as a man of 20.

In the Lesseps family each child, as soon as he or she measures 30 inches high, is put on the back of a pony and trained by the father to figure with honor in the equestrian battalion which the Parisians have become accustomed to look for daily.

The vitality of M. de Lesseps is really marvellous, and, in spite of his age, he appears to make no effort to diminish the wear and tear of his daily life. He rides, works, dines out and makes speeches about the Panama canal as indefatigably as ever.

"And your memoirs—shall you publish them soon?"

"They will appear in a month or six weeks: two volumes."

"What period do they cover?"

"That of my diplomatic career; my ministry at Madrid; my mission to Rome; events between 1840 and 1850; there is a great deal about Spanish affairs, and quantities of documents concerning political history."

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Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.6[illegible]
Popular Science News	1.00	1.8[illegible]
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Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.1[illegible]
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.4[illegible]
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.7[illegible]
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.8[illegible]
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Scientific American	3.20	3.6[illegible]
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.[illegible]
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San Francisco Chronicle (weekly)	2.00	2.[illegible]
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The Republic (Irish-Amer., Boston)	2.50	3.[illegible]
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Vick's Floral Magazine	1.25	1.[illegible]
Wide Awake	2.40	3.[illegible]
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE, BOSTON, MASS.

THE YOKE OF THE THORAH

By SIDNEY LUSKA,

AUTHOR OF "AS IT WAS WRITTEN," "MRS. PEIXADA," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Tillie's excitement, on the contrary, intensified perceptibly. It had the effect of beautifying her, and of civilizing her. With heightened color and brightened eyes, she was an exceedingly pretty girl, one that any man might have been proud of for his bride. Then, she did not talk half so loudly as she had used to; and her choice of words, phrases, and figures, underwent a notable modification for the better.

The adjectives, grand, ideal, elegant, fearful, and such like, for example, dropped almost out of her daily speech.

Of course before long the wedding presents began to come in. Tillie's delight knew no bounds. Every evening Elias discovered her in an ecstacy over the things that had arrived that day, and joyfully anticipating those that would arrive tomorrow.

Some of these presents made the poor fellow groan inwardly. Mr. Blum, for instance, sent an enormous worsted-work picture of Ruth and Boaz, with a charming though misapplied inscription cunningly embroidered in gold thread: "Whither thou goest I will go," etc. Elias knew that this would have to be hung in a conspicuous place in his house, for of course when Mr. Blum came to see them he would look for it and if it wasn't visible would feel hurt and slighted.

Mrs. Blum sent a pair of diamond earrings. Tillie at once put them on; and she never afterwards appeared without them. So that, from this point, whenever she figures upon these pages, the reader will kindly imagine a lustrous solitaire pendant from each of her tiny ears.

They were large and handsome; and Mr. Blum confidentially informed Elias that he had got them at a bargain, but that they had cost him a heap of money, all the same.

Neither Mr. Sternberg's parlors, nor Mr. Koch's, were spacious enough to accommodate a tithe of the people who would have to be invited to the wedding; and therefore it was decided to follow the common Jewish practice, and engage for the occasion a public hall. Mr. Koch engaged the hall of the Advance Club.

There, accordingly, in the afternoon of Monday the 7th of January, 1884, and in the presence of rather more than 300 witnesses, Mr. Elias Bacharach and Miss Matilda Morgenthau were pronounced irrevocably man and wife, Rev. Dr. Gedaza, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lewis, as cantor, officiating. The ceremonies were conducted in the strictest orthodox style.

The happy couple stood beneath a silken canopy, supported by four young gentlemen designated by the groom; all the men present covered their heads, some with hats, some with handkerchiefs; the cantor intoned an invocation, a prayer, a benediction; the rabbi put the requisite questions, and got the regulation responses, both in Hebrew: after which he made a very pretty and touching speech, kissed the bride, and said: "Mrs. Bacharach, accept my heartiest congratulations."

The wine, meanwhile, had been spilled and drunken, and the goblet crushed under the bridegroom's heel. For upwards of an hour afterward there was a wild clamor of talk, and everybody shook hands with Elias and gave Tillie a kiss.

Then they all sat down to dinner. The chazzan chanted a grace. The banqueters fell to. By and by toasts were proposed and harangues delivered. The dancing began at 11 o'clock and held out until 5 the next morning.

So they were married.

CHAPTER XIX.

First of all, weakened in body and mind by an epileptic stroke; then scared literally out of his wits, terrified into a mental and emotional stupor, by the belief that that which we know to have been an epileptic stroke was a visitation from an angry God; a victim, rather than a villain; the creature of disease and superstition, of heredity and education; Elias Bacharach had deserted and forgotten the woman whom he loved, and had allowed himself to be seduced into a marriage with a woman whom he did not love.

That a reawakening, accompanied by all the horrors of despair and remorse, should come sooner or later, was of course inevitable. It did not come, however, till some nine months after his separation from Christine Redwood, which was some nine months too late.

I have in my possession a quantity of manuscript, in Elias' crabbed handwriting, which gives a deep and clear, though fragmentary, insight into the life he led after his marriage.

It is in the form of a long, turbulent, and often hysterical letter, addressed by him, under circumstances which will in due time be explained, to Christine—a letter, however, which was never sent—and it bears date February, 1885. I have already made one or two quotations from it. I shall avail myself freely of it in the present chapter.

About the relations between himself and Tillie, Elias writes, "there is not much to be said. Our relations were perfectly amicable but perfectly superficial. Man and wife in name, in reality we were simply good friends; scarcely that, indeed; scarcely more than friendly acquaintances. She was invariably bright, cheerful, amiable, unselfish.

"I tried to do my duty to her, as I conceived it; to be always kind to her and to seize every opportunity that I saw to afford her pleasure, or to spare her annoyance. I dare say this was not enough. I dare say she deserved better of me than she got; that I ought to have striven to be her husband in a more genuine and vital sense of the word. But I did not; and if, in this way, I sinned against her, it was at least an unintentional sin, a sin of omission, and one which she remained unaware of. I was egotistical and self-centred, as it is my nature to be.

"She was not at all exacting. If I would listen to her when she talked, and admire her dresses, and enjoy her playing, and take her to the theatre or to parties, she was quite contented. She neither asked, nor appeared to expect anything further. So that, though we saw each other every day, and were together a good deal of the time, we were as far as possible from being intimate.

"Our real, innermost selves never approached each other. In fact, she and my uncle were much more intimate than she and I. He was always having her to sit with him in his study, where he would talk to her of the subjects that interested him, or get her to read aloud to him, or to act as his amanuensis, and write under his dictation. She thought my uncle was a 'perfectly adorable old man'; and he called her 'the light of his declining years.'

"I, meanwhile, lived my own life, such as it was, in silence. But it was not much of a life. It was not especially enjoyable, and it was altogether valueless. I produced nothing, was of no earthly use or benefit to anybody in the world—except a sort of convenient appendage to my wife, like her fan or her vinaigrette.

"My favorite occupation—the only one I cared anything about—consisted in getting away by myself, and reading. My studio was my castle. Once inside it, with the door closed behind me, I was sure of not being disturbed. I had foresworn my painting, as I fancied, for good and all. I had got utterly discouraged about it, had lost all zest in it, had vowed never to return to it.

"But up here in my studio I had a lot of books, and here for hours I would sit at the window reading. My appetite for reading had recently become voracious, insatiable. I can't convey to you an idea of how dependent I was upon my books. They were the world in which I lived, moved and had my being. Away from them I kept thinking about them, longing to get back to them. Not that I derived so much pleasure from them, but simply that I was unhappy unless I had them.

"They were to me, I suppose, in my dead-and-alive condition, something like what his drug is to an opium-eater—not so harmful, of course, but just as indispensable; a stimulant which I could not do without. What the books were doesn't matter. All sorts, from the latest sensational novel up to Milton and the Bible. Yet perhaps I ought to give you the names of some of these books, for some of them produced a very deep and vivid impression upon me, and no doubt contributed more or less to my subsequent state of mind—helped, I mean, to bring it on.

"Well, I reread 'Wilhelm Meister,' and I read for the first time Rousseau's 'Confessions,' de Musset's 'La Confession d'un Enfant du Siecle,' and Browning's 'Inn Album' and 'The Ring and the Book,' besides many of his shorter poems. I mention these five particularly, because they were the ones that had really strong effects.

"They stirred me, pierced to my heart and hurt me, where other books merely interested or amused me. What I mean is, they appealed to my emotions, where other books merely appealed to my intelligence—especially Browning.

"When I read Browning, the exhilaration was almost physical. It was like breathing some vivyfying atmosphere—like drinking some powerful elixir. It made me glow and tingle through and through. It was as though the very inmost quick of my spirit had been touched, and made me throb and thrill. I had never supposed, I would never have believed, that any book could possibly have exerted such a profound and irresistible influence over the reader. My sensation was like an acute pain, that yet somehow verged toward—not pleasure—something deeper and better than pleasure. No music, not even Beethoven's or Wagner's, ever moved me, ever carried me away, as these poems of Browning's did. They literally transfixed me, magnetized me, like the spell of a magician. The reason was, of course, partly because the poetry is in itself so great, so intense, so penetrating, so vibrant with the living truth, so warm with human blood and passion; and I don't believe that any man could read it understandingly, without being affected by it very much as I was

"But the reason was also partly personal. In the Ring and the Book I found expressed in clear, straightforward language, all those deep, strenuous emotions, which I myself had experienced in my love of you, which had always groped and struggled for expression, but which to me had always been inexpressible—yearnings, which I had felt with all their force and ardor, which I had labored hard to speak, but which I had never been able to speak, any more than as if I had been drunk; which, pent-up in my heart, and straining for an outlet, had sought one by means of broken syllables, glances, caresses.

"Do you understand? In the Ring and the Book I found them expressed; found my own unutterable secrets uttered. Oh, if only when you and I were together I had had the Ring and the Book to read aloud to you from! Then, perhaps, I could have made you feel how deeply, utterly I loved you.

"In the Inn Album, too, another chapter of my own story was told, more of my own secrets were laid bare. The material conditions, the circumstances, the accidentals, to be sure, were totally different; but the essentials seemed to me the same.

"A man had irretrievably wronged a woman—a noble, beautiful woman, who loved him and trusted him. A lover had acted basely toward his sweetheart. And there, also, I found an expression for my remorse and my despair.

"But now I am anticipating. For the present these thoughts had not come to me—the thought of you, and of what had been between you and me, and of how I had wronged you. I mean to say, they had come to me after a fashion; now and then, spasmodically, by fits and starts; but they had not pierced more than skin deep, and they had not taken fast hold. They had come and gone. Later on they came and stayed—like coals burning in my heart.

"For the present, I did a good deal of reading, and scarcely any thinking. Sometimes, it is true, instead of reading I would sit still, looking out of the window and carrying on a certain mental process which might perhaps have been called thinking; but it was the sort of thinking known as mourning. I mean it was vague, listless, purposeless; it had no vigor, no point; and it bore no result.

"You and our love, and the misery I had caused you were the subjects of it, yes; it was like thinking in a fog. It had not grown intense and clear. It had not crystallized. It awoke in my breast a sort of sluggish, languid melancholy, instead of the fierce consuming pain I ought to have felt, and by and by did feel—and feel now, and so long as I live shall feel.

"Whatever there is in me that is not wholly bad and callous, what I suppose would be called my better nature, was just preparing to wake up; and these were the dull, premonitory throes.

"I was just beginning to come to myself, out of a long lethargy. My remorse was just beginning to kindle. It had not yet sprung into the white-hot, continuous fire that it has since become."

In another place he says: As I write to you now, what I am trying hard to do, is to get at close quarters with the real truth; to look straight and steadily at it; and to tell you, as clearly and as calmly as I can, what I see.

"But the truth is so deep and subtle, though so unmistakable; and I am so unused to writing; and it is so hard for me to keep down my feelings; that I can't seem to find the right words.

"Well, what I want to make you understand is this: Very slowly and gradually, by imperceptible degrees, a great change was coming over me, was being wrought in me. This change was really nothing but a return to health, mental and moral health. Ever since that night on which we were to have been married I had been mentally and morally sick—in an unhealthy, unnatural state.

"My moral nature, and many of my mental faculties, had lain torpid and inactive, as if deadened—had not performed their functions. Well, health was now slowly returning to them, health and vitality. The depths of my spirit—it is a canting phrase, but it expresses exactly what I mean—the depths of my spirit, which had long lain stagnant, were being stirred.

"I had always comprehended, as a mere intellectual proposition, how much you must have suffered. It was obvious. Dull and half stupefied as I was, I could not help comprehending that. It was like two-and-two-make-four.

"But the comprehension had got no further than my brain. It had not touched my heart, and made it shudder with horror, and burn with remorse for my own baseness and for the agony that I had inflicted upon you, as it has done since. I had comprehended, but I had not felt it.

"My love of you had been struck dead, and my imagination—or whatever the faculty is which causes us to sympathize with another's pain—was failing to act. So I had gone about the daily affairs of my life, in no wise troubled or affected by the fact, which I was perfectly aware of, that you, at the same time, in solitude, were suffering the worst sorrow possible in the world—yes, absolutely the worst; I know it.

"I had gone about, and got what apology for enjoyment, what vulgar amusement, I could out of life; had eaten, drunken, talked, laughed, read, smoked, paid calls, listened to music, all precisely as though you did not exist, never had existed; and finally I had become engaged and married; and all the while I knew what you were enduring, what hopeless, speechless anguish, thanks to me; I knew it, but did not care.

"Now and then I would think of it; but so dead was my heart the thought never aroused a throb of pain in it. I thought of it on the night of my wedding.

"In the midst of the dancing, in the midst of the loud, romping merriment, I thought, 'What is she doing at this moment?' But it was nothing like sympathy or self-reproach that prompted me. It was a sense of the curious incongruity. I shrugged my shoulders, said to myself that I could not help it, and went on dancing. This will show you how low I had sunken, how callous I had become; and you may imagine how I despised myself, how I abhor and sicken at myself, as I recall it now.

"Oh, Christine, for God's sake when you read this don't harden against me because of it and refuse to read any more. Don't stop reading. For God's sake, in mercy to me, go on reading to the end. Don't close your ears against me and refuse to listen. The only alleviation of my torments that I have is the hope that you will read this letter through and understand how I have repented.

"Well, as I say, this state of being was now slowly, gradually changing. Not a day passed now but I would think of you, and of everything that had been between you and me, from the beginning to the end; and now these thoughts did arouse pains in my heart—vague pains, that I did not understand—dull pains, such as one feels in sleep, or while under the influence of an opiate—but still, certainly, pain.

"As I said before, I was only just beginning to come to myself. My realization of what I had done, of what you had suffered, of what I had made you suffer, had not yet crystallized. My love had not yet waked up. My remorse had not yet really arisen.

"But all of a sudden, one day, the complete change came. The change was precipitated.

"It was a Friday afternoon late in February, a year ago—dark, rainy, warmish. My wife had gone to the rehearsal at Steinway Hall. I had agreed to meet her in the lobby at the end and bring her home. All day long that day I had done nothing but mope.

"I had sat at my studio window, looking out into the gray, wet park, or up at the heavy, inky clouds, and giving myself over to the blues—thinking that there was the world, full of interests and activities, the same world that I had used to be part of, and in which I had hoped to work and to be of service—the same world, quite unaltered; and that I, somehow, unchanged for myself, had lost all its flavor for me, all its attractions for me; the light, the spirit had died out of it. I got no pleasure from it. I was of no use in it. I was so much inert, destructive stuff and lumber. Then, why did I continue to exist? Neither useful nor happy, what excuse for living had I? Why should I not cause to be annihilated and done away with? etc., etc.

"This was the strain that my mind had been running in all day long. Then, toward 5 o'clock, I put on my hat and walked around to Steinway Hall to wait for Tillie.

"It was singular, and even now I cannot account for it by any ordinary theory, that as I stood there in the lobby waiting while the audience, mostly women, passed out, I was conscious of a strange trembling of the heart, such as usually accompanies what we call a presentiment—a presentiment that something portentous for our good or for our evil is about to happen.

"I could not understand it at all. I could not imagine what it was caused by. And yet, notwithstanding, I could not subdue it. It went on, momently, getting more intense; troubling me, perplexing me. I concluded that it must be the wind up and climax of my blues, just as a dull, dark day sometimes winds up and reaches its climax in a thunder-storm. I said to myself, 'You have not felt anything like this for nearly a year. This is the sort of thing you used to feel when you were in love—after you had rung Christine's door-bell, while you were waiting and chafing for the door to be opened.' Meanwhile the audience were pouring past me, laughing, chatting, greeting their acquaintances, jostling me and hustling me, and I was keeping a look-out for my wife.

"When, all of a sudden, my heart, which had been trembling in the way I have described; all of a sudden it gave a great, terrible leap, and then stood stock still, and I could not breathe any more, but was literally petrified, rooted to the spot, and felt a fearful pain begin to burn in my breast.

"For I saw—I saw you. Oh, my God! I saw you come out of the hall and move slowly through the lobby, passing within almost a yard of me, so that I could have stretched out my hand and touched you; so that, if I had whispered your name you would have heard me; and I saw you go down the stairs and disappear in the street.

"I stood there, with wide, staring eyes and parted lips, like a man turned to stone. How shall I ever disentangle, and put before you in some sort of consecutive order, the great crowd of thoughts and emotions that suddenly, and all at the same time broke loose in my heart and brain?

"In that brief interval—it could not have been more than a minute altogether—I lived through almost everything that I have lived through since. It was all compressed into that minute. I shall try to give you some sort of an account of it, to make it as clear and as comprehensible as I can.

"But I know that, however hard I try, I shall only be able to give you a very meagre and faint conception. If I could only see you, and speak to you—if for one moment I could kneel down at your feet and touch your hands, and look into your face, and utter one long, deep sigh—oh, I should feel then as though I had in some degree expressed what was, and has been ever since, in my heart and mind.

"Can you imagine the agony it is, the hell in life it is, to yearn with your whole soul to speak one word to a woman; to have your whole soul and heart and mind burdened with something that burns like fire, and never will cease burning until you have emptied soul and heart and mind at her feet; and to know that she is scarcely a mile distant from you, in the same city with you; and yet to know that if she were dead she would not be further removed from you, it could not be more impossible for you ever to approach her, ever to speak with her.

"Can you imagine that? Oh, sometimes I cannot believe it—believe it that facts can be so inexorable. Sometimes it seems against nature that a man's whole strength, whole life, can be concentrated in one single wish, and yet the fulfilment of that wish be absolutely beyond hope. It is too stupendous, too monstrous.

"Oh, to think! To think that, at this very moment you, your own living self, are almost within reach of my voice! It would not take half an hour to bring me to your side. And once there, once in your actual presence—Oh, my God! This unceasing agony would be ended, this unutterable agony would be uttered. We two should be together once again—you and I. Oh, the joy, the joy, to sob out all our grief together, and soothe each other's pain! And yet, if I were at the other extremity of the earth, or if you were dead, it could not be more impossible, I could not be more hopeless, Christine!

"But there! I am losing control of myself, crying out and raving in my despair. But what I have set myself to do is to keep perfectly calm, and, by the aid of all my forces, to try to give you a clear statement of what I have been through. If I ever succeed in making you realize how thoroughly I have understood your pain, how completely I have appreciated the enormity of my own conduct and how bitterly I have repented it, I shall be almost happy, and I shall have discharged a duty towards you—the only duty that I have a right any more to owe you.

"Well, now, I tell you that in one minute—in the time that elapsed from the instant I first caught sight of you, down to the instant when you disappeared in the street below—in that minute, with intensity proportionate to the rapidity, I lived through nearly everything that I have lived through since.

"All my vivid realization of how utterly base I myself had been, and of your unspeakable agony, caused by me, your despair, your humiliation; all my hot, biting remorse, my strenuous, hopeless yearning to atone for what could never be atoned for, to repair the irreparable wrong that I had done; all my sense of what I had wantonly flung away, and lost beyond recovery; and my despair; in a word, all my love—love that had lain stunned, as I supposed dead, but now suddenly had come to, never to let me rest any more; these, and much else that I shall not attempt to reduce to words, these were what sprang upon me all at once, shaking my soul to its foundations and holding me rigid, horrified in their grasp.

"Oh, help me to find an expression for what strains so hard to be spoken! I have just read over what I have written. It sounds vague, cold, formal. If I had left the paper blank it would have done about as well. What I have written conveys only the weak echo of what I want to say—of what I feel.

"I stood there in the lobby of Steinway Hall, and I watched you pass under my eyes; and I saw how pale you were, how large and dark and sorrowful your eyes were; and suddenly I knew—I understood, how I, my very self, had made you suffer; you, whom I loved; and how never, never, no matter how long I might live, could I, in any way, do anything to soothe you, to comfort you, to make up to you for the suffering I had caused you.

"I knew and understood all this; and my heart went out to you, bounding and burning with a thousand fierce, desperate emotions, with an anguish of hopeless remorse and love—oh, my sweet, injured lady, beautiful, frail Christine!—and now, now when I try to give you some faint idea of it, I am as helpless to do so as if I were trying to scream out in a nightmare, and my voice failed me, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"What if I had trampled all conventional restraints, and then and there, in spite of the crowd, in spite of everything, had rushed forward and stopped you, and thrown myself upon the ground before you, abasing myself at your feet. My heart throbs hard at the thought. Yet, of course, I had no right to do it.

"If I had done it, I should only have relieved myself at the cost of paining you—you whom, God knows, I have already pained enough. Oh, I suppose I was born to cause pain in the world. Some curse must attach to me. A blight settles upon everything I touch. . . . Oh, well, I must try to do my best with pen and ink. Well, as I was saying, I stood there, breathing heavily, at last—after many months of death—at last alive, I stood there like that, when—when my wife came up and took my arm, and demanded, startled by my appearance, what the matter was. My wife! And I had just seen you; and my soul was full of you, you whom I had wronged and lost. And here was my wife, taking my arm, speaking to me, emphasizing the antithesis. The past and the present! What I had given up, and what I had got in place of it!

"After my glimpse of you, the reality—Tillie! Oh, it was as though a starving man had just seen bread, smelled meat, and then, looking into his own hand, had found a stone there. She took my arm; and I turned her question as best I could; and I led her home.

"Conceive how, as I walked home from Steinway Hall this Friday afternoon, the ghost of a certain other Friday afternoon bore me company. One Friday afternoon, only a little more than a year earlier, in December, 1882, you had gone with me there to hear the 'Damnation of Faust.' Do you remember? You had sat at my side, close at my side. You had looked into my eyes, had touched my arm, spoken to me. The sweetness of the rose that you wore in your bosom had filled my nostrils.

"For one instant, one delirious instant, your breath, your very breath, had fallen upon my cheek! You had allowed me to wrap you in your cloak when you felt a draught—in the fur circular you used to wear; I remember the faint perfume that always clung to it.

"We were so intimate, so confidential, you and I! You were happy. And I loved you, and I had the possibility of winning your love open before me. And now! God, to think that the possibility which that afternoon held safe in store for me had been used and wasted! To think that by no remaining possibility it could ever be won back! Everything was destroyed. I myself, by my own voluntary act, had destroyed everything, even hope. Well, well, my wife and I walked home. My brain and my heart were burning.

"Chaos was let loose in them. I wanted to scream out, to beat my breast, to rend my garments. But I had, instead, to put on an indifferent face, exchange common places with her, take her home; and, it being Sabbath by this time, had to join in the praying and the scripture reading and all that. Of course I was eager, wild to get away by myself. But I had to sit it out with the family—my wife, her mother, my uncle—till 10 o'clock that night. I was pretty nearly beside myself.

"But at last I escaped and got into my studio—alone with you, for so intense was my thought of you, you were all but palpable at my side. I had given you back, as I supposed, all your letters—every keepsake I had to connect me with the past.

"But this night, as the reward of much ransacking, I found in the drawer of my desk the very first note you had ever written me, the one in which you said you would go with me to the exhibition. Do you remember? How we walked up and down the galleries? And you leaned upon my arm? And the little red bonnet that you wore? And how, afterward, we went to Delmonico's? That little note ever since has been the most precious of all my possessions.

"Your own hand traced these letters! Your own breath fell upon this paper! What effect it had upon me that night I shall not attempt to tell you. Think of this, it still kept a faint trace of its fragrance—of the sweet smell it had had when you first sent it to me. That that should have remained, that immaterial, evanescent perfume! That that should have outlasted the rest! No; there is no use of my writing a line about that night. I should only be incoherent if I tried. All I will say is this: If you had cared about revenge, and had witnessed my suffering that night, you would have been satisfied.

A Minister with a Hard Heart.

[Norristown Herald.]

Church congregations in Berks county are holding anti-giggling sociables for the benefit of the church. The person who laughs, smiles or giggles is fined five cents. At one of these gatherings the other evening the minister, who is something of an Anglo-maniac, read selections from a London comic weekly, and the church funds were not augmented a cent's worth.

THEY FOUGHT TO KILL.

Terrific Encounter Between Young Stallions.

A Thrilling and Narrow Escape at the Oak Hill Stock Farm.

Breaking and Training Colts in Genuine Kentucky Style.

"It was a pretty narrow escape."

The speaker, Mr. E. D. Wiggin, proprietor of the now celebrated Oak Hill stock farm at Newton Highlands, leaned against a blossoming apple tree and gazed with interest at his three-year-old stallion, Absolute, that was speeding along in his regular morning spin, under the careful guidance of Frank Stanley, his trainer.

"You see," continued the speaker, "it happened in this way: The weather is warm and pleasant now, and I thought I would let the four yearling stallions out for a run and a frolic. Consequently Arrival, Boston Wilkes, Pedro and Transfer were turned loose in the large field over yonder. No sooner were they free than Pedro made a rush at Boston Wilkes and proceeded to bite and kick him like a small-sized threshing machine. Norwal jumped at Pedro and caught him by the neck, and all three were mixed up in a rough tumble, first on their feet and then on the ground. We jumped for them at once and drove Norwal off from Pedo, but at the moment we did so he made a break for Transfer. It seems almost incredible, but he threw him completely over a stone wall, and would have followed after if the men had not got to him just in time. Pedro was so badly handled that it looked as if he were permanently injured, but he has improved so in the last two days that I am satisfied another week will bring him about all right. Transfer had a pretty bad shaking up from his fall, and all four showed marks of teeth. This episode surprised us all, for we had no idea that yearlings would mature with such rapidity in this climate.

"How do you account for Arrival's peculiar ferocity?"

"Simply his breeding, nothing more nor less. You see, that while all four of these colts were sired by Charley Wilkes, there is quite a difference in the dams. Arrival has six Diomed strains through Charley Wilkes, whose dam, Asphasia, by Alcantara, whose dam was Alma Mater, she by Mambrino Patchen, and Estelle by imported Australian. Asphasia's second dam was by Thoroughbred Monarch, and her third dam by Thoroughbred Woodpecker. This explains the matter in a nutshell, and besides proves beyond a peradventure that the climate of New England is not against the breeding and developing of thoroughbred trotting stock, as many owners of Western stock would lead us to believe; but let me show you about the farm, and I think I can convince the readers of The Globe that they have a miniature Kentucky stock farm in their suburbs, even to the half-mile track, where the fillies are broken to harness and educated to trot, and their speed developed as they mature.

"Here is a large and two small paddocks, where the little ones can romp and run during the winter or early spring months when necessary, and can in turn be used for the stallions and brood mares, for exercise. Beginning at that wall and extending over the hill and down into the valley almost to the edge of the Charles river, is 600 acres of pasturage, including a pond within its limits. A portion of the ground is covered with oak trees, which afford shade for the stock turned out in hot summer days. The half-mile track you see was finished this spring, and now all of the training and exercising is done here. Beautiful, isn't it? The view is superb. There is Newton Centre, to the left Newton Highlands, and behind us Needham, while the Charles river, like a silver thread, flows at our feet. Were it not for that hill, where stands the Newton Theological Seminary, Chestnut Hill reservoir would be in full view. A beautiful drive out from the city, and but twelve minutes from the reservoir

"Now let us look into the barn and surrounding buildings. Most of the brood mares are in the pasture, and we will pay them a visit presently. Here are the stallions. You will be interested at once. These two will make a reputation for themselves, if I mistake not. This mahogany bay is Charley Wilkes, No. 3563, who heads the stud. He is a grand young horse, and is now 5 years old, stands 15¼ hands, and weighs 1000 pounds. Handsome, isn't he? Look at those feet and legs. They cannot be surpassed. He won the two-year-old stakes at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1884, when he made a record of 2.39 in a third heat against four competitors, which is the fastest third heat made in a race by any horse at that age standing in New England. A notable fact was that the last quarter of that heat was trotted in 37 seconds, which is equivalent to a 2.28 clip. I witnessed the race myself, and I assure you it was exciting indeed to see those five two-year-olds scoring like old veterans, and Jack Splan, who stood near me, said: 'That beats anything I ever saw; all two-year-olds by one horse (Red Wilkes) and able to beat 2.40.'

"This rangy black stallion is Absolute, standard number, 4619. He is 3 years old and stands about 15¼ hands high. He cost me just $1000 in Kentucky when 5 months old, and he is today the best bred colt in New England. He is by Dictator, the sire of Jay-Eye-See, 2.10; Phallas, 2.13¾; Director, 2.17. His dam, Ida Elliot, by Allie West, record 2.25, and sire of Jewett, 2.14; second dam, by Mambrino Chief, 11, sire of Lady Thorne, 2.18; third dam, by Downer's Bay Messenger, sire of the dam of Clark Chief, 89, who got the dam of Phallas, 2.13¾; Wilson, 2.16; Majolica, 2.15; fourth dam by Davy Crockett, sire of Etta Jones, 2.20; fifth dam by Pilot, sire of Pilot, Jr., who got the dams of Maud S., 2.08¾; Jay-Eye-See, 2.10; sixth dam by Medley, sire of Copperbottom, who sired the granddam of Harry Wilkes, 2.13½. If this isn't gilt-edged breeding it doesn't exist. Allie West, sire of his first dam, was by Almont, dam by Mambrino Chief; second dam by Downer's Bay Messenger (second and third dams same as Absolute). Allie West trotted in 2.25 when a five-year-old, trial 2.21, and was sold for $16,000. He made but two seasons in the stud, and got Jewett, with a record of 2.23¾ at three years old, and a pacing record of 2.14½; as well as two others in the 2.30 list.

"Now," continued Mr. Wiggin, "this is the blood that produced Phallas, 2.13¾, and Director, 2.17. Add to this the fact that Absolute has the Pilot blood, which produced Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See; also the the Copperbottom, sire of the grand dam of Harry Wilkes, 2.13½, and you can realize what a grand bred colt he is.

"Absolute is entered to trot in the New England Breeders' stakes, as a three-year-old, next September; barring accidents, he will show some fast work, and make his competitors fly or surrender to him first money.

"Look at this giant," continued the speaker, throwing open the door to another box stall. "Here is Oakland Chief, one of the minor lights of the stud. He is well bred and handsome. The brood mares, however, call our attention; all of them are rated A1, are bay in color, with black points, stand from 15.2 to 15.3 hands high, with not a white hair on them, and are sound as a dollar, and of the best disposition.

"Let us walk up to the pasture; it is barely three minutes' walk to the spot where they are grazing.

"This beauty, which you specially admire, is Bessie Wilkes. She is by Red Wilkes, 1749, son of George Wilkes, 579; dam, Carrie T., four-year-old, record, 2.34, by Almont, 33; second dam of Alexander's Abdallah, 15; third dam by Robert Bruce, thoroughbred son of Clinton. She is in foal to Absolute, and this will be his first colt. The combined pedigree of the foal is something that breeders and horse fanciers are commenting on, and they predict great results from this unborn flyer. The filly is already sold to a well-known military gentleman of Boston.

"That clean-built mare over by that large oak tree is an own sister to Sweetness, record 2.21¼, by Volunteer, 55; dam Lady Merritt, by Edward Everett, 81 (sire of Judge Fullerton, 2.18,); second dam by Sayer's Harry Clay, 45, sire of Green Mountain Maid, the greatest brood mare in the world, she having five in the 2.30 list. She is in foal to Charley Wilkes. This handsome piece of flesh is Martha Wilkes, by Alcyone, 732, son of George Wilkes, dam by Clark Chief, 89; second dam by Pilot Walker, son of Captain Walker, and Helen by Pilot, sire of Pilot, Jr.; third dam by Copperhead, son of Tom Hale, sire of the dam of Jerome Turner, 2.15½. Martha is in foal to Absolute, and makes the second mare served by him. That comely yet high-spirited mare nibbling the tender shoots on the hillside is Asphasia. She is by Alcantaras, 729, son of George Wilkes, 519, dam by Clark Chief, 89; second dam by Sebastopol, son of Whitehall; third dam by Monarch, thoroughbred; fourth dam by Woodpecker. She is in foal to Charley Wilkes. These mares you see grazing about are mostly in foal to Charley Wilkes, and the geldings are here to be trained and educated on the track. There is Maggie Bryan and her three-year-old daughter, Mabel Bryan, by General Withers, son of Almont. They are the property of M. T. Pooler of Skowhegan, Me. Those three mares are from Providence, all well bred and speedy. One, a five-year old, daughter of William H. Allen, 2.23¼, son of Volunteer, and belongs to A. W. Richardson. Kate Claxton, owned by Joseph Lithgoe of Providence, is a black mare, which can trot in 2.20. She is by a son of Walkhill Chief; dam by a son of Middletown, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, grand dam the dam of Great Eastern, 2.18. Over there is Christina, a black mare, the property of John Howarth of Providence. She is by Rhode Island, sire of Governor Sprague, 2.23. She can pace in 2.20. Mr. L. C. Chase has a daughter of Roland here to be bred to Charley. Paul West has an inbred Hambletonian mare, which he purchased expressly to breed to Charley Wilkes. A mare owned by Albert Fellows, sired by Index, 2.21, and W. D. Hayden's mare, are expected to drop foals within a few days, both by Charlie Wilkes. Here is another noted mare, Clara Cleveland, record 2.23, by Amboy, 2.26, son of Bashaw; she is also to be bred to Charlie Wilkes, and is owned by G. I. Hoitt. There are others of minor note, but you have the principal flyers already pointed out.

"The colts? Certainly; not to see them would be to miss the prettiest sight on the farm. They are in separate paddocks on the other side of the barn. Stoop low. Here we are. They are all yearlings, and each is entered for the New England breeders' yearling race at Mystic Park in September. This is Arrival. Here is Pedro, owned by H. D. Rogers. Down, you rascal! This fellow is a fighter and is named Boston Wilkes by Dr. O. G. Cilley, his owner, and the fourth is Transfer, who was used so roughly the other day by Arrival. All were sired by Charley Wilkes, and, with one other not here, make one quarter of the entries for the yearling stakes.

"Stop here a moment, please. Just look at that? Did you ever see anything like it before?" and throwing open the door to a large stall, thickly bedded with straw, Mr. Wiggin pointed with pride to a little colt, whose mother immediately showed signs of uneasiness for the safety of her offspring. "There! That mare is the property of Mr. J. P. Crane, and that baby is just five hours old."

And it was a sight indeed. A miniature horse in every respect, with head up, neck arched, vainly endeavoring to prance about his stall and—kick.

All the yearlings, beside a three-year-old filly by Roland, and owned by Mr. Hayden, which is being fitted for the Golden stakes, to be trotted in October, are exercised every day on the track. Absolute, which you saw speeded a short time ago, has his regular work every day, and Charley Wilkes is rapidly getting into shape.

The breaking and training of the colts is done by Frank Stanley, whom Mr. Wiggins brought from Kentucky expressly for the work. He was brought up among horses, and used to ride running races for John Clay of Kentucky. He has done nothing but break and train colts from youth, and has no superior in this section of the country.

The farm is visited daily by ladies and gentlemen, who delight to look upon the animals and witness the manifold features of breaking and training the colts and working the stallions on the half-mile track, which progresses with clocklike regularity from morning until well into the afternoon.

And yet some say that fine breeding cannot be accomplished in New England.

Go and see with your own eyes.

VICAR-GENERAL QUINN.

Imposing Funeral Ceremonies at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

New York, May 18.—The funeral of the late Vicar-General Quinn took place this morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The ceremonies were most imposing, and nearly every priest in the city was in attendance. Nearly all Catholic societies were represented.

Bishop Farrel of Trenton delivered an eloquent eulogy. He said that Monsignor Quinn was a true soldier of the cross. He was loyal, obedient and energetic in the work of the church. The eulogy lasted over an hour.

After the services the casket was taken to Calvary cemetery.

The pillars of the cathedral were draped in black, as was also the organ gallery. Five thousand tickets of admission had been issued. The crowd did not fill the immense edifice. Nevertheless speculators sold admission tickets at the front door of the cathedral at fifty cents and $1 each. Archbishop Corrigan was celebrant. The archbishop was assisted by Monsignors Preston and Farley.

AN APRIL FOOL.

He held her hand, he squeezed it too.
She seemed not much to mind,
For he was rich, his faults were few,
And to those she was blind.

His arm around her willing waist
A sharp eye might detect;
She knew, of course, it was misplaced,
But she did not object.

Close down to hers, he bent his face.
Almost he touched her lips;
His pulsing blood in a mad race
Thrilled to his finger tips.

He paused a moment, half in dread
That she might think him cool.
Then, laughingly, he raised his head
And whispered "April Fool."
—[Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Of course it was an "April Fool,"
But of fellows there's a host
Who'll say with us in accents loud
He fooled himself the most.
—[Needham (Mass.) Chronicle.

Yes! No one but a foolish fool
Would fail to take a kiss
(When it was well within his reach)
From such a blooming miss.

And he deserved to have the blood
Run from his finger tips,
To get so near, yet be so far
From the maid's luscious lips.

And ne'er again should this poor fool
Of kisses take a taste,
Or sit beside a blushing maid
With arm around her waist.

And never more should charming thrill,
His sluggish senses please,
For ne'er again should maiden's hand
From his'n get a squeeze.

He might as well "give up the ghost,"
For maidens never can
Believe they've any sort of use
For any such a man.

And never more shall feel the thrill
(It's truly "just the cheese")
Attained by giving maiden's hand
A hearty, tender squeeze.

PARISIAN PAWNBROKING.

Origin and Manner of Business of the Monts de Piete.

There is no such thing as private pawnbrokers' shops in Paris. They were long ago suppressed as detrimental to the public weal. The pawn shops are public offices, called "Monts de Piete." They originated in a religious movement. Their founder was an Italian friar who in the middle of the fifteenth century, thundered against the usurious practices of the Jews—the plague of Italy at that epoch—and collected money to establish a charitables bank to make loans at a low rate of interest on articles deposited as security. The Italian name for these institutions was "Il Monte di Pieta,"—the mountain of pity—but the French, in borrowing the name converted pity in piety.

They spread all over Italy, and the system found a zealous advocate in Leo X. in its battle against Shylock. The first Mont de Piete in France was founded in Avignon in 1577. Paris did not adopt the system until 1777, when Louis XV. established the Grand Mont de Piete, which is still in existence in the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux. The institution was suppressed at the French revolution, but a large number of private pawnshops then sprang up, and had to be abolished, and the old plan substituted. They are administered by councils presided over by the mayors of the communes in which they have been established. In Paris the Prefect of the Seine is the president. The rate of interest is fixed by law at 4 per cent., but to defray expenses another 4 per cent. is added, making the actual rate 8 per cent.

Pledges which are not redeemed at the end of a year are sold at auction, and all that is realized by the sale above claims, is given to the hospitals if no one has called for it at the expiration of three years. There are only three Monts de Piete in Paris, the central and two branch establishments, but there are numerous authorized agents who have offices for the receiving of pledges.

Where Justice Has a Cork Heel.

[Texas Siftings.]

Smith—"Justice is pretty prompt in Russia?"

Jones—"Very, indeed."

"The Nihilist who shot at the Czar was hung the same day. That's pretty quick work."

"It's not quick for Russia. The usual plan in Russia is to hang the Nihilist months before he has shot at the Czar. Hanging him on the same day that he attempts to kill the Czar is reprehensible procrastination.

They Know That Simplicity Charms.

[Journal of Education.]

Fifty-one marriages were announced in one day recently in a Philadelphia paper. These Quaker maidens are as prettily modest and demure as your Aunt Tabitha's cat, but they seem to "get there" just the same.

A Little Glimpse of Heaven on Earth.

[Rochester Post-Express.]

A bureau for mending, at a moderate cost, the clothes of bachelors has been established in New York. Married men will speedily take advantage of this opportunity.

WORK AN IRISH BOOM.

Hon. James G. Blaine's Trip to Europe.

Prospects of His Taking the Stump for Home Rule While Abroad.

Editor Patrick Ford's Visit to Maine's Presidential Aspirant.

Augusta, Me., May 18.—The New England correspondent of the New York World has sent the following to his paper:

Those who have followed Mr. Blaine's movements since he became an aspirant for the presidential chair are not surprised to learn that his trip to Europe will not be solely for the benefit of his health. Although the Maine statesman is greatly alarmed over his physical condition he sees in Europe and more particularly in Ireland a field for a political boom which has never before been worked. In other words the Plumed Knight means to parade in Europe as an Irish sympathizer, and rely upon the Irish-American press to glorify him in the eyes of the friends of Ireland.

While Mr. Blaine is enjoying a change of scene across the water he will not remain idle. For a man of such activity and tireless energy, complete seclusion from political life would not rest him. To occupy his mind and assure himself that in his absence from America he is not being handicapped in the race for 1888, he will devote what time his health will allow to placing himself prominently on record as a friend of Ireland. Soon after his arrival in England Mr. Blaine will visit Gladstone and put himself in co-operation with the great leader of the Home Rule party. After a fitting reception it is his intention to be dined in public at the Home Rule clubs and in speeches and toasts to vent his views on the Irish question in the heart of London. No one is more thoroughly aware of the interest now existing on this subject, which is the best topic an American can select to talk on. The more radical his views the more attention his speeches will attract in the English press and the more potent will be the effect on this side of the water.

From England the Plumed Knight will make a pilgrimage to Ireland. If it can be arranged Parnell will accompany him and together the two statesmen will receive ovations from the people, address public meetings and create such an enthusiasm as no American citizen has ever yet received in Ireland. Mr. Blaine will have secured the indorsement of Gladstone, and he expects that his arraignment of English oppression in the Home Rule clubs will arouse the London press. Preceded by this his trip through Ireland will be a grand triumphal tour with ovations and welcomes on every hand. Already the Maine statesman is said to be the best known American in Ireland. In the last campaign he catered to the Irish vote, taking for the text of many speeches the fact that his grandmother, Mrs. Gillespie, "was of Irish descent and a good Catholic." Since his defeat Mr. Blaine has lost no opportunity to foster popularity with the Irish and undo the fatal alliterative remark of the famous Dr. Burchard. The three unfortunate words uttered by this well-meaning but short-sighted clergyman have concerned Mr. Blaine greatly. To this more than any one thing he has always attributed his defeat. After the election Mr. Blaine said to a well-known ex-governor of Maine, who lives in Augusta and is an intimate friend:

"Governor, there are no three words in the English language that could have done me so much harm just then as the ones Dr. Burchard stumbled on. I have made it a practice to have always an abstract and usually to go over the entire speech of everybody who was going to speak when I did. All through my trip over Ohio I knew every night just what was going to be said. About half the time I found it was necessary to cut out things that were well-meant but would make trouble. But at the banquet in New York I was busy and hard pressed for time. I did manage to look over almost everybody's remarks in advance, but it never occurred to me that Burchard might make any trouble. As a matter of fact I did not notice it when he said it. There was a good of noise and confusion, people talking to me and one thing and another, and I knew nothing about it until next day, when the papers all had it."

It is said by people here who have had Mr. Blaine's confidence that his scheme of invading Ireland to champion its cause occurred to him during the last campaign, but too late to put the plan in practice. It is also said that for some time back the Maine statesman has been in conference with prominent Irishmen. This brings to mind the mysterious visit of Patrick Ford, editor of the Irish World, to Augusta last July. Mr. Ford made a flying visit and was driven directly to the Augusta House from the train, where he refused to register or give his name. Soon after his arrival Mr. Blaine drove up in his carriage and took Mr. Ford on a long drive down the river to Hallowell. On their return they were closeted together in Mr. Ford's room for several hours, and the latter left suddenly on the midnight train. It is said that Mr. Blaine has had other interviews with Mr. Ford, and that he has seen the editors of the rest of the Irish newspapers. Through this medium it is supposed that Mr. Blaine expects to have his success abroad duly chronicled on this side of the water in the papers where it will reach the Irish voters. His famous speech in Portland last summer, which was severely commented on by the English press, and his furious attack upon English oppression have already gained him favor with the Irish-American editors. It is to intensify this feeling and to return to America with renewed health and greater prestige as an Irish sympathizer, to capture the Irish vote, that the plumed knight is making his preparations to sail on the single plea of poor health and needed rest.

Joe Manley, Governor Bodwell and his other faithful followers, who are reported to be getting ready to accompany Mr. Blaine, will pose with him. To Manley will be entrusted the details of the trip, as usual, while the others will follow their chief as counsellors and add to the general effect of the retinue.

A Paralyzed Farmer.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Detroit butcher named Joe Willetts was up in Mecosta county, a few days ago, to see some relatives. Joe is built after the old-style architecture—one story and a basement—and any man who picks him up for a consumptive is bound to feel sad over the mistake. While out riding one day with a friend he came across a farmer who was trying to "yank" a stump out of the ground with a yoke of feeble-looking steers. The stump had begun to "give," but the steers strained and twisted and pulled and couldn't budge it another inch.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Joe, as he stopped his horse.

"Trying to pull out this infernal stump, sir," was the reply.

"And the steers can't do it?"

"No, nor any other yoke in these parts. It'll take a pound of gunpowder to lift that stump."

"Shoo! now, but take off your cattle. I'm something on the pull, myself."

You! Say, do I look like a fool? You can drive on, stranger."

But Joe jumped down, slipped the chain off the yoke, drove the steers to one side, and then walked over to the stump and said:

"Sometimes the dirt flies over half an acre of ground. Better shade your eyes."

With that he spit on his hands, clasped his arms around the stump, and without a bulge of his eyes he lifted the whole thing out of the earth and flung it aside with the remark:

"Shouldn't like any better fun than to pull those steers backwards over the fence, but we must be going now. So 'long, old man."

And he climbed in and drove off. At a bend in the road half a mile away they looked back. The farmer stood there, mouth open and eyes as big as Bermuda onions, and when they waved their hats at him he never moved a hair. He couldn't. He was paralyzed.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

During the period of robberies one man secured some wine, another oranges, another the communion service and other materials for a nice supper. One of the men got married, or had a celebration of some kind, and the supper was made up of the stolen articles. The man who had stolen the communion service thought it was a silver tea set and placed it on the table. When the table was all ready one of the men dropped in and, seeing the communion service, excitedly asked if that belonged to a certain brakeman. He was told that it was that individual's tea set. "Tea set be blowed," he yelled, and ran after the man, told him that it was a communion service and it was removed forthwith.

Heir Wanted for $15,000,000.

People who like to follow complicated and exciting law cases through the papers and the courts are shortly to have their taste gratified by an affair which will prove more thrilling than the Tichborne case. The question is, Who is the heir to the Whaddon Hall property, valued at $15,000,000? The manor of Wadone and Nash was granted to William Giffard, Earl of Buckingham, by William the Conqueror. It passed through various hands, until, in 1761, it was in possession of Thomas James Selby. He died in 1772, leaving his estate in fee simple to "his lawful and rightful heir," for the better discovery of whom advertisements were to be published. So far no one has proved his right to heirship, but evidence has come to light showing that records have been suppressed, registers tampered with and all the other tangled devices of the sensational novelist resorted to by persons now dead, who have kindly left their depositions behind them to complicate matters. A pedigree has been prepared, which is of the handy size of forty-eight feet square, and the evidence in support of claims weighs several hundred weight. While this case is on, no gigantic gooseberry or other manufactured news will be required to keep the circulation of the papers up to the proper standard.

THAT TROUBLESOME CLAUSE.

Chairman Cooley's Reply to a Request of a Railroad Manager for its Suspension.

Washington, May 18.—Chairman Cooley of the interstate commerce commission, replying today to a despatch from Traffic Manager J. A. Hanley of the Minnesota & Northwestern railroad, urging the suspension of the long and short haul clause, says:

If relief could be given you without a stretch of authority, and without at the same time causing mischief to other interests, the commission would take great pleasure in granting it. But what evidently appears to you very easy and simple does not seem to its members to be so; and, however anxious they are that your interests should not continue to suffer they are constrained to hold the application under advisement still longer. The fourth section of the "Act to regulate commerce," as we all very well understand, was intended to establish the general law that more should not be charged for transportation for the shorter than for the longer haul over the same line in the same direction under circumstances and conditions substantially similar. Congress in passing the act directed that the rule should thereafter preclude this greater charge; and in so doing it must be understood to have determined that in its judgment any incidental injuries that might flow from the enforcement of the general rule would be more than counterbalanced by resulting benefits.

That the act permits a suspension of the general rule only in exceptional cases; that the jurisdiction of the commission in making suspensions was intended to be closely restricted, and that sacrifices made necessary in establishing a general law should be submitted to by some parties and some interests for the general good until in due time a remedy is provided.

The first questions to confront the commission upon its organization were raised upon applications for relief filed by railroad companies under the fourth section of the act. Cases in which companies were charging more for the shorter than for the longer haul over the same line in the same direction were to be met with in all parts of the country. The interests which were involved in the continuance of the custom were very great and the anticipation of serious injury from any sudden change was in some quarters quite general. The commission, therefore, had very earnest appeals made to it in support of the corporate applications for relief from boards of trade and other public or semi-public bodies, and from representatives of large business interests which feared or professed to fear destruction or bankruptcy. In many cases the appeals seemed to be made in the belief that the probability of injury was of itself a sufficient warrant for the commission to interfere and grant a relieving order.

It is scarcely necessary to say that any such belief is without legal support. The probability or even the certainty that injury to corporations or to individuals will result is not by itself under the act any ground for a suspension anywhere of its ordinary operations. It would not in fact be made a ground for relief without giving the commission such a general dispensing power as would not be consistent with sound principles of government. Congress has not intimated a purpose to give such a power.

If the law in its general operation were to prove generally and equally mischievous in all directions the commission, instead of having the greater power for that reason would, on the other hand, have no power of suspension whatever, for the simple and plain reason that there would then be no exceptional cases for it to act upon, and therefore no cases referred by the act to its judgment. But uniform effects were, of course, as far from being possible as they were from being contemplated. There must and will be exceptional cases.

In the absence of any specifications of these in the act itself, the commission was obliged to determine as best it might what cases were probably in the mind of Congress when the exceptional relief was provided for. It also found itself confronted with the question whether the railroads might determine for themselves, but at their peril, whether in any particular case the circumstances and conditions were so far different as to justify the greater charge for the shorter haul, or whether, on the other hand, it was only upon and in view of such different circumstances and conditions that the commission was empowered to act. The suspension authorized by the act was to be ordered after investigation. This was plainly determined by the act itself. If the order was to have any finality it would be proper that the investigation should afford opportunity for a hearing to parties who opposed as well as to those who favored the application. This would require considerable time in every case, and had the commission made no order except upon full and final hearing, the majority of applications now on its files would up to this time have necessarily remained not acted upon. If the applications were taken up in their order, yours would have been upon those not yet reached. This fact is mentioned as showing that the giving of temporary relief in some other cases has not placed yours in any worse position than it would necessarily have occupied if the temporary orders had not been made.

The commission, however, deemed it wise to grant some temporary orders on an investigation not as complete as it expected finally to make. This was done in the belief that no considerable mischief could follow from allowing an existing condition of things to remain for a brief period, whether it was then suffered to stand or not, and that harmful results from a sudden change in the law might thereby to some extent be averted. This course also gave the commission such an opportunity for careful study of the system which Congress undertook to reform, as would otherwise have been wanting. If the new law had been left to operate universally the old state of things would have been swept away at once, and the commission, seeing only what had been substituted for it, would have been deprived of the best and most satisfactory means of making just comparison.

You speak strongly and earnestly of the reasons for granting your application. But in order to warrant its being granted, it is not enough that the application, if considered by itself, appears to have merits. The commission must consider in each case what effect the giving of relief to one applicant will have upon other interests, and your knowledge of railroad matters must enable you to perceive that in some sections of the country the granting of one application may so affect the interests of other roads as to create a necessity for the like relief to several more; the satisfaction of one claim begetting others which are equally meritorious, until, if all are satisfied, the exception becomes the rule. But when such a result is probable, the reasons for declining to make any temporary order are very conclusive. The commission cannot consent deliberately to enter upon a highway where to all appearances there will be no halting-place within the limits of its lawful jurisdiction. If a general suspension of the "long and short haul clause" of the statute is not to be made by a single comprehensive order, neither should the same result be reached or approached by the granting of successive orders in individual cases. In whatever the commission may do it must keep in view the preservation of the general rule.

HORRID AMERICANS.

Vanity Fair Dresses Them Down in Fine Style.

"America," says Vanity Fair, "appears to be inhabited by wealthy, handsome widows with pretty daughters, and there also appears to be a peculiar fatality which carries off bonanza kings at a premature age, without their begetting male children. Besides this, all Americans who visit Europe belong to the 'first families,' and the uniformity with which this occurs leads me to believe that the second and third families—if such exist—are prohibited by the State from travelling abroad."

After a few further compliments of the same general tenor, Vanity Fair proceeds: "The almighty dollar has been deified beyond all recognition, and unfortunately, as to this latter they (the American women) have taken more out of the country than they have brought into it, for they are peculiarly lax arithmeticians, and their reputed wealth has a knack of dwindling miraculously after marriage. However, they are pretty, and do not last long."

Just how American women have ever taken a penny out of England, it would be interesting to learn. And the Englishman who did not know to a copper what his American wife's fortune was before committing himself to the altar, is probably in long clothes still—or unborn. Won't some one tell the truth about him, in return for Vanity Fair's kindly appreciation of our women.

There is plenty of him to tell tales about, and his manœuvres, particularly if he be of gentle birth and breeding, are but one shade less bold and coarse than if he were bargaining for pigs without pokes in our great Western Porkopolis.

The American man marries for money as much as the Englishman, but at least he does not turn round and berate English women and play the part of old Adam, with the excuse: "The woman tempted me."

The Official Cigarette.

[Washington Letter in Baltimore American.]

The habit of smoking cigarettes among public officials is alarmingly on the increase. It is due no doubt to the fact that the cigarette affords a means of satisfying an appetite or craving for tobacco and affords enough pleasure to the smoker to last for the time it is wanted. "A cigar or a pipe is too much of a smoke," said an official talking to an American representative about the matter today, "in the office, where you are liable to be called on at a moment's notice by a lady or summoned into the presence of a superior. In an emergency of the kind the little thing can be thrown aside. The cigarette, you see, is cheap. A good cigar less than ten cents in price is not considered the thing to be seen in the mouth of an official with some authority. The cigarette also affords a little pleasure and it is very convenient." The same argument was found to prevail among all the officials who were seen using the little article. Army officers as a rule were noticed to be addicted largely to the habit of using the cigarette. They find it cheaper in the long run than cigars. It has now become common among them to offer a friend a cigarette. If refused, the reply is, "Well, I used to smoke cigars, but I find the cigarette is more convenient." Nearly all the young men and, in fact, not a few of the old men in high social life can be seen smoking them. At any one of the receptions it is customary now to see groups of men in the gentlemen's room puffing away vigorously on the "little delight." It is a rarity to see a cigar used on such occasions. A large tobacconist here stated in conversation today that the sale of cigarettes was enormous in this city and was not confined to any class. He stated that the government clerks bought largely of them, as they considered it much cheaper for them to use on the sly during office hours.

ODD ITEMS.

A little boy in Sebec, Me., remarked one day that "the scartest thing my mother ever saw was a snake!"

In Chesterfield county, Virginia, recently, a colored candidate for office was defeated because he wore a white shirt.

A good quality of celluloid is now being made from potatoes. Soon bullets will be made from the railway sandwiches.

The Bombay Gazette has broken the ice by employing 16 Anglo-Indian girls as compositors and a woman as proof-reader.

Scott Bar, Cal., has the tallest postmaster in the United States. He stands seven feet in his stockings and weighs 280 pounds.

I know nothing that conveys a vivider idea of inexhaustible abundance than a fried goose egg.—[W. D. Howells in Youth's Companion.

A New York lady of fashion who received a little silver flatiron as a german favor asked what it was. She had never seen the real article.

There are nine persons over 110 years old in Germany, five women and four men; the oldest woman is 117 and the oldest man 120 years old.

A Gainesville (Fla.) boy who was offered a nickel by a doctor to take a dose of medicine said: "Take it yourself and I will raise you a nickel!"

A French newspaper copies an item about a hot journal setting fire to an American passenger coach, and changes the "journal" to "a hot newspaper."

In reference to the stereotyped advertising phrase, "How to Acquire Beauty," the Nashville Union suggests that the best way is to marry a Tennessee girl.

W. H. Parkinson of Mineral Point, Wis., while sowing oats, found a gold ring on the point of one of the seeder teeth. The ring was lost about 30 years ago by a young lady in passing over the farm.

The people of Bronson, Mich., draped the lamp posts in mourning one night and suspended paper lanterns from them because the village authorities say they are too poor to furnish street lights.

A calf belonging to D. B. Stevens of Cassville, Wis., was picked from the track by a passing train and carried on the cow-catcher to a point opposite the stable, when it jumped off, not in the least harmed.

An expert in Washington has discovered that the real geographical centre of the United States, including Alaska, is situated in the Pacific ocean, 125 miles from Cape Flattery.

A Scotch lady who has been visiting Boston and New York says the Boston woman admires nothing she understands, and the New York woman understands nothing she admires.

The invention of the war cycle, a velocipede that carries 10 soldiers, is considered so valuable in England that they are to build one for 26 men, 13 to work the cycle and 13 to ride.

It is stated that 4,000,000 gallons of cotton seed oil are used in Chicago to put in lard. It is worth 40 cents a gallon, and in the manufacture of ordinary lard from 5 to 20 per cent. of oil is used.

The United States government owns over 46,000 augers, 146,000 files, 1200 tons of cast iron, 157,000 pounds of old copper, besides many other valuable tools and meterial. Much of this is lying around useless.

A morning tableau on Fifth avenue is a young woman of pronounced style and an athletic manner of progression, who is always followed by a page dressed in the same stuff as her tailor-made suits are made of.

A little boy saved his drunken mother from being run over by an engine at Pittsburg the other day, by catching her dress and dragging her off the track, where she had lain down to sleep off the effects of her debauch.

A circus ticket-seller earned his "salt" in Philadelphia, Penn., the other day, by selling seats to 10,000 persons in 50 minutes, a feat which involved the handling of 200 tickets, or $100, a minute.

A few years ago it was thought improper for a woman to be a foreign missionary unless she was a missionary's wife. Now there are 2400 unmarried women in the mission field, besides, probably, an equal number of married ones.

Mrs. Susan Johnson of Neogra, Ill., has just learned to write, at the age of 70. Three months ago she didn't know a pothook from a triunnel, and the success of her new accomplishment again proves the adage that it is never too late to learn.

Some time ago the fare on the street car lines belonging to the Traction company of Philadelphia was reduced from six to five cents a trip. The April returns show that the increase in the number of fares collected during the month was just 678,218.

The Advance has received a note from Rev. Henry I. Wright, who is confined in jail for stealing Colonel Sharp's horse, requesting that we print nothing else for or concerning him, because he is a "Christian and jentlemen."—[Canton (Ga.) Advance.

The London General Omnibus Company pays a yearly dividend of 12½ per cent. The average price paid for their new horses is $170. They had one horse die on their hands every day in the year. To carry 90,000,000 passengers a year they have 750 omnibuses in service.

E. Barry Wall has a new hat from London. It is a tall hat made of light-colored felt. It is the only one of the kind in America, and the block on which it was molded has been destroyed. The makers are under contract not to manufacture another hat of the kind until the middle of June.

An English lady has hit upon a novel mode of obtaining jubilee subscriptions. She asked her laundress to contribute. The woman said that she had a large family and could not, so the lady informed her that a trifle would be deducted each week from the washing bill, and that if she were not prepared to agree to this the washing would be taken from her.

A New Orleans parrot was very much annoyed by two doves that, as soon as she stepped out of her cage, rushed in and ate up all the feed there. One day, after apparent profound thought, the parrot stepped out of the cage, and then turned and with great care shut the door after her. The squeak of triumph she then gave showed that she knew that she had done well.

Lord Lansdowne's full title is: Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne; Earl Wycombe of Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire; Viscount Calne and Calnestone, Wiltshire; Lord Wycombe, Baron of Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire; Earl of Kerry; Earl of Shelburne; Viscount Clanmaurice and Fitzmaurice; Baron of Kerry, Lixnaw and Dunkeron.

John Conrad, Prestone, Ill., has in his possession a German Bible which was printed in the fifteenth century, being 360 years old. He claims it to be the largest issue ever made. It is 16 inches long, 10 inches deep and 6½ inches thick, and weighs from 14 to 16 pounds. It also has a register of the Conrad family for 200 years. Its binding is made of sable leather and lined with hard wood and bolted together. It is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

Bishop Haven used to tell some good stories, including one at his own expense, about his personal friend, Dr. Newhall, at one time president of a college at Newark, Del. The doctor was at one time very ill, and for some days he thought himself immortal and refused to take any food. The bishop visited him and tried to prevail upon him to take some nourishment. "No, I do not want anything," said he. "I am immortal. I am in heaven. This is heaven." Then pausing for a moment and looking at his visitor with a troubled air, he said: "But Haven, how in the world did you get here?"

One night the Eastern lady was watching the San Franciscan mother put her little four-year-old to bed, with the usual formula. "Ah," said the Eastern lady, "of course you haven't got so far in these matters as we have." "What do you mean?" "My children have all been taught to say their prayers in French." The California mother blushed. She had to confess with shame that her child could only speak to God in English. But the little four-year was listening. She got up in bed and put her little hands together. "Mon Dieu. Bon jour. Comment vous portez vous? Amen."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Two architects were discussing the frequency of cases where persons die soon after moving into new houses which they have built for their use. Said one architect: "That such cases are frequent I believe. I have known three or four in my own practice. But the deaths are due to exposure during the erection of the houses, or to damp walls, or to waiting too long before deciding to build. Some men don't go to an architect until they are about ready to succumb to old age." The other replied: "I too have known a number of cases of persons dying just after they have settled themselves in their new houses, and sometimes I have thought that their fate is in accordance with Scripture. What is that passage about the man who tore down his barns and built greater, and whose soul was required of him that night?"

The French are discussing a question in London. A Frenchman in London, from the frequent pawning of his watch, learned that pawnbrokers test the watch by touching an acid to the knob. He inherited 15,000 francs, and immediately went to Geneva, where he ordered 200 watches, the cases of copper (heavily gilt) and the knobs of pure gold. They cost him 40 francs each. He went to London, and in a few days pawned the 200 watches. The pawnbrokers tested the knobs, and advanced him 70 francs on each, a gain of 30 francs over the cost. Then he walked about the streets and dropped the pawn tickets here and there, and the persons who found them, all being dishonest, went next day and redeemed the watches. Thus the pawnbrokers lost nothing, and the dishonest finders of the tickets paid 70 francs for 40 franc watches. As only the dishonest persons who found the tickets were victimized, the French moralists are uncertain whether to condemn the shrewd operator as a swindler.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887.

PREMIUMS WITHDRAWN.

The Waterbury Watch premium is withdrawn with this issue, and will never be offered again. We have 36 watches in stock, which we will give, as per advertised terms, to the 36 subscribers whose orders are received first.

On July 1 all of the Book premiums will be withdrawn, which leaves only six weeks in which subscribers can secure one of these invaluable and inexpensive gifts. Order at once if you wish to secure a watch or a book.

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THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.*

This is the age of the very rich and the very poor. The one builds palaces such as kings could not attain unto, the other is the object of thought and solicitude alike by the philosopher and the philanthropist, friend and foe. But meanwhile the man of moderate income is being dropped out of sight. There is no place for him in our modern scheme of civilization. Like the iron chambers of the Inquisition the walls are closing in upon him day by day, and it begins to look as if he would soon be crushed out of existence. There is a somewhat startling view of the danger to our large class of professors, literary men, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others who have seemed to be the bone and sinew of our democratic civilization, but very slight reflection will support it.

The man of moderate means is pre-eminently the man who must live in a house of his own, and a cottage seems of all things the easiest to procure. Perhaps he thinks he will build it. He must have an architect, of course. No man would think of building a house at the present time without an architect, notwithstanding the patent fact that all our fathers and mothers lived in comfortable and often beautiful homes, altogether guiltless of the scheme of an architect. Here is a fatal 10 per cent. added to the cost of the modest house at once. But suppose by some stretch of economy the architect is procured; worse difficulty looms up. At the peril of life for all the family, a gridiron drain must be laid on one side of the house, a cemented wall built on the other. The pipes must contain elaborate contrivances for ventilation, currents of cold air must circulate in the furnace and the wash basin. The bath tub must be arranged with pipes of a construction beyond the ken of any but a "scientific plumber." All this is an extravagance which may be chosen or rejected according to individual tastes. It is reiterated with awful solemnity that the man who neglects these costly appliances digs the grave of all his dear ones. The bills mount up accordingly, and the little house is speedily put beyond the reach of any but the millionaire, while the poor professional man must return to his miserable boarding-house, certain that there neither drain nor cellar are safe, but altogether unable to escape from their terrors.

The summer comes, and our professor dreams of a vacation, but he cannot go into the country any more as he was wont to do for years. He hears nothing nowadays but the horrors of the pig pen, the dangers of pork, the miasma of the valleys. His sturdy ancestors made the unquestionable mistake of living long lives in these horrid surroundings, but he dares not fly in the face of modern sanitary science, and he has no alternative but the unknown dangers of the expensive hotel at the seaside or the mountains; unless, indeed, he is persuaded by these unceasing Solomons to build that house that he may be sure his life is safe. But abroad or at home, notwithstanding all his precautions, he falls ill, his wife sprains her ankle, his children have the measles. Here comes the worst strain the times have yet discovered for the man of moderate means. The doctor who comes to cure the fever will by no means attend the sprained ankle; that must have a surgeon — it is very probable an ankle specialist. Such a thing as an old-fashioned family physician is unknown to our generation. The ankle must be treated by one doctor, the fever by another. It is fortunate if the measles do not require a third. It is quite certain, however, that that disease requires a nurse—that modern luxury which we are being persuaded is an absolute necessity — at $16 or $20 a week. It is impossible to ask one of these accomplished ladies to undertake the care of a patient, both night and day, and since no one, without her special training, can successfully watch beside the sick bed for one hour, it follows there must be a well-trained nurse for night duty. Forty dollars a week! That is more than the whole income of a moderate man. But he cannot let his child die, and he hopes he can raise the money somewhere, for the public and the doctors agree that trained nurses are indispensable. By and by comes the long convalescence. Then there must be the regular daily massage treatment at $1 or $2 an hour; and next winter a journey to Florida or Los Angeles, if life and strength are to be saved.

At this rate what is to become of the man with an income of $2500? The whole scale of life is being set at the lowest at $10,000 a year with $30,000 as a moderate expenditure. Lawyers must have their papers copied by typewriter at a style like that of editions de luxe. Travellers cannot take certain journeys at all except in parlor cars, and the incidental expenses in those elaborate caravanseries are carefully adjusted to the size of their pockets. Even the circus has reserved seats! Stenographers must be employed on all occasions, telephones and other costly electrical machines are steadily being worked up to necessities and their cost is increased, not lowered, in the process. Popular books, such as "Grant's Memoirs," "Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress," "Greeley's Arctic Life" are published at prohibitory prices. Even charities are expensive, for according to our present ideas charity is but another name for bazaars and tickets and expensive assessments, so that a woman with a lean purse would better hesitate some time before giving way to her natural desire to help the unfortunate.

It is a real problem for the wise, what is to become of the man of small income. As we are going on he will speedily become the poor man. The political economist with his statistical panacea for all our social ills hastens to offer his diagnosis of the disease, and declares that it is the fault of our democratic organization of society, permitting and even encouraging an equality of surroundings among people who ought by all the laws of figures to be in different classes. We must differentiate, he thinks, and set up an actual if not a nominal aristocracy that the rest of the world, being ostensibly only the middle class, need no longer suffer from unholy ambitions. For our sins this may yet be our fate, but it is not yet! It is the customs of society that oppress the moderate man, not any inherent difficulty in American civilization. Something more of simplicity in these customs would indeed remedy the matter, and that more immediately applicable but severe treatment of individual independence would cure it. The first step is to see the difficulty, and all obvious advance is the careful discrimination between the necessary and that which is only desirable in fundamentals, as well as the superficial. We shall do much to clarify the situation also when it occurs to us to ask if so much clamor for this and that requirement is entirely free from the *advertising* element! But at least it is high time we stopped to consider whether we can afford to allow the man of moderate means to altogether disappear from among us.

ANNA L. DAWES.

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USES OF EDUCATION.

The advantages of having a college education grow more apparent every year. The only question now is how people got along at all before colleges were founded and before Greek poetry began to be measured by the foot, like stove wood.

Of course there are college graduates who do not succeed. Boston and all large cities are full of them. There is a man who sells papers every day on Washington street who can read PLATO and HORACE as easily as an ordinary person can read English. He says he clears about 60 cents a day. It is the best he can do, and he does it well. In the stores between Eliot street and Haymarket square there are at least a hundred B.'s and A. M.'s who work for $15 a week or less. They go in and out and work early and late by the side of men who think a Greek root is some kind of a rare greenhouse plant, and it is likely that the uneducated men get more money than their learned companions.

Still this is no reason why a boy should not go to college. Learning is a grand good thing. If a man knows how to use it the more he has the better; but if he has no natural ability or "gumption" all the education in the world will do him but little good. It is just as easy to squander learning as money.

Another advantage of a college training is the splendid advantages it gives to boys. That is an old saying and has been used by college orators for the past 300 years, but it is as true as gospel. Just think of the advantages which a classical course has given to STAGG, Yale's famous pitcher. If he had not entered Yale he might have played in a "scrub" nine and worn his legs off running bases and the world would never have known that he lived. But he entered Yale, joined the classes and the base ball team, and now he can command $3000 for his summer's work, if he will accept. New York wants him, Philadelphia seeks him, Detroit asks him to come, and Pittsburg reaches out, longing to catch him.

That is the beauty of STAGG, he is a great deal easier to catch than he is to hit. For this reason he can get $1000 a month, while college professors languish on $1500 a year.

It is a good thing to have an education. It is a better thing to know how to use it.

THE CANKER OF NATIONAL DEBT.

There is a silent force at work upon the vitals of nations more powerful than colossal armaments or internal discontent. It is the devouring canker of national debt, which each generation passes down to the succeeding one, making its ultimate liquidation more improbable, if possible, than before.

Austria, Spain, Portugal and Greece are already bankrupt nations, while Russia has passed beyond the credit limit. The national debts of Europe have increased nearly tenfold since the beginning of the present century, and today reach the enormous figure of $22,000,000,000. Meanwhile the future is mortgaged to satisfy the inextricable demands of the past, the certain end at last being universal bankruptcy.

The sinking fund idea, instituted by WILLIAM PITT, and steadily insisted upon by Mr. GLADSTONE for the past twenty years, has put England in the way of slowly eliminating her enormous debt, but Mr. GOSCHEN, in his late budget report, proposes to partially suspend payment to the sinking fund, for the sake of reducing the income tax. If the old conservative safeguard against bankruptcy should finally fall out from under the overwhelming load suspended above English taxpayers, the same power that was found to be more formidable than NAPOLEON after the battle of Waterloo will again squeeze the iron sides of England with destructive force.

National bankruptcy, which in its last stages culminates in repudiation, is a most complete form of revolution. The nations of Europe have more to fear from it than from the loud mutterings of internal discontent, since it is slow and insidious, but sure and inevitable. It is a weakness permeating the whole fibre—a complete atrophy of the sinews of war and a depletion of the springs of all growth.

The discussion of the English budget will reveal the public feeling touching the policy of passing her national debt along upon the shoulders of posterity on the after-us-the-deluge plan, rather than holding to a fixed policy of gradual reduction. It seems incredible that Parliament should be willing to play cheap politics with so serious a matter, as it is evident that Mr. GOSCHEN is seeking a little passing popularity by his proposal. He merely seeks to prop the Tory government by making it appear that it has reduced taxation, always a popular cry on the stump.

In grappling with our own national debt the Democratic party has had the wisdom to insist upon its payment as rapidly as the best interests of the country will permit. The theory once promulgated in the English Parliament that "a national debt is a national blessing" is true as applied to a horde of idle bondholders, but to the mass of the people who toil to fatten them a national debt is a national curse.

It is in this view that the Democratic party is pledged to the steady and rapid extinguishment of our bonded burdens, and will never swerve from its duties to the people. Its record in this regard from month to month under the present administration needs no comment.

MAHARAJAHS AND MONEY.

The financial secretary for India has lately discovered $25,000,000 in gold rupees hidden away under flagstones in a vault at the palace of Gwalior. In his letter he says that this money was, no doubt, concealed by the late Maharajah, who, fearing a revolt, took good pains to look out for his treasure.

The "late Maharajah" is no more, but his treasures survive, and the present Maharajah will be only too glad to get the money. That is the beauty of death. If money died and men lived forever there would be no need of wills and probate courts, for nobody would care a rupee about the possession of the "late Maharajah" without his money.

KNIGHTS OF THE LANCET.

A belief seems to be gaining ground among many people that a physician is a charitable institution licensed by the State to go around dealing out pills and powders for the sick and spleeny whenever such services are demanded. As for pay, that is a secondary consideration. The first duty of a doctor is to obey his patient and keep his commandments. If the sick man lives and sees fit to dole out a little of his earnings, the doctor should feel thankful.

These remarks do not apply to the deserving poor, who are ill as often as their richer neighbors, for it is the universal testimony of physicians that the working men are the most ready to pay their bills. But there is a class of well-dressed, "best society" people, who live in grand style and make sense subservient to show, who never intend to pay the doctor if they can get along without it.

It costs money for a doctor to live. He has to eat and dress and sleep like other people. This requires money. He hopes to earn it by his practice, and if he could get his fees, or half of them even, he would feel happy.

Just now the doctors of New England are banding themselves together for the better protection of their business, and are telling people what they will do and what they will not do. They do not ask for nine and a-half hours work a day or for higher fees; but they are bound to have some security against an army of beats that keep them always poor, and by dodging the bills legally due, throw the duty of supporting the doctors upon the working people who are the least able to pay them.

DEMOCRACY AND FREE CITIES.

The rise of democracy in the old world began with the rise of free cities. Popular representation in England, as distinguished from the old rotten borough system of privilege, which culminated in the reform upheaval of 1832, owes itself to the rise of her great cities.

With all their evils it is the cities which, in modern times, have always led in the march of progress towards the fullest civil and political liberty. The first places to fall under BISMARCK's iron heel in his "annexation" scheme were the free cities of old Germany, for democracy had built its nests in them.

Now there is very much of a parallel to this line of history in the attitude of the Republican party towards our great American cities. It is in them that democracy first gains sway, while the country remains conservative. The remark made a fortnight ago by Mayor O'BRIEN in Brooklyn, that "Boston is as much Democratic as Massachusetts is Republican," was full of meaning. It imports much. It means something very vital to the Republican pipe-layers. It explains why they are forever running up Beacon hill with bills for metropolitan boards and commissions by which Boston shall be deprived of her political freedom. It means in a modified sense what BISMARCK meant when he took the free cities of Hamburg and Frankfort by the throat and garrisoned them with imperial troops. It means a raid on democracy every time.

When the State of New York put a curb bit on the metropolis the act found much justification, on account of an acknowledged condition of municipal misrule which made any pretence of honest government a mockery. Even for New York the precedent was a bad one, for the people soon found means of themselves to put down the corruptionists. But such imperial usurpation practiced upon Boston, a model of municipal economy and clean administration, has no justification, and adds insult to injury.

The Tory party of Massachusetts means and steadily aims to deprive Boston of home rule for political ends. Its board of public works scheme has failed this time, but we shall hear of the proposition and others like it again and again. Boston's home rule party will not, however, surrender gracefully. When BISMARCK "annexed" the free cities of Germany he put quite a crop of democratic hornets into his hat. Our Republican centralizers will have the same experience if they persist in their crusade against the freedom of American cities. Boston's love for her municipal liberty will be an especially hard nut to crack.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The employer's liability bill has become a law in Massachusetts at last. It has taken several years to bring public opinion to the point of compelling its passage, and now it is done, Counsellor FALL, who has been the champion of the bill throughout, deserves credit for his able and persistent efforts to put it on the statute book.

"Oleo" is being driven out of New York. We did not expect it to run so soon before hot weather.

Jersey milk is rich and Jersey butter is golden, but the Holsteins carried off the prizes at the big dairy show just ended in New York. Now there will be a big Holstein boom for a season and the poor milkman can buy a "thoroughbred Jersey" cow at the market for $1000 or less. Cows, like base ball players, are rated by the number of hits they make.

We have 121,000 illiterates in our own State, and more are coming. "Educate, educate," should be our cry.

Editor O'BRIEN is not lacking in pluck. Nobody but a brave man could have faced that howling mob at Toronto; none but an eloquent speaker could have quelled it. He is a man who will be heard.

ROSE SWINDELL, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a Philadelphia clergyman, eloped with JAMES ROGERS, and was clandestinely married by Rev. J. J. SLEEPER of Camden, N. J. Thus did the reverend gentleman get Swindelled out of his pretty daughter by a reverend sleeper, and she out of her name—all on account of JAMES ROGERS.

The sale of the French crown jewels under the hammer not only recalls their historical value, but marks a new era in French history.

The whole war is being fought over on paper, and SHERIDAN again rides down the Shenandoah valley. We do not blame the Southern press for being disgusted.

The second day of June is the anniversary of the marriage of our President, and the entire country will heartily join in congratulations.

The Equitable Marriage Assurance Association of Pennsylvania has collapsed. The safest marriage assurance association has but two members, with unlimited drafts on the Bank of Good Nature and Mutual Forbearance.

JOHN RUSKIN is now considered insane by London people. This is pitiful, if true, but the author of "A Crown of Wild Olives" has certainly been talking wildly of late.

Mr. CLEVELAND will visit the Adirondacks this year before the market fishermen catch all the trout. It is the early President who gets the fish.

Queen VICTORIA will present 10,000 poor children of London with a mug at Hyde Park on June 23. Something to put in their own little mouths might do more good.

The coal companies are talking of suspending work, as "they cannot continue without lowering the price of coal." Keep right on, gentlemen, until every poor man in the country can be comfortable at his own fireside.

Mr. REYNOLDS of Morris county, N. J., has just discovered that it costs $25 and the court fees to make fun of the Bible in that part of the world. If he is an economic man he will take his fun out of some other book—the Public Statutes, for example—and save his money.

New York Herald: If RUTHERFORD B. HAYES accepts the presidency of the Ohio State University he may be properly addressed as "Mr. President," and for the first time in his life.

Discussion of presidential candidates for 1888 is as premature as a watermelon at this time. Still we don't mind saying that Mr. CLEVELAND is not losing the good opinion of the country, and is gaining in the esteem of his party.

SHE PLAYED AT BALL.

She wore a simple gown of blue—
With dew-dipped rose adorning
Her silken locks of nut-brown hue—
That sunny summer morning.

Her shapely fingers, tinted pink,
Bright butter-balls were patting;
While to her own sweet self, I think,
So glibly she was chatting.

The ribbon round her dimpled neck
Her apron matched precisely—
A dainty thing, with tiny check,
Of colors chosen wisely.

Now as this country maiden fair
Made golden balls of butter,
And built bright castles in the air,
Her heart beat with a flutter:—

For yesternight a letter came
From one who called her "sister"!
But he had penned a fonder name,
And told her how he'd missed her!

'Twas just a year ago that day,
When she was making butter;
He came to this old farmhouse gray,
Light words of love to utter.

That eve he left her with a jest,
And decked her hair with clover—
Fair reader, you can guess the rest—
She thought their ball games over!

But he has learned 'tis useless all
This maid to think of scorning,
And owns she captured him at ball,
One sunny summer morning.

But if you can a secret keep,
Perhaps it might be better,
When this young maiden falls asleep,
To read more close his letter.

So come with me. Ah! here it lies,
Under the siren's pillows,
Just brimming o'er with lover's sighs,
As mournful as Tit-Willow's.

And see! he vows 'tis truthful, quite,
That these gold balls of butter
Have put his senses all to flight
And made his pulses flutter.

He winds it up with lights and shades
About his "sis and mother,
Who spurn all butter-making maids,"
Then adds: "I'll wed none other!"

We'll wish him luck, but truth to tell,
I'm sure his haughty mother
Will say he has not chosen well,
And "sis" will scorn her brother.

EVELYN KIMBALL JOHNSON.

The Queen's Unfamiliar Figure.

Queen Vic is said to be very affable when she gets to the continent, and to be a regular "charmer"; but at home she shuts herself up so that she is about the most unfamiliar figure in England to her own subjects. Buckingham Palace gardens, too, are an unexplored "Dark Continent"—a "Keep it Dark Continent," as Mr. Burnand would say, even to the most experienced West-enders, and very few people are aware that wild pheasants haunt their depths, and sometimes fly over into Grosvenor place in the stillness of the early morning hours. There was a socialistic demonstration not long ago in Hyde Park, and the comments of the people who flocked thither were certainly amusing, to put it mildly, and illustrated the general knowledge of the Queen's person. Mr. Gladstone sat in the balcony of Lady Fanny Marjoribanks' house, at the corner of Park lane [Lady Fanny is sister of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Randolph Churchill], and nodded and bowed to the mob. They thought she was the Queen, and said: "That's she! I suppose she's afeered to wear her crown." And a good many took Lady Fanny's house for Buckingham Palace.

Aping European Customs.

Japan is determined to spoil itself. Prince Komatsu, who has spent the last few months in Vienna, was so much taken with the appearance of the court servants that he begged permission to have copies made of the liveries. This was readily granted, of course, and they are now on their way to Japan, where powdered wigs and silk stockings may now be regarded as a feature of court economy.

Panoramic Church Service.

An English clergyman at Babbicombe, who is rather noted for his ecclesiastical surprises, seems to have fairly outdone himself at his recent Good Friday services. He had a sheet hung in front of the chancel, and with the aid of a magic lantern, he showed the congregation thereon a series of views representing all the incidents of the crucifixion.

How's the Interest on that $10,000?

[Chicago Times.]

The Chicago Base Ball Club is still ahead of Washington and Indianapolis in the League race, occupying the sixth place in the list. Probably the only excitement that Chicago will get out of the game this year will be from the struggle between these three nines for last place.

This Applies to Prize Fighting, Too.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Argument is well enough in its way, but action is better. You may convince a man by talk that something ought to be done, but if you go ahead with it yourself he is likely to feel a great deal more certain that you are right.

Thanks, We Prefer Lemonade.

[Science.]

Tyrotoxicon and diabenzol are identical.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

All About the Anthrenus Scrophulariæ,

Or, in Other Words, the Buffalo Carpet Beetle and its Mischievous Work.

How to Identify and Exterminate the Pest Satisfactorily.

A correspondent in Concord, N. H., writes to the editor of the Hour:

"Can you or any of your readers give me any information about the buffalo bug or beetle, and any instructions about fighting or exterminating the same? I do not know of any subject which would be more interesting to me, and to a great many more housekeepers in this and other places. Please answer through THE SUNDAY GLOBE."

This letter "reminds me of a little story," as President Lincoln used to say. A few years ago the town of Cambridge (Mass.) was completely terrorized by an invasion of the pest known as the buffalo bug, which cut up carpets, ruined furniture, devoured clothing, and seemed to laugh at every effort to check its devastating career. One of the Harvard professors, born in another land, was a victim of the fell destroyer, and tried at length to find something which would exterminate the plague. Questioned finally by a neighbor as to whether he had found any means of killing the buffalo bug, the exasperated man replied:

"Ja, I haf found a way! It is to take one leetle hammer and hit him on ze head."

That process, though no doubt effectual, is too slow, however, for the ordinary housewife, and she will no doubt be glad to know of a better way.

During the past year Professor Charles H. Fernald, of the natural history department of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been making experiments with the buffalo carpet beetle, which is known to science as the

Anthrenus Scrophulariæ.

A full report of his work may be found in the annual report of the college, but as this is not available for the use of all our readers we reproduce the main points of the paper here.

BUFFALO BUG.

LARVÆ.

It was first described by Linnæus in 1758, in the tenth edition of his "Systema Naturæ," and he gave it the above specific name because the insect was known to feed in Europe on the blossoms of plants belonging to the genus Scrophularia. Noerdlinger, in his "Die Kleinen Feinde der Landwirthschaft," published in 1855, calls it the "common flower beetle," and says it is especially common on fruit trees and roses, and also that it is common in houses, where it is destructive to furs, clothes, animal collections and even leather and dried plants. Herbst, in his work on beetles, published in 1779, says: "This beetle is everywhere common in rooms, on buds, and especially common on tulips. It destroys collections of insects and plants. The larvæ live in houses and destroy all kinds of collections of natural objects, as clothes, furs, leather and victuals."

Although, as shown above, this insect has been known in Europe for more than 100 years, it was not reported in this country until 1850, when Dr. LeConte found a variety of it on flowers in California. Dr. LeConte suggested that it might have been imported into California from Southern Europe during the Spanish occupation of that country. Professor Lintner says the name "buffalo bug" was given to it on the Pacific coast, probably because of the fancied resemblance of the larva to the buffalo." In the eastern States they are reported to have been first discovered in 1872 in Buffalo, N. Y., and very soon after in Massachusetts. Dr. Hagen learned upon inquiry that many of the infested carpets in and around Boston came from one large carpet store in that city, and it is, therefore, very probable that they were brought from Europe in imported carpets. It has often been stated that they were first introduced in 1876 in carpets brought from Europe to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia; but this is a mistake.

It has frequently been reported that these insects do not confine themselves to woollen fabrics, but also attack cotton and silk. This Professor Fernald thinks a mistake, for those which he bred during the course of his experiments refused to eat cotton or silk, and when supplied with mixed goods they ate out the fibre, leaving the cotton and silk intact. Others have had similar experiences, but Professor Fernald thinks this point should be investigated further. Perhaps some of the readers of the "Hour," who have had an experience with these pests, can give information on this point.

The cuts which are given with this will show the

Personal Appearance of the Beetle

in various stages of its career. These are very much enlarged, as will be seen by the figures in regard to the length which are given farther on.

The mature larva (represented at a) is nearly one-fourth of an inch long and clothed with coarse brown hairs, which are arranged somewhat in tufts on the head and along the side, while at the posterior end they are extended into a taillike appendage. In September and October the larva transforms into a pupa, c, which, however, is retained within the skin of the larva till the transformations are completed, and the perfect beetle emerges through a rent along the middle of the back, as shown at b. The perfect beetle, d, is ovate and moderately convex.

The head is black, with a few orange-red scales around the eyes and above the mouth. The antennæ are black, eleven-jointed, terminated by a broadly oval three-jointed club, which is as long as all the preceding joints united. The thorax is black, with the sides and base more or less covered with orange scales. The wing-covers are black, but the suture is broadly red, with three equidistant, lateral projections of the same color, the first two of which join sinuous, white, imperfectly defined bands; the posterior is obscurely connected with a red spot at the end of the wing-cover, and there is usually a small white spot at the base. The under side of the body is black, more or less covered with red and white scales. Length, from one-seventh to one-eleventh of an inch. The colors are subject to considerable variation. The red band along the middle of the back is sometimes replaced by white, and the first two bands of white on the wing-covers are run together, forming one broad white band.

These insects attack the exposed edges of the carpets, and wherever they can make their way underneath, especially along the cracks of the floor, they often divide the carpet as neatly as it can be done with a pair of scissors. They are, undoubtedly, very difficult insects to exterminate, for the ordinary applications of camphor, pepper, tobacco, turpentine, carbolic acid, etc., produce no effect on them. Benzine or kerosene oil used freely in all the cracks and crevices of the floor will destroy them in all their stages if brought in contact with them, and the odor of benzine, if sufficiently strong, will kill the larvæ and perfect beetles. Tarred paper under the carpets, napthaline, gasoline and bisulphide of carbon have all been recommended, but their disagreeable odor and the explosive properties of the last two render them undesirable.

When furniture is infested it should be removed to an outbuilding, where there is no fire, and thoroughly treated with benzine or gasoline. The furniture should not be returned to the house till the liquid has entirely evaporated and there is no odor.

One of the best remedies for infested carpets is to spread a wet cloth along the edge or over any parts where the pests are supposed to be at work, and run a hot flatiron over it, so that the hot steam penetrating through the carpet may destroy them. This work must be very thoroughly and carefully done to ensure success.

When woollen garments are put away for the summer, they should be packed in tight boxes with paper pasted over every crack where one of these minute insects could possibly gain an entrance. If there is any danger that these garments are infested before packing them away, they should first be treated with benzine.

The Pitchy Carpet Beetle,

or "attagenus piceus," also feeds upon carpets. The full-grown larva of this insect is rather more than a quarter of an inch long, of a brownish color, ringed with whitish between the segments, largest near the anterior end and gradually tapering towards the posterior, which is provided with a loose pencil of long, diverging hairs. The whole surface of the body is covered with short, coarse brown hairs, which are so arranged as to give a smooth and somewhat glossy appearance to the larva. The perfect beetle is from one-fifth to one-seventh of an inch long, more elongated than the buffalo carpet beetle, and varies in color from a light pitchy brown to dark brown, without spots or markings.

There is but one generation of these beetles in a season, at least in the Northern States. It has been said that this beetle is destructive to silk and wool, but this needs verification; and here again the practical housewife can prove of most material aid to the cause of science and her sister woman if she will observe carefully and report her observations.

The two-spotted ladybird (adalia bipunctata) is frequently mistaken for the carpet beetle, but is in reality an excellent friend to the farmer, horticulturist and housekeeper, as it feeds on plant lice and the eggs of other insects, including those of the Colorado potato beetle. The ladybird may, however, be distinguished easily.

It is about one-fourth of an inch long and nearly hemispherical in form. The wing-covers are red, with a black spot on the middle of each. The thorax is white, with a black stripe on each side of the middle, and these are joined by a prolongation obliquely backward from the middle of each. The head is black, with a white spot on each side in front of the eye, and the under side of the body is black.

The eggs of the ladybird are bright orange in color and laid in small clusters on the leaves of plants infested with plant lice, upon which the larvæ as well as the mature beetle feed. The larva, when full grown, is about three-eighths of an inch long, of a dull, bluish-black color, with three ill-defined orange spots on the segments, which are somewhat roughened by tubercles.

With the cuts of the buffalo carpet beetle, and the descriptions of the others given above, the housekeeper will have no difficulty in distinguishing friend from foe and treating them accordingly.

THE FUTURE GREEK KING.

He is a Sinister-Looking, Pale, Fat and Rather Shy Boy.

Young Prince Constantine of Greece, the future sovereign, to whose accession as Constantine I., the first genuine native king, the Greeks look forward with a passionate yearning which is not complimentary to his father, came of age some months ago. He is described as a sinister-looking, pale, fat boy, rather shy and reserved and not attractive in his corpulent state and his uniform. High hopes are entertained of him, however, and those who have had opportunities of judging correctly assert that there is abundant promise of fulfilment. He is an ardent and thoughtful student, clever and conscientious. He is adored by the Greeks because born on their soil and of their religion. They make no secret of the fact that they regard his unfortunate father as an incubus.

The position of the King of Greece is not a blissful state, as young Constantine will discover when his time comes. A more jealous, fiercely democratic race does not exist, and the only family in the country that cannot amuse itself and enjoy the commonest privileges of humanity, friendship and social intercourse is the royal family. Years ago, the King presumed to give a children's ball, and at once a public discussion arose on the question of royal extravagance and the impropriety of amusing the poor infant princes. Children's balls at the palace were discontinued in consequence.

The jealousy aroused, by the selection of personal friends, among the unselected being one of the causes of the overthrow of King Otho, the present family stands aloof from everybody, and neither visits nor entertains any one but distinguished foreigners. Everybody who wishes an invitation to the two annual balls can secure it by simply writing his name in the visitors' book.

THE SCIENCE OF WARS.

General Brealmont and His Literary Works.

General Brealmont, aide-de-camp to the King of the Belgians and inspector-general of engineering and fortifications in Belgium, is generally regarded, since the death of Todleben, as the greatest living tactician, and his works on the science of wars are regarded as classics throughout the world, and are the accepted textbooks in many countries, while under his direction the Military College of Belgium, neutral and pacific though the country is, enjoys the highest reputation in regard to its artillery and its military engineering. He has just been in Roumania at the request of King Charles' government, and somewhat to the annoyance of his own, throwing up an entrenched camp around Bucharest, and he is now awaiting the decision of the Belgian Parliament as to his project put forward by the government, for modifying the strategic bases of the national defences and constructing fortifications of great strength along the Neuse and around Leige and Namur, which will enable Belgium to keep these two doors shut in the event of war and force contending armies to keep off her territory and fight it out on their own ground.

History of the "Marseillaise."

The present French national hymn has sorely troubled musical Gallic ears ever since the third republic raised Rouget de l'Isle's strains of the "Marseillaise" to its present official position. Every military band, every provincial musical society has owned its own version, and whenever the bands united in the Marseillaise on ceremonial occasions, the result has been — to put it mildly — decidedly discordant. So, some time ago the energetic General Boulanger included the "Marseillaise" in his list of reforms, and requested a committee of the Conservatoire, under the professional guidance of M. Ambroise Thomas, to arrange a standard version, which should be obligatory on all official occasions. This version has now been completed, has just been rehearsed at the war ministry, and will come into use on May 15. The original "Marseillaise" was far from being a harmonious composition. Rouget de l'Isle was a better patriot than musician, and after his stirring war song first became popular various musicians corrected and altered the text. It was definitively arranged in 1797 by Gossec, when it was performed as a dramatic cantata called "Homage to Liberty," and at the last verse the actors gathered round the Goddess of Liberty, played by Mlle. Maillard. In our days this scene has been repeated, when, during the first weeks of the present republic, in 1870, Mlle. Aga, the tragedienne of the Comedie Francaise, sang the Marseillaise on the stage, draped in the red flag of liberty.

Unpoetic Names of Flowers.

A French woman once said, when spoken to about the paucity of names for flowers in her language, that it was better, at all events, to have few names than to have such ugly ones as is the case in England. Some of these horrible rustic efforts have been embodied in a rhyme apropos of a recent publication of a dictionary of plant names by way of seeing how they would improve the effect of realistic poetry. The result is as follows:

Lay her after all her troubles
In a bower of pink pig's bubbles;
Round her brows, poor faded frump,
Twine a wreath of lumberscrump;
Camlicks, piskies, burstwort, skytes,
Deck the bed where no bug bites;
May no evil phantoms pass
O'er her couch of felon grass.

Other flowers suffer from names quite equal to the above. What has the stichwort, stellaria holostea, that sparkling, tiny star of snow-white plumes done, to be called not only "scurvy grass"—a medicinal term, of course, and hence, perhaps, allowable—but "pickpocket," "adderspit," "shirt-buttons," "brandy-snaps," and "dead man's bones?" "Miller's star" and "lady's white petticoat" are not so utterly bad, but evidently, the rural English mind does not run to poetry undefiled.

Faith in Good Works.

[New London Telegraph.]

Woonsocket is going to have the first public electric railway in New England. We have had a lively faith in Woonsocket enterprise ever since the village bought our stone crusher.

She Visited a Dressmaker Here.

[Norristown Herald.]

Queen Kapiolani is one of the very few distinguished foreigners who has visited us during the past few years who will leave more money in this country than she will take out.

This Rule Won't Work Both Ways.

[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

It is a good rule never to forget the kindly deeds which others do to you, and never to remember those you do for them.

THE FASHION NOW.

"Dress," the New Magazine For Women.

Theodora Girdles and Belts for House Dresses---Chatelaines and the Like.

Pockets—What We Need and What We Must and Will Have.

There is a new magazine for ladies just out, with the subject and the title "Dress"; but it is not dress as it is with which this new venture concerns itself, but dress as it should be. It is edited by Annie Jenness Miller and it modestly elects itself an authority on the subject of healthful, beautiful clothing for women and children.

"While claiming that a return to the severe simplicity of the days of Greek and Roman costuming would be a great improvement upon everything worn by the women of today," says the editor, "we are forced to admit it impracticable to suddenly eschew and discard all superfluous ornamentation, so dear to the feminine heart and so essential a part of the nineteenth century 'stylish' education. It will be our persistent effort to draw attention to correct ideals and to keep artistic effects always before our friends in the most appealing form, at the same time that we are giving them models adapted to the means of ease and health as little different from the prevailing modes as possible, in order not to call direct and unpleasant attention in public places to self as an object of curiosity or comment.

"Admitting that all true growth is slow, we shall endeavor to so lead in the march of common sense in dress that it shall become a pleasure and not a reproach to be known as a follower. We have no ultra and extreme ideas to thrust perforce upon the world; no patent nostrum for transforming woman from the poetic ideal of gentleness, grace and winsome attractiveness into a scarecrow of 'outre' ugliness. Nothing of the kind. Accepting the human figure in its divine beauty and purity, it will be and remain our idea to so adapt essential clothing as to preserve the unity of the whole figure, and not call attention to the details of anatomy, as fashion is so prone to do. We shall lead so gently that the sting of sarcasm directed against our efforts as a 'dress-reform' work will necessarily recoil upon the author and glance harmlessly off our armor. Freedom from pressure, weight and deformity will be our aim—dresses adapted to the natural body undefiled by the appliances of death that compress the vital organs and paralyze mental and bodily energy; freedom for the exercise of all God-given faculties; the right to the use of every member unimpeded by dress respected; life and health exalted above all considerations of fashion and sacrificed never to the mandates of ignorant customs which defy physical law."

Girdles, Belts and Chatelaines.

The silver girdles which appeared just before the holidays, and were described at that time, have been gaining steadily in favor. It is said that Bernhardt has had a great deal to do with this revival of an antique style. Everyone will remember the handsome girdles which, as Theodora, she wore in part as a pure ornament, no doubt, but mostly as an essential part of her historical costume and to confine the loose draperies which fell from the waist in front. Some of these girdles, for she wore a series of them, were simple twists or linked chains of gold or silver, with a long end falling from the point where the girdle was fastened nearly to the bottom of the dress. Others were composed of massive squares or plaques, wrought, decorated, jewelled and linked together, a wide flashing band of gorgeous color. It is supposed that a great many ladies of fashion on that opening night of "Theodora" took mental note of the picturesque effect of these girdles and quietly determined within themselves to have something of the same sort for their new tea gown. Certain it is that the demand for those ornaments increased at once, and of course the jewellers rose up to meet it. A great variety of designs are seen in the shops, including silver ropes, coils, linked chains and the linked plaques, the latter being enamelled or set with gems.

When worn in the house, with morning dresses or tea gowns the effect is very good indeed, as many of the gowns have loose fronts which are very prettily kept in place by the metal girdle to which is attached a vinaigrette, tiny tablets for memoranda, a bon bon box, or a small dagger. But alas, some women are so deficient in taste, and so oblivious to the eternal fitness of things, as to wear these girdles on the street, with the tight-fitting tailor-made gowns that don't need to be belted, and with such an array of small articles dangling from them as to remind one of the old lady who wore "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." If this is continued the fashion will be very short-lived, which is a pity, for it is artistic and beautiful when used properly, and should last for a long time.

Besides these girdles, the wide belt of metal links (did any one say "dog collar"?) is being revived also. This can be worn with a Norfolk jacket or anything else of the blouse form which requires, or seems to require, a belt; though one of the prettiest ways of wearing it is to have it made large enough to fall low in front, as Mme. Bernhardt did. There are belts also which are composed partly of metal and partly of leather, which are prettier with the cloth gowns than are those of pure metal. A small ornamental purse or "scrip" is attached to these belts and take the place of pockets.

The chatelaine is also revived this season, and the modern young lady fastens on her right hip a huge crescent-shaped pin from which dangle a half-dozen chains of various lengths holding purse, vinaigrette, tablets, bon-bon box and what not else, so that she, too, "has music wherever she goes," for with every step these dangling ornaments of metal clatter and clash and jingle in a way that would drive a nervous person crazy in a short time.

The real antique chatelaines, such as Koopman has occasionally, or such as some lucky individuals have picked up abroad, are much handsomer than these modern affairs. The older ones have a broad, openwork ornament, on the back of which is a large hook, which slips into the belt and holds all in safety. From the lower part of this hang five or six chains, and these hold the quaint little scissors, the small round pincushion, the velvet bag or pouch with the wrought silver top, the bunch of keys and the smelling bottle. The hand work on all these articles, with its quaint design and rough finish, makes them veritable works of art, and happy is the maiden who possesses such a one.

We Want Pockets.

All these arrangements of chatelaines, and even the hideous chatelaine bags which Madame La Mode tells us we may sew on the outside of our dresses if we will be "real good," are simply indications of the great struggle which women are making after the pocket, the "harmless, necessary" pockets of which we are deprived, and in which the other sex revel to an extent that is perfectly maddening. Ask any ten women if they can think of any reason why they would like to be men, and at least seven of them will tell you that the masculine pockets would be an almost sufficient inducement to make them change their lot. Says a clever writer in the Hartford Times:

"Sometimes when engaged in conversation with these superior beings I have become wholly oblivious to their presence under the spell of trying to count their pockets."

After describing a quarrel with a friend, who was mystified by her conversation, while her thoughts were thus wandering on the subject of pockets, she adds: "I am sure he will not allow such trifles as glass eyes and pockets to come between us now, especially when he hears how my soul has yearned for pockets which obdurate fashions and implacable dressmakers refuse, making instead tiny apologies for them that hold nothing but contempt and part of a pocket handkerchief. Even these small affairs cannot be discovered until after minutes of fruitless search. And several times in quiet and solemn assemblies, lectures, funerals, or during intense theatrical, musical and elocutionary climaxes, have I disturbed the dreadful silences by unexpected and uncontrollable sneezes, which might have been muffled, at least, could I have found my pocket and handkerchief. Often the latter has had to be carried in somebody else's pocket, where it could be fished out easier than from mine." And Mr. Rosebud may perhaps recall that he once remarked: "How ludicrous it is to see women diving and searching for their pockets." Yes, and that is the reason why women lose their tempers and purses, and never have lead pencils, car tickets or small change because of their miserable makeshifts of pockets.

Another sufferer has had large deep ones introduced into her balmoral skirts. Every time she wishes an article in those pockets she retires behind doors, fences, dry goods boxes, trunks of trees, people, or anything that comes handy. She then explores those balmorals from top to toe. Sometimes she is successful. More often not. Once she wanted her smelling bottle. She was in a horse car and couldn't get behind anything in time, and somebody fainted away in consequence. Now she has become tired, misanthropic, revengeful. She declares that if her future is to be devoid of pockets that she shall "either enter a convent, adopt bloomers or scalp all dressmakers that cross her path." As any one of these three acts would finish her career for this world, I hasten to assure her that pockets are coming at last, knowing that she, in common with other women, will appreciate the good news and my enthusiasm.

JEAN KINCAID.

GESUNDHEIT! PROSIT!

Lager Beer From the Barley to the Tap Room.

How the Popular Beverage is Manufactured in the Country.

Interesting Points About the Men in Breweries.

Beer, foaming, amber-hued, cream-capped beer, has for ages been known to man, its origin dating back, probably, to the early days of the Egyptians. Reliable information relative to the existence of such a beverage is found in the writings of Tacitus, Theophrastus, Thucydides, Aristotle and others of the Greek and Roman schools. That the beer mentioned by these writers is almost identical with the lager of the present day is gleaned from the fact that the names applied thereto bear evidence of the articles used in the manufacture. Thus Tacitus in his history speaks of the Ceruisia of the Gauls, named for Ceres, goddess of corn; again, another writer mentions "the wine of barley" of the Egyptians.

Beer in its widest sense includes any beverage made from any of the cereals; but the lager of today is usually manufactured from barley.

Manufacture.

The brewers in making their selections of the grain to be used in the subsequent operation, exercise the greatest care, inasmuch as the character thereof materially affects the quality of the liquid extract. The great desideratum is to produce a lager at once clear and "clean," as the term is; a grain that has rusted in the field, or that runs uneven in the crop, fails in this particular. Canada, of all the grain-producing countries, produces a superior quality of barley, and most of the Boston brewers use no other.

The process known as malting is carried on during a certain season of the year only—from October to May—because of the favorable temperature during these months. The seeds of all plants contain a certain proportion of starch, and by treatment with dilute sulphuric acid this starch is readily converted into grape sugar. Similar change take place in the germinating seed, under the influence of a substance called diastase, which is developed in the seed.

The barley when it reaches the brewery is first treated to an infusion of cold water, and after the proper time has elapsed it is taken from the soak and spread with great care over the surface of the floors of the malting-house. From time to time these layers must be carefully turned, and in the course of two weeks the tiny sprouts appear, two in number, peeping through in either direction. At this stage the germination is checked by drying the grain at a sufficiently high temperature, which process is conducted in the kilns, usually adjoining the malthouse. The product thus obtained is known as malt, which is stored n large bins ready for use.

In the subsequent manufacture this malt is carefully sifted and ground, after which it is heated with water for some hours, nearly to the boiling point. This is conducted in immense copper kettles, especially adapted for the purpose, and, under the influence of the disastase developed during the malting, the starch is converted into dextrin and sugar. The infusion thus obtained is known as the wart, and at this stage the hops are added, which impart the bitter taste to the product.

The liquor from this infusion is drawn off and treated with yeast, which same causes fermentation to set in, and after remaining in the vat, which bears a peculiar construction, the liquor is ready for the cooling process. In this process vast strides have been made in late years to expedite the work. Formerly the beer was cooled by ice alone, and aside from the immense cost attendant upon the storage thereof, the space for the housing rendered many additional buildings necessary. Now the cooling is done almost entirely by the huge ice-machines whose powerful stroke produces the pressure necessary to liquify ammonia gas. Perhaps, on the whole, the expense is little reduced by using an ice machine, yet the work is more expeditious, carried on in little space, and always reliable.

In the modern

Process of Cooling

the beer is pumped over a lattice-like frame of pipes, which remain at a low temperature and deprive the liquor of its heat during the passage. The ice machine serves the same end in the great storage room, where the beer is finally conveyed, to remain a number of months until ready for consumption.

These rooms contain long series of huge vats, wherein is stored the beverage that brings solace to many a thirsty soul the year round. Visiting these rooms one is chilled to the bone, and it seems almost miraculous that the temperature can so evenly be maintained during the hottest weather.

From the storage room the beer is taken to the finishing room, where it is put into barrels and kegs ready for delivery.

The composition of the finished article varies with the different varieties of alcohol, beer rarely containing 9 per cent. and oftentimes no more than 3 per cent. Some acetic acid is always present, as well as the various soluble mineral substances of the grain, some unaltered sugar and dextrin, together with a little disastase and coloring matter. The foam is caused by the free carbolic acid present, the peculiar consistency being due to the presence of dextrin.

This then in brief outlines the process by which "das schoenes bier" is produced, over which Gambrinus presides as patron saint. Who old Gam. was is somewhat of a mystery; mayhap he is a myth, and mayhap he is that baron of legendary lore known in the middle ages. Our knowledge of the gentleman extends simply to the representation we see of his majesty as he sits astride of a beer barrel, or in the gaudy painting wherein his figure is bedecked with showy raiment, and in his hand is ever placed the tempting schooner overflowing with beer.

At the breweries one usually finds from 70 to 100 hands employed; this number, including the brewer, who is the important personage, the men of the various departments and the drivers. For the most part, the men

Who Work in Breweries

are Germans, great, muscular Teutons, who, with their ruddy, glowing complexions, present the very picture of perfection of health.

About their work one sees them wearing leather aprons and high-topped boots, but in holiday attire there is no class of workmen who present a more natty appearance. Beyond a doubt these men have long hours and hard work, but there are few lines of work calling for unskilled labor in which the men are better paid and better cared for. No one connected with a brewery need have any previous training to do the work, save the brewer himself. This man is the virtual head of the institution, he directs the men, is responsible for the quality of the beer and does the buying; his pay is in keeping with all these duties, being oftentimes as much as $5000 per year.

The pay of the men in the various departments varies from $12 to $25, according to the nature of the work. At this season of the year the men are obliged to report as early as 5 o'clock in the morning and remain until 6 in the evening. Several lunch periods occur during the day, so, of course, this time is not wholly devoted to actual work. Arrived at the brewery, the first thing in the morning is to tap a keg of beer, and all hands regale themselves to their heart's delight. No limit is placed, and oftentimes a man finds five glasses necessary for the early morning draught. After the chores are done up the men have an hour for breakfast, and then comes the real work of the day, to which each man is assigned a special part.

It was once the custom among brewers to have a keg of

Beer on Tap

throughout the day and allow the men to help themselves. This custom has been abolished almost entirely, and either the men are given checks or there is a tapster who draws the beer as the men order it. The latter custom prevails in the Boston breweries, and the free bar is an interesting feature of the business.

Is lager an intoxicant? is often asked. The answer of the president of the Brewers' Association, made at one of the conventions, covers the ground. Said he: "A man may drink 70 glasses of lager with impunity during one day, but if he reduces himself to the level of a certain beast he becomes intemperate."

Well, it is astonishing "how one small man can hold so much"; without exaggeration the men in the breweries drink from thirty to fifty glasses of lager per day, and seemingly without harm. They have just as much as they want, rarely taking less than two glasses each time they visit the tap room. The relish with which it goes down makes one wish there were no limit in the matter, even to the uninitiated.

It is absurd to look on lager beer as a purely German drink longer, for there is not a city in the United States, nor a town of any pretensions, without its beer producing brewery. Boston has eight large institutions devoted to lager beer brewing exclusively, and it is safe to place the total annual product at 400,000 barrels. This would apportion a barrel to each one of the population of this city, and the greater portion, or its equivalent, is consumed in the city, for that which is shipped away is more than compensated for in the large quantities that come from Cincinnati, Milwaukee, New York and from Europe. This amount, 400,000 barrels, would make a respectable lake about ¼ of a mile square and 5 or 6 feet in depth.

Americans are becoming very fastidious in their tastes respecting lager, and where the favorite brand is sold may be found such gatherings as bid fair to warrant long years to come for the popular beverage.

FISHING OFF CAPE COD.

Remarkable Growth of the Industry—How the Fish are Lured Into Nets—The Sale of Bait the Most Profitable.

PROVINCETOWN, May 19.—The first fish weir built in Cape Cod waters of which there is record, was put down in the year 1854, at Monomoy point, Chatham, by Lovell and Thatcher, at a cost of $2500, and the first year about $3000 worth of fish were taken. The first traps were very crude affairs, some being made of brush, interlaced with laths, and some of light poles hung with nets. Later on others were built at different points through Vineyard sound and in Buzzard's bay.

About twenty years ago a similar experiment was tried at Pamet harbor, Truro. It was built of poles and lathes, but proved a failure and was abandoned after one season's trial. Nothing more was done in this vicinity at the weir business until the year 1880, when a trap which had been in use during the summer in the Bay Chaleur was taken up, brought to North Truro and put down for a short time in the fall. The venture proved a success, and from this has sprung the present weir business of Cape Cod.

The poles of this trap were fastened with large rocks, and kept upright by this means. The poles were hung with netting, instead of being interlaced with laths. From this time onward, for four or five years, the growth of the business was very rapid, until now 18 deep water weirs can be counted from Wood End light along the inside shore of the cape to the boundary line between Truro and Wellfleet, besides a number of shoal water weirs. Others are in use at Brewster, Dennis, Sandwich, at various points around Boston harbor and along the North Shore. The traps are built in the shape of an arrow with a bell at the point. The fact that fish when pursued or frightened almost invariably turn off shore for safety in deep water is taken advantage of in constructing the traps, the off shore ends of which are in about 40 feet of water. The poles are driven some distance apart in a straight line for about 1500 feet from the shore, which is called the "leader." At the end of this the poles are driven in the shape of a heart with the point off shore, and an entrance on either side where it joins the "leader."

About 130 poles, either oak or hickory, and from 20 to 60 feet long are used in the construction of each trap. These poles, which come mostly from Connecticut, cost from $4 to $7 when ready for use, and last about two years. About 2100 square feet of netting is used for each trap, which is thoroughly coated with tar before being used. Each trap is also provided with an extra set of nets which are changed once a month.

The fish when swimming along with the tide strike the "leader," and, naturally turning off shore for safety, follow the "leader" until they find themselves inside the heart, from which they seldom escape, as they always seek deeper water instead of trying to return the way they got in. At the point of the heart the poles are driven in the form of a circle, which is connected with the heart and called the "bowl," which has a net bottom as well as sides. For ease in handling, the fish are driven from the heart into the "bowl," the net bottom and sides of which are drawn close together and the fish bailed into the boats by small dip nets.

Of the products of the weirs the mackerel and the bait fish are the principal dependence of the fishermen for profit. The bait, which includes herring, alewives, squid and some small mackerel, is sold to the Cape Cod and Cape Ann vessels in the Georges and shore fishing fleet, at prices ranging from $1 to $3 per barrel, according to supply. It is carried to the fishing grounds packed in ice. Some of the large mackerel are salted, while most of the other sizes, also cod and other market fish, are packed in ice and shipped fresh to the commission dealers of Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

Almost every kind of fish known in northern waters have been caught in the traps, also many rare and curious specimens, from the monster sea turtle down to the electric eel and the tiny smelt. The season begins about April 1 and ends at Christmas time, the crews assisting in putting down and taking up the traps.

The amount of capital invested in the business in Truro and Provincetown is estimated at $40,000 to $50,000. The deep water traps cost from $3000 to $5000, which includes one large sailboat, two dories and a large fishhouse two or three stories high on the shore, besides the trap. The crews, consisting of a captain and six men, work on what is termed "half lay," which means one-half of the net receipts after the freight, carting and commissions are deducted. The owners take the other half, out of which they deduct all repairs on the trap. This means good dividends for the owners and not so good wages for the men. Some claim that the capital invested in their business could be used to better advantage in some other way, but it has undoubtedly been a godsend to Cape Cod in many respects. The highest wages averaged per man last season was about $375, from which it ran down to $200, out of which the man paid living expenses.

Quite a Family Party.

[Arlo Bates in Providence Journal.]

A third theatrical story is of an incident which happened two or three years since, but which always appealed particularly to my sense of the ludicrous. Mrs. X. has not only achieved a considerable success upon the boards, but also in the divorce courts as in the latter she has been able to disembarrass herself of no less than two husbands. When a woman has lost two halves she might be supposed to be reduced to nullity, but Mrs. X. is still a substantial verity in both mind and body. She was turning, one windy day in March, that bleak and bitter corner of Winter street, famous for the mot of the late Tom Appleton, put in the form of a wish that a shorn lamb might be tethered there to induce Providence to temper the wind. Mrs. X. is far too substantial to blow away, but the March blast did tear off her hat and veil, which went eddying down Tremont street in the most tantalizing fashion. Two gentlemen, coming from opposite directions, gave chase to the truant headgear, and in a moment they approached the doorway where Mrs. X. had taken refuge, bearing her recovered property.

"Why, James," she said as she received her hat, and recognized the bearer as once her husband. "Is this you? Thank you. And—this is a surprise! if this isn't John!" And from the hand of her other ex-husband she received her veil; adding with the utmost vivacity of manner: "It is quite a family party, isn't it? Let's all go down to Parker's and have a lunch, and talk over old times."

And escorted by a cast-off husband on either side, she took her serene way down Tremont street. Whether they really lunched together is not recorded.

"The—Old Spy" at the Trial.

[Hartford Times.]

Stratton brook is perhaps one of the best trout brooks in the State, and lies over west of us on the Connecticut Western. The stream is "posted," that is, notices are put up at short intervals along the brook, forbidding all persons to fish therein under penalty of the law.

Well, the angler and one of his friends drove out to this brook one day, knowing that it was "posted." The two drove their team out into a clearing, in which were piles of four-foot wood cut the winter before. The horse was hitched securely and the men put on their old clothes in which they were to work. Mrs. A, as we will call him, saw a man skulking behind one of the wood piles, and told Mr. B that he might follow the brook down for a ways while he (A) would go up and dislodge the man, who was evidently there to get evidence enough to prosecute them. A runs up to the pile, shouting:

"Come out of there, you ——— old spy!"

After a chase of nearly half an hour the "spy" retired, and A and B fished the brook and came home.

Next day came an officer and arrested A. Bonds were given and the trial occurred in the old schoolhouse near the brook. When A walked into the schoolhouse for the trial to begin, lo, and behold! the justice presiding was the spy which A had chased and swore at behind the woodpiles the day he fished Stratton brook! A was dumbfounded, but it hardly seems necessary to add that he was found guilty and fined.

Acquitted by Quick Wit.

[Waterbury American.]

Sam Fessenden, Stamford's bright lawyer and politician, was the other day prosecuting an Irishman, who, when attacked and bitten by a dog, had run the prongs of a pitchfork through the brute, killing him. "Now Pat," said Sam, thinking he could score a point on the witness, "you say you were carrying the pitchfork with the butt end over your shoulder. Why didn't you then attack the dog with the butt end, instead of turning the pitchfork round and killing him with the prongs?" "Be gorra, Mr. Fessenden," said Pat, "and why the divil didn't the baste attoik meself with his bu-utt ind?" The laugh that followed was universal, and a triumphant acquittal secured for Pat.

BUILDINGS TO ASHES.

Two Hundred Houses Burned in Michigan.

The Total Loss Estimated at Over Two Million Dollars.

People Homeless — Big Fire in Connecticut—Brands.

ISHPEMING, Mich., May 20.—The village of Lake Linden, or Torch Lake, Keweenaw county, this State, was entirely wiped out by fire this afternoon. Flames broke out just before midday and spread with great rapidity until only two business buildings were left stanling.

Help was sent for to Calumet, Hancock and Houghton, and all three towns responded with their fire departments. The firemen battled the flames until they were driven by the heat from their posts.

Over 200 buildings were burned, and the total loss will be over $2,000,000. The insurance amounts to $735,000.

During the fire a heavy gale prevailed and the flames were whirled from building to building like lightning flashes. Brick and stone buildings seemed to offer no more resistance than the small wooden structures.

It is reported that many lives were lost, but at this writing the reports cannot be verified. The town had a population of about 5000 people, and a great many of these are without shelter. Other towns are now threatened by the forest fires still in progress.

Families rushed from their homes to the street, saving only the clothes on their backs. Hundreds of families are roofless tonight, without bedding or clothing, except what they have on. No stores are left to furnish supplies, and Hancock and Houghton merchants are sending mattresses and bedding to the homeless people. Everything was as dry as tinder from the long drought and even solid brick blocks melted away before the furious flames like snow. The flames swept clean to the shores of the lake, from the schoolhouse, half a mile, three or four blocks wide. The town is wiped out. The losses on stores alone foot up about $500,000.

William Harris, general store and residence, $100,000; Newman and Trelease, general stock and building, $75,000; Hannesh & Co., general store, $50,000; N. Reding & Co., general store, $40,000; Newman & Hart, clothing stock, $10,000; M. D. W. Scutter's dwelling and buildings, $30,000; Thereul & Deschaup, drug store, $10,000; Joseph Bach & Co., brewers, $65,000; I. C. Corbiet, $20,000; Paul Perrault, brick block, $10,000; Arthur Noble, drug store, $6000; E. Henwood, hardware, $5000; Malhofbe & Huberty, hotel, $5000; George Duquette, hotel and livery stable, $6000; Leon Gillette, jewelry store, $4000; A. H. McDougall, merchant tailor, $1000; Frederick Besewette, meat market, $2000; Joseph Pearce, hardware, $5000; Herb Blum, liquor stock, $3000; telephone exchange, instruments and plant, $2000. The following persons' dwellings are destroyed: M. Messner; George Owens, Leon Gillette, two houses, jewelery store and tailor shop; J. Thill, store and dwelling; P. Reading, L. Narcotte, Newman & Trelease, store and barn and outhouse; William Jewell, hotel and barn; Octave Cowel, dwelling; Manvil Magner dwelling and barn; J. Scwab, dwelling; N. Carpenter, saloon and dwelling; Adolphe Ligotte, shoe shop; S. F. Brown, livery stable and barn; G. Brule, harness shop; N. Sarazin, dwelling; A. A. Devitt, drug store and dwellings; Alex Barber, boarding-house; Y. K. C. Getzein, grocery store and dwelling; S. Lanclet, saloon and dwelling; William Green, dry goods and dwelling; William Green, saloon and dwelling; L. DesChamp, store and hall; William Hoshe, saloon and dwelling; M. Laplaul, dwelling and barn; Jerry Belleau, dwelling and shed; P. W. Parrault, dwelling; P. W. Parrault, solid brick building; Gus Scharris, dwelling; Jerry Belleau, store and dwelling; N. Fortier, boarding-house; John Bennalock, meat market and notions; John Bennalock, dwelling; Mary Hoar, dwelling; L. Des-Champs, candy store and offices; N. Reding & Co., store; Leo Owens, dwelling; Charles Therrin, saloon; Charles Therrin, dwelling.

DEVASTATED BY FOREST FIRES.

The Town of Whitney, Mich., Swept From the Face of the Earth—Many People Have Been Rendered Homeless.

NEGAUNEE, Mich., May 19.—The entire upper peninsula is being devastated by forest fires. This town had a narrow escape from destruction. The sky is darkened for miles with a heavy canopy of smoke and embers.

Whitney, a town of about 600 inhabitants, 10 miles from here, was wiped from the face of the earth at an early hour this morning. The place was soon surrounded by fierce flames. The names of the inhabitants cannot be learned, but no doubt many of them perished while trying to escape through the blazing woods. Several saw mills have been burned and the loss will figure into millions.

Many people have been rendered homeless, and are without the necessaries of life. The weather continues sultry. Nothing but a heavy rain will save many of the small lumber towns from destruction. People in the threatened district are fleeing from the place as rapidly as possible.

ITALIANS BURNED OUT.

Thousands of Dollars Damage Done to Property in Michigan.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 19.—Forest fires are still raging everywhere, and the smoke is dense. No casualties are reported, but thousands of dollars of damage have been done. The wind is light and the forest dry. There are fears of a general conflagration. Fully 2000 persons are fighting forest fires on the peninsula today, and a repetition of the awful Pesthigo fire is feared.

The Italians at camp 3, who were surrounded by fire last night, succeeded in saving their lives but lost their camp. Several camps on the extension are destroyed. At noon today fires were approaching Webster mine, and six saw mills at various places are in imminent danger. At Negaunee, Ishpeming and Michigamme the smoke is suffocating, and thousands of dollars worth of hard wood and pine timber has been destroyed. Marquette, Algera, Baraga, Houghton and Keweenaw counties are being swept by fire.

An Animal Army.

[C. F. Holder in June St. Nicholas.]

Marvellous invaders are the lemmings. They are near relatives of the short-tailed field mouse, and are about five inches long, with round heads, brown fur, and bead-like eyes. Their home is in the highlands, or fells, of the great central mountain chain of Sweden and Norway, where they build nests of grass for their young. The lemmings are spiteful little creatures when aroused, sitting up on their hind legs and fighting with a will. Not only are they pugnacious, but extremely restless and migratory as well; and every five, ten, or twenty years they seem possessed by a desire to see foreign lands.

Thereupon, they one and all leave their settlements and start out in tens of thousands, overrun the cultivated tracts of land in both Norway and Sweden, and ruin the plants and vegetation. They march only at night, pressing on slowly in one straight course, and allow nothing to disturb them. Birds and various animals follow and prey upon them; but, notwithstanding this, they actually increase in numbers, gaining recruits as they advance. Rivers are swum and hills crossed, until finally the Atlantic or the Gulf of Bothnia is reached.

But, still impelled by the same blind instinct that has led it onward, the entire vast concourse plunges into the sea, swimming onward, the little animals piling one upon another as they are beaten back, until at times their bodies have formed veritable sea walls. Boatmen returning to the beach have found their way obstructed by a straggling horde that has just reached the sea. The number of lemmings in these bands is beyond all computation. Sometimes the march is kept up for three years before the water is reached.

The New Water Cure.

[Springfield Homestead.]

Druggist's boy (who is cleaning up)—"Here's a man wants to see you, doctor."

Druggist—"Well, what can we do for you this morning?"

Weary customer—"Have you got anything that will made a man brace up quick and put new life in him?"

Druggist (briskly, going behing prescription desk): "I'll get you a bottle of our bitters."

Weary customer (continuing): "I'm feeling pretty languid this spring; I haven't hardly strength enough to stir,"—and then he sank languidly into the dish of hot water the boy had set on a chair.

Boy to druggist (both startled by tumultuous exclamations and exit): "E's gone, doctor; guess he had to ketch a train and couldn't wait."

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

George Osmond, editor of the New Orleans Mascot, was fatally shot by a crazy man named Wilson. Osmond was acting as a sheriff's aid.

Syracuse, N. Y., refuses to have an exhibition by the John L. Sullivan combination.

Martin Tierney of Peabody, Mass., who was assaulted on the 7th inst. and had his thumb injured, has since died in great agony of lockjaw. His assailant has been arrested.

Queen Kapiolani of the Sandwich Islands has been the guest of New York city. She visited Blackwell's Island last week, and sails for Europe this (Wednesday) morning.

Henry B. Chamberlin and James F. Taylor, accused of murdering old Margaret Ernst in New Haven on the night of May 9, were brought before Judge Stoddard in the Superior Court on a preliminary hearing. They were held without bail, and will be tried at the July term of this court. The prisoners are now inmates of the county jail, where they are closely guarded.

The report that the ship Charles H. Marshall of New York, with her crew of 23 men, had probably been lost on the passage from London to New York, is believed to be incorrect, as when last heard from the Marshall was still in London, where she was under libel for $10,000 at the suit of a tug which helped her off the Goodwin Sands and towed her back to port. The captain is said to be now on his way home by steamer.

The general executive board of the Knights of Labor has suspended District Assembly No. 126 from the order on the ground of insubordination. The assembly includes in its membership over 10,000 people engaged in the carpet weaving trade. There has been for over a year considerable trouble between the district assembly and the general executive board.

The English holders of Virginia bonds refuse to accept the terms of settlement offered by the Legislature, and negotiations have been broken off.

The Treasury Department has decided that laborers from Canada cannot cross the border into the United States, by the bridge at Niagara or elsewhere, under contract to perform labor. The law of Feb. 26, 1885, is held to prohibit laborers from Canada from daily crossing the border under contracts previously formed to perform labor in the United States.

The trip of the steamships Arizona of the Guion line and Servia of the Cunard line, which reached New York on the 17th inst., after a quick run, was a most remarkable one, from the fact that both vessels were within sighting distance through the entire voyage.

Three persons found guilty of train wrecking on the Mexican Central railroad were summarily shot by Mexican gendarmes at the scene of the crime last week.

Mme. Janauschek, the well-known actress, fell down stairs at the Perry House, Newport, R. I., and broke her right arm.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, has been elected deacon in his Baptist church at Lower Merion, Penn.

A daring burglary was committed early on the 17th inst. at the Cedar Hurst residence of John A. Cheever, president of the Rockaway Steeplechase Association, at Woodbury, L. I. The thieves effected an entrance through the basement door, and packed up and carried off all the solid silver plate, valued at $3000.

Mail advices to the Navy Department state that the reported accident to Lieutenant M. K. Schwenck of the Alert was the result of an attempt to assassinate some officer of the vessel. While on duty Lieutenant Schwenck stooped to pick up a revolver, which proved to have been tied in such a manner that when lifted a bowline slipped over the trigger, causing a discharge. The lieutenant was seriously wounded in his left wrist, and blood poisoning is feared. Commander Graham has ordered a searching investigation.

L. Cleverdon, sheriff of Strathroy, warden of County Middlesex and one of the largest cheese exporters in Canada, is reported to have absconded, leaving heavy liabilities and creditors in nearly every line of business.

The passengers on the steamer John S. Hopkins, plying on the Ohio river, had an experience one night last week which they will not soon forget. Two "roustabouts" got into a quarrel, and a free fight followed, during which knives and clubs played a prominent part, and several men were killed and others wounded.

On the 18th inst., Mrs. Margaret Phinney, when about to enter the rubber-shoe factory at Naugatuck, Conn., in which she has been working, was severely and probably fatally stabbed by her husband, from whom she separated about four weeks ago. Phinney gave himself up shortly after, expressing regret that he failed to kill his wife outright. He was very drunk.

Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, in an interview at Brussels, said he had received letters from Emin Bey, dated last November. In those Emin Bey said the routes between Uganda and Wadela were open. Dr. Junker thinks that the success of Stanley's relief expedition is, barring accidents, assured.

Professor Pasteur has been elected honorary member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

Deputy United States Marshal William Scott was killed in the court house at Edwinton, Ky., on the 17th inst. He was running down the stairs into the Circuit Court room when shot and his body rolled down the steps, stampeding the court, which was in session. He died without being able to tell who shot him. Several arrests have been made.

The engine and four cars of the local freight bound north on the Housatonic railroad were derailed between Kent and Cornwall bridge stations on the 17th inst., by a large bowlder which rolied down on the track from the bank above. The track was blocked for several hours.

The Ray cassimere mill, Franklin, Mass., is to shut down on account of poor sale for the goods. Over 100 hands will be thrown out of employment.

John Blair, Jim Christie and French Christie got "high" with liquor at a cornstalk shooting in Indian Territory. On the way home Jim Christie and Blair fell out. Result—Jim Christie dead, Blair dying and French Christie badly wounded.

Walter Wells, searching for his sister who disappeared from Toronto, Ont., some weeks ago, found her body on the surgeon's table at South Bend, Ind., where she had committed suicide. Being refused her remains, Walter went to his hotel and shot himself dead.

John D. Lankerman has given $1,000,000 for a German hospital, to be in charge of Lutheran deaconesses of Philadelphia.

Hon. James G. Blaine, with his wife and daughter, will sail for Europe June 8 on one of the ships of the North German Lloyds. Following immediately upon the announcement that the Maine statesman is to cross the water comes the report that several of his most trusted lieutenants are to follow him. That Joe Manley will accompany Mr. Blaine is pretty well settled, and it is said that many lesser political lights will sail later.

At Indianapolis, Wednesday, the Odd Fellows' monument to Schuyler Colfax was unveiled. Only the pedestal is now in position, the bronze figure not being yet completed.

According to Henry S. Ives, the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph, the Postal and other independent lines are to be consolidated as a new company, of which the Baltimore & Ohio will take one-half the stock, and so obtain control. Mr. Ives says the Western Union cannot get the Baltimore & Ohio system at any price.

The Nickel Plate road has been sold for $10,000,000, of which $100,000 was cash. The purchasers are the purchasing committee of the new Nickel Plate organization, composed of Messrs. Roosevelt, Kennedy, Oliott and W. K. Vanderbilt. Receiver Caldwell sold the road. There was but one bid.

The Virginia State Senate has passed a joint resolution reaffirming the determination of the State to stand by the Riddleberger law and calling on the people to pay their taxes in money and not in coupons. The resolution was subsequently communicated to the House, but was laid over.

H. A. Debervill of Burlington, Vt., staying at the Bates House, Rutland, Vt., retired Wednesday evening and blew out the gaslight. He was unconscious when his room was broken into next morning. He died on Friday.

The Connecticut legislative session which closed Wednesday was the longest for a quarter of a century, extending from Jan. 5 to May 19, and embracing 78 session days.

Solomon Goldstone, jeweller and pawnbroker of Montreal, has fled to the States, leaving numberless creditors. His liabilities are $20,000 and assets $5000.

General James L. Selfridge of Philadelphia, a hero of the late war and a prominent citizen, committed suicide on the 19th inst. by shooting himself through the head with a revolver.

Thomas Ottree, a sailor of the bark Moselle, was shot dead at Charlottetown, P. E. I., Wednesday night by Captain Walsh of the bark Claribel.

John Boardman, a miner, who was injured in the fall of 1885 by the falling of a bucket in a shaft of the new aqueduct for New York city, has had his verdict of $15,000 against Brown, Howard & Co., the contractors, affirmed by the general term of the Supreme Court.

Favorable reports come from Washington of the condition of negotiations for a settlement of the fishery controversy. A successful termination is confidently looked for.

Washington despatches state that it is the intention of the Treasury Department, at as early a day as practicable, to substitute paper currency, so far as is possible, for the gold coin which is so popular and which has so long been in use in the Pacific States.

The derailing of a sleeping car on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad near Salida, Col., early Thursday morning, was attended with fatal results. Grace Leslie, leading lady of the Kate Castleton troupe, was instantly killed. Dr. George Cox received a severe scalp wound, and the Pullman conducter, Aubrey, was hurt about the head and hip.

It is said that two wealthy Chinamen in Mott street, New York, are slave owners. Ah Chan at No. 8 has an eleven-year-old Chinese girl-slave whom he bought two years ago for $100 and whom he considers to be worth $400 now. Kong Hing Lung at No. 4 has a girl whom he bought in Canton several years ago for $150. She is thirteen, and her master values her at $600. These girls are forced to do the household drudgery and are anything but prepossessing in appearance.

The west-bound passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, due at Denver, Col., Wednesday forenoon, ran into a bunch of cattle 20 miles east of that city, ditching the engine and mail and express cars. Three tramps were stealing a ride on the train, and one of them, named Moore, was killed, while the other two were injured.

Senators Voorhees and Beck have expressed the opinion that the President would call an extra session of Congress by Oct. 1 to consider revenue taxation.

An explosion occurred Wednesday in the planing mill of Le Cornu & Brother at Fulton, Ky. John Rascoe, Fred George and Lucien McLary were killed. Six others were severely injured.

At Weimar, Tex., Wednesday, the prohibitionists held a meeting and the opposition, composed largely of foreigners, gathered around and hoisted the German flag. The Americans felt insulted, and a riot was feared.

Mrs. Annie Boyd of Grand Rapids, Mich., recovered $9500 damages Wednesday from Rumseller Christopher Post, who sold her husband liquor, under the influence of which he killed a man and was sentenced to prison for life.

The detectives of the City of Mexico are wrestling with a most mysterious crime. One of the leading banking firms of that place has sustained a loss of $400,000. All that has been made public about the theft is that the officers of the institution on coming to the bank one morning found the doors of the vault wide open. The cash had been carried off, with the exception of some bags of silver, with which the thieves evidently did not care to burden themselves.

The English poet, Swinburne, has completed a patriotic jubilee ode, which will appear in the Nineteenth Century for June.

Colonel Bradley and General Buckner, rival candidates for the governorship of Kentucky, will stump the State together.

Miss Kate Claxton, the actress, is suing the proprietors of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, claiming to have lost jewelry valued at several thousand dollars in that establishment.

The United States consul at Kingston, Ont., reports that railroad rates on imports from the United States to that section of Canada since the 4th of April, as shown by the freight bills there paid, have been increased from 25 per cent. to 100 per cent., with no change on Canadian roads.

The investigation of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) city government by a committee of the State Assembly is said to have been a complete failure as to results.

A Chicago canning company is reported to have concluded a contract for 1,500,000 kilos of canned meat for the French army and 3,000,000 kilos for the navy. This is stated to be the largest contract ever made with an American firm by a foreign government.

The comptroller of the currency has designated Omaha, Neb., as a reserve city under the provisions of the act passed at the last session of Congress.

At Cuthbert, Ga., on the 19th, Officer Edward Skipper was instantly killed and his assistant, Joe Stanley, mortally wounded while trying to arrest a negro murderer named Sam Snelly.

The wife and mother of Melvin Huntress of Portsmouth, N. H., were killed on Wednesday at Young's Crossing, near Greenland depot. The mother was about 60 years old and the wife about 30, both being quite deaf. They were riding in a buggy and undertook to cross the grade crossing, and were struck by the engine of an express train and instantly killed.

The New York Senate has passed a bill prohibiting, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment, employers of laborers from coercing any person to sign an agreement not to enter a labor organization as a condition for securing employment.

Bishop Kip, of the Episcopal diocese of southern California, has been paid $10,000 arrears of salary which the diocese has owed him for 13 years.

Ralph Disraeli, nephew of the late Lord Beaconsfield, will soon be graduated at Cambridge, Eng. The Queen, it is said, will push him at once into public life.

At the request of the Japanese government, Secretary Whitney has ordered the admission into the Naval Academy of H. Nire, a Japanese youth of noble family, aged 17.

The Grand Army posts of Hartford will pay especial attention to placing flowers on the grave of the late Mrs. Hawley, wife of General Hawley, on Memorial day.

Bishop Stevens of Philadelphia is a very sick man. His limbs are so swollen with dropsy that he cannot lie down, but has to remain sitting in a chair all the time.

The communion table from which George Washington received the sacrament on the Sunday before his death has just been restored to Christ Church, Alexandria, by Miss Sally Stuart, who received it from a near relative by bequest.

Mr. Ezekiel, the famous American sculptor, has just sent a Baltamorean a life-size bust of the Abbe Liszt. It is said to be the only one of the great musician taken wholly from life, is in bronze, and was cast in Berlin. It is primarily for this work that Sculptor Ezekiel was decorated by the kings of Belgium and Italy.

Messrs. Tiffany made the greatest purchase of the sale of the French crown jewels Friday, when they secured lot No. 44 for 811,000f. They also bought lot No. 43 for 120,000f. Among the jewels disposed of was the famous pearl Regent, which brought 176,000f. The total of the day's sale amounted to 1,564,900f.

Rev. Dr. Smith, the author of "America," who is now visiting in Chicago, received an ovation on Thursday, when he visited the Stock Exchange.

The new Saturday half-holiday law was generally observed in New York last week and seems to be as generally liked.

Two thousand brickmakers at Pittsburg, Penn., are on strike.

James Connolly, the Boston pugilist who, at Ottawa, Ont., Thursday night, attempted to assault a young man who had proposed three cheers for Lord Lansdowne, has been fined $50 and costs or three weeks.

Two prominent Republicans in Brooklyn, N. Y., are reported to have gone over to the ranks of the Democracy in disgust over the report of the Bacon investigation committee's report to the Legislature.

A Washington despatch says: The President has been invited by the French government to detail two officers of the army to witness the military manœuvres and mobilization in France next autumn.

The Federal grand jury at Indianapolis, Ind., have returned 13 indictments against prominent politicians and election officers for complicity in the forgery and mutilation of election tally sheets last fall.

Reynolds, who, in spite of Colonel Ingersoll's eloquence, was convicted of blasphemy at Morristown, N. J., on Friday, was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs of court. Ingersoll promptly settled the account with his check.

A letter from Janos in Chihuahua declares the existence of an extensive volcano, and says: "The smoke is so dense it cuts off the sun's rays. Many testified that when the earthquake occurred they saw large boulders shoot up into the air, and that flames burst forth from the summit of the mountain, setting fire to the forest."

Frank Boynton of Bar Mills, Buxton, Me., aged 45 years, committed suicide Saturday morning by throwing himself into a small pool of water near his residence. He was summoned before the grand jury Friday in a cider case, and the fact that he would have to testify against a neighbor so troubled him that he took his life.

Henry George, speaking of Pope Leo's commendation of Archbishop Corrigan's course, said that Dr. McGlynn would be true to his present conviction. He was of the stuff that martyrs were made. Father McGlynn says that he has not had time to digest the letter well, but would give his opinion of it in due course.

Mr. William Clark, the thread manufacturer of Newark, N. J., is said to be interested in the Thistle and with his brother is credited with having formed the syndicate. The doubtful question whether Mr. Clarke is a Scotsman or American will depend on the quality of the Thistle. The trip of the yachts from Clyde to Cowes has been made memorable by her rescue of a boat's crew belonging to the steamer Harkaway, which foundered. Sixteen lives were lost.

Wily Labouchere.

Labouchere generally rises to the occasion, and a good story is told of a visit of his to Hamburg, once on a time. He looked over the visitors' book before inscribing his own name, and was astounded at the host of electors, grand dukes and petty princes which figured on every page. Determined not to be outdone, he boldly inscribed himself as "Henry Labouchere, elector of Middlesex," and was royally treated during the whole of his stay.

What Carried Papa Through.

[Augusta New Age.]

Here is a little five-year-old we have heard of who believes that prayers may be answered, and suggests the method. In her evening prayer she said, a few days ago, "Take care of papa on his journey; and if there is an accident and the cars catch on fire, rain down the rain as hard as you can thunder it."

CURRENTS OF COMMERCE.

Every Prospect of a Further Advance in Wheat.

The Iron Situation—Imports on Account of the Pennsylvania Strike.

Odds and Ends in the Local and General Markets.

With large receipts of wheat at the seaboard and a good export demand, the grain market is active. Prices have been somewhat irregular for a week past, but on the whole have scored an advance. Flour is steady though perhaps not stronger than a week ago. Holders are confident in their views. Throughout the winter wheat regions in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys rain has improved the outlook for the new crop. Spring wheat in the Northwest was generally sown under favorable conditions, but in some quarters there is too little moisture.

The heavy exports of late are due to the conviction that wheat is a purchase at the current values. Bradstreet's figures it out that in this country, "on a basis of the Washington department estimate of the crop of 1886, reserves added, and the usual ratio of consumption for 60,000,000 of people for food, seed, manufactures, etc., there will be less than 16,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour for export until the new crop arrives, aside from 50,000,000 bushels usual permanent reserve. The latter may be drawn upon to a limited extent—say 15,000,000 to 17,000,000 bushels—leaving the unusually low reserve of 35,000,000 bushels to be carried forward to next crop season." On this reasoning the bull arguments are forcible

Corn and oats have been active, though irregular. At the close on the Boston Chamber of Commerce Saturday the bids for No. 2 white oats were fractionally lower than a week earlier. The following comparative prices will be of interest:

NO. 2 WHITE OATS—CLOSING BIDS.

	May 21, 1887.	May 14, 1887.	May 22, 1886.
Cash	39¼	39¾	43⅜
May	39¼	39⅜	43¼
June	39⅜@39½	40	....
July	39⅜@39¾	40¼	42
August	37	....	42½
Year	36⅛	36½	34½@34⅝
Settling price	39⅜	39⅞	43⅝

The receipts of breadstuffs in this city last week, the week before and the same week last year, according to the figures of the Chamber of Commerce, were as under:

	Week ended— May 21, 1887.	May 14, 1887.	May 22, 1886.
Corn, bush	96,005	90,167	106,576
Wheat, bush	27,725	39,218	96,450
Oats, bush	62,265	23,790	180,792
Rye, bush	425	....	....
Millfeed, bush	41,215	36,220	57,085
Barley, bush	....	20	....

The movement of flour is a little restrained on account of the firmness of the market. Large lots of spring patents in this city cost about $5.10@5.40 per barrel, and winter patents 10c. less. Some popular brands are practically held out of the market.

THE METALS.

Opposing Forces in the Iron Market—Nails in Good Demand.

The most noteworthy event of the season in the iron trade is the closing of 36 furnaces in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, on account of the strike of cokemakers. This has reduced the output of foundry and of Bessemer pig iron, and strengthened the market for foreign Bessemer to a considerable extent. Agents for foreign manufacturers are actively soliciting orders. No fear of short supplies is entertained, and the iron market generally is better than active. The best grades of eastern foundry pig iron are firm, and an increased demand would advance prices, and yet Bessemer pig is off 50@75c. per ton, and merchant bar at Pittsburg is in lighter demand than for several months past. Yet there is no overproduction and no stock on hand.

The demand for nails in this market is satisfactory on account of the extensive building operations in progress. Offerings are liberal. Three-fourths of the eastern and middle Pennsylvania mills are idle, and the association mills show a disposition to hold out for $2.25.

Though the demand for ingot copper is a little better the market continues inactive and weak. The ruling quotation for lake for immediate delivery is 9.95c, and for autumn delivery 10.15@10.20c.

The anthracite coal market is firmer because of the agreement of the leading producers to stop production this week. Stocks out of the hands of producers are admitted to be small, although their actual size is understated by the companies' organs. The production of anthracite so far this year has been 11,779,000 tons, as against 11,793,000 in the same time last year.

TRADE TOPICS.

Cotton Still Advances—Provisions, Produce and Groceries.

The steady upward movement in cotton has at last brought the actual staple up to 11 cents per pound for the first time within two years. All the authorities credit the gain to improved domestic and foreign demand and reduced supplies in the interior. Crop advices show little material difference from former favorable advices.

The old crop movement continues light. Port receipts for the week range at a little over one-third of the corresponding week last year. The scarcity of desirable grades of cotton at the various Southern markets has been more manifest. The reports from the English markets are somewhat conflicting, but show a generally good condition of things at Liverpool. The supply figures are as follows:

	May 21, 1887.	May 14, 1887.	May 22, 1886.
Stock at New York	204,822	209,100	295,637
Consolidated stock	371,226	394,565	593,777
Total visible supply	2,386,024	2,452,238	2,353,295

The print cloth market is very steady and the tendency is thought upward, 3 5-16c. being declined for 64x64s, holders wanting 3⅜c.; 56x60s are quoted at 3c.

Large arrivals of hogs at packing points have kept down the prices of provisions. There is only moderate inquiry for pork and all lines of the stuff are weak. The comparative exports from Nov. 1 to May 15 are as follows:

	1886-87.	1885-86.
Pork, lbs	24,255,400	25,123,000
Bacon, lbs	260,388,594	265,164,717
Lard, lbs	179,255,151	165,954,608

Active speculations continue in the coffee trade, with sharp fluctuations but no change in the general situation. The prevailing tendency is still upward. The visible supply of Rio and Santos coffee at all points is 541,000 bags against 611,000 a year ago. The European markets, like the American, are active and excited.

The arrivals of raw sugar of late have been unusually heavy, but there is no change in quotations. Holders are not inclined to urge their stock on unwilling buyers. The inquiry for refined sugar is very good, with the market steady.

An advance in the price of California wines is anticipated. The leading causes are stated to be small stocks of old wine on hand, the good quality of the last crop, which induced an increased foreign demand, the effect of late frosts upon the vines in the heaviest producing districts, and improved storage facilities for large quantities of the product.

Comparative receipts of dairy products in Boston have been as follows:

	Week ended— May 21,'87.	May 14,'87.	May 22,'86.
Butter, tubs	14,400	13,391	18,950
Butter, boxes	2,859	2,971	3,014
Cheese, boxes	1,317	1,395	856
Eggs, boxes	16	51	45
Eggs, barrels	704	870	210
Eggs, cases	11,559	10,534	12,553

LIGHT FARES FROM GEORGES.

Shore Fishermen Having Luck Almost Unprecedented—Gloucester Fish Quotations.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., May 21.—The fish market remains firm with light receipts and good demand. The Georges fleet continues to bring light fares, and for the large number of arrivals during the week, the receipts have been the smallest for years. Several Western Bankers have arrived during the week with medium fares, but nothing to compare with former years. The shore fishermen continue to make successful ventures, and liberal receipts bring a total of nearly 2,000,000 pounds, the largest probably for the season. Halibut have been in good supply, and the cheapest for a year. Pollock and hake are beginning to come in, and for the same fair prices are realized. No mackerel have yet arrived. The old stock is nearly all depleted, and what few remain in first hands are held at high figures, they being of an extra quality. Many of the large fleet of vessels south from this port have not taken a single school of mackerel this spring. As soon as the fleet arrives they will sail for the Nova Scotia coast, where mackerel are reported to be shoaling. The boneless fish factories continue to fill large orders, and the demand of this quality is firm. In whole fish dealers anticipate an advance in all kinds of fish, owing to the small receipts in the market.

The arrivals during the week are the largest this season, as follows: Georges, 41; shore fishing, 51; Western bank, 27; Ipswich, 7; South channel, 1; Brown's bank, 3; Jeffries, 4; Middle bank, 1; Grand bank, 3; bringing a total of 1,955,000 pounds of codfish, 205,000 pounds of halibut, 22,000 pounds of hake, 64 barrels of herring, 85,000 pounds of pollock, 14,000 pounds of haddock, 1000 pounds of cusk and 600 barrels of salt herring. For the corresponding period of last year the receipts were 799,000 pounds of codfish, 319,000 pounds of halibut, 15,000 pounds of haddock and 239,000 pounds of pollock.

Following are the quotations:

	Per Quintal.	
Best Georges cod	$4 25	@ 4 50
Medium Georges cod	3 50	@ 3 75
Western Bank large cod	3 75	@ 3 12½
Western Bank medium cod	3 75	@ 4 00
Flemish cap	3 75	@ 4 00
Large shore cod	4 00	@ 4 25
Dry cured bank cod	3 25	@ 3 50
Cusk	3 00	@ 3 12½
Hake	2 00	@ 2 25
Haddock	1 75	@ 2 00
Georges cod from vessel	2 75	@ 3 00
Western Bank from vessel	....	@ 2 25
Pollock	2 00	@ 2 25
Pollock, stark salted	3 00	@ 3 25
	Cents ℔ lb.	
Best boneless cod	5½@	6
Medium boneless cod	4¼@	4½
Hake, haddock and cusk	4 @	4½
One-pound block, selected	6½@	7
Smoked halibut	8 @	9
Smoked halibut, Iceland blocks	9 @	10
Smoked salmon	15 @	16
Smoked mackerel	11 @	12
Smoked haddock	5 @	6
	Cents ℔ box.	
Medium herring	17@18	
No. 1 herring, smoked	14@15	
Tucks herring, smoked	13@14	
Lengthwise, smoked	12@13	
Bloaters, smoked	80@85	
	Per hundred.	
Alewives, smoked	$1 10@	1 25
	Per barrel.	
Pickled codfish	$5 00@	..
Pickled haddock	3 50@	..
Halibut heads	2 00@	2 12½
Halibut fins	6 50@	7 00
No. 1 shad	11 00@	..
California salmon	14 00@	14 50
Halifax salmon	16 00@	17 00
Porgie slivers	8 00@	..
Clam bait	5 00@	5 50
Trout	12 00@	13 00
Cod tongues	6 00@	6 50
Tongues and sounds	8 00@	..
Alewives	4 00@	4 50
Labrador herring, split	5 75@	6 00
Nova Scotia herring, split	6 00@	6 50
Round shore, gibbed	4 00@	4 50
Newfoundland	4 00@	4 25
Eastport, round	3 00@	3 12½
	Per dozen.	
Canned salmon	$1 75@	..
Canned lobsters	1 75@	..
Canned mackerel	1 00@	1 25
Canned halibut	1 00@	..
Canned clams	1 75@	..
Canned trout	1 25@	..
	Cents ℔ gal.	
Pure medicinal oil		60
Crude medicinal oil		50
Blackfish oil		55
Codfish oil		30
Porgie oil		23
	Cents ℔ bucket.	
Fresh livers		25
	Per ton.	
Fish waste		$4 00
Fish scrap		6 00
Fish skins		8 00
Fish guano		8 00
	Cents per pound.	
Fresh halibut, last sales from vessel		2¼
Fresh halibut, jobbing price		4@6
Fresh codfish		1¼
Fresh pollock		0¾
	Per barrel.	
Extra bloater mackerel	38 00@	40 00
Extra mess	28 00@	30 00
No. 1 extra	20 00@	21 00
No. 1 medium	17 00@	18 00
No. 2 medium	15 00@	16 00
No. 3 medium, scarce	12 00@	13 00
Tinkers	9 00@	10 00

IN THE PRINCIPAL MARKETS.

Prices for Produce at New York, St. Louis and Chicago.

NEW YORK, May 21.—Cotton unchanged—sales, 513 bales; uplands, ordinary, 8 7-16c; good do. 9 13-16; low middling, 10⅝c; middling, 11c; Orleans, ordinary, 8⅝c; good do. 10; low middling, 10 13-16c; middling, 11 3-16. Flour quiet—receipts, 23,589 pkgs; exports, 6403 bbls, 32,406 sacks; sales, 14,500 bbls, including 1800 bbls City Mill extra, $4.75@4.85; 700 bbls fine, $2.40@2.45; 2400 bbls superfine, $2.75@3.50; 610 bbls extra No. 2, $3.40@3.85; 4100 bbls winter wheat extra, $3.40@5.10; 4600 bbls Minnesota extra, $3.40@5.10. Southern steady. Rye flour steady. Corn meal unchanged. Wheat, receipts, 651,150 bush; exports, 65,723 bush; sales, 236,000 bush; No. 1 hard, 97⅛@98, to arrive and spot; No. 3 red, 95¼c; No. 2 red, 97c elevator; 97c f. o. b.; No. 1 red, 99½c; No. 1 white p. t., quoted 98c. Rye dull. Barley unchanged. Barley malt steady. Corn weak; receipts, 111,836 bush; exports, 119,310 bush; sales, 112,000 bush; No. 2, 47½c elevator, 48¼c delivered; old No. 2, 49c delivered. Oats firm; receipts, 33,000 bush; exports, 218 bush; sales, 64,000 bush; No. 3, 33c; do white, 37⅜@38c; No. 2, 33¼@33⅜c; do white, 38¼@38⅜c; No. 1 white, 39c; mixed Western, 32@36c; white, do, 38@41c; white State, 39c. Coffee fair; Rio strong, 20c. Sugar firm; refined firm; white extra C, 4⅞c; mould A, 5¾@5 13-16c; confectioners' A, 5⅝c; off A, 5⅝c; standard, 5⅜c; cut loaf and crushed, 6 1-16c; cubes, 5⅞@5 15-16; others unchanged. Molasses steady; one cargo 50° test sold 20c, and 300 hhds ordinary blackstrap, 91½c. Rice firm. Petroleum United, 62c. Tallow steady. Rosin quiet. Potatoes quiet; Bermuda, $5@6.25. Turpentine dull. Pork dull. Beef quiet. Beef hams steady. Tierce beef quiet. Cut meats firm. Lard lower; Western steam quoted at $6.97½@7.00; sales 100 tcs. to arrive, $6.90; 125 tcs. city steam, $6.70@6.75; refined quoted $7.25 continent, $7.70 S. A. Butter quiet; State, $15@21; Western, $12@19. Cheese unchanged. Freights to Liverpool dull. Pig iron steady. Copper dull. Lead quiet. Tin steady. Spelter quiet.

CHICAGO, May 19.—Flour unchanged. Wheat dull; No. 2 spring, 87@87⅜c; No. 2 red, 87⅜c. Corn dull; No. 2, 38¼c. Oats quiet; No. 2, 25¾@27c; No. 2 rye, 56c; No. 2 barley, 57c. Mess pork quiet, $22.50; lard steady, $6.60@6.62½; dry-salted shoulders, $5.60@5.65; short clear sides, $7.60@7.65. Whiskey, $1.10. Receipts—Flour, 17,000 bbls; wheat, 57,000 bush; corn, 141,000 bush; oats, 252,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 16,000. Shipments—Flour, 17,000 bbls; wheat, 15,000 bush; corn, 279,000 bush; oats, 219,000 bush; rye, 3000 bush; barley, 2000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, May 21.—Flour unchanged. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, 86¾c. Corn firm, 38¼c. Oats dull, 27½c. Rye strong, 51c. Barley none. Whiskey steady, $1.05. Provisions weak. Pork, old mess, $14; irregular; new, $11.50. Lard, $6.40@6.45. Dry salt meats, shoulders, $5.50; long clear, $7.10; clear ribs, $7.20; short clear, $7.37½. Bacon (boxed), shoulders, $6.00@6.25; long clear and clear ribs, $7.80@7.95; short clear, $8.12½@8.25. Hams quiet, $11.25@14. Receipts—Flour, 2000 bbls; wheat, 20,000 bush; corn, 1000 bush; oats, 3200 bush; barley, 1000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 2000 bbls; corn, 1000 bush; oats, 10,000 bush; rye, 1000.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, May 23.

BUTTER—The receipts have been heavier the past week and prices are generally about a cent lower. Demand has been moderate and table grades well sold up. Dairy stocks are selling fairly, but only in small lots. Fine imitation creamery has had a fairly steady demand.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 22@24c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 20@21c; do, Western, extra, 24@25c; do, 1st, 21@23c; do, choice, 20@24c; Franklin Co., Vt., extra, 25@27; Dairy, Northern, choice, 16@22; do, fair to good, 16@21; Western dairy, good to choice, 12@15; do, imitation creamery, 14@16; do, ladle-packed, choice, 13@14; do, fair to good, 11@12.

CHEESE—The market continues firm. Strictly fine old cheese is pretty well cleaned up. Demand has been good, but under the very light market prices are mostly nominal. Liverpool quotations, 62s.

We quote: New York extra, 11½@12c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 10@11; do, common, 8@9; Vermont extra, 11½@12½; do, good to choice, 11@12; do, common, 8@9. Western extra, .. @ ..; do, fine, .. @ ..; do, common, ..@..; Sage, extra, .. @ ..; Skims, 6@10.

EGGS—Receipts have been much lighter the past week and prices are a little firmer, as the demand has improved.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 13½@14; Eastern extra, .. @13; do, Aroostook, .. 12½; N.Y. and Vt., .. @12½; Western, .. @13; Provincial, .. @12; Southern, 12; Duck eggs, 16.

BEANS—There has been a stronger feeling in the market, but the demand continues moderate. Receipts are somewhat lighter.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $1.90@1.95 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $1.75@1.85; do, screened, $1.75@1.85; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.70@1.75; do, screened, $1.40@1.65; Yellow Eyes, choice, $1.60@1.65; do, flat, $1.50@1.60; Red Kidneys, $1.65@1.75.

FRUIT—Apples have been very quiet the past six days and the demand seems to be steadily falling off. Prices are not quite so strong. Baldwins are about out of the market. Russets continue to move very slowly.

We quote: Russet, $3.75@4.25 ℔ bbl; Baldwin, $4.50; common, $2.50@3.00.

Evaporated apple, 13@14c ℔ lb; do, choice, 11@12; sundried, sliced and quartered, 3@6.

VEGETABLES—The receipts were lighter the past week, and the demand for seed potatoes is about over, but otherwise the market is becoming active. There has been a good supply of white stock and prices are easy.

Quotations follow: Potatoes—Choice Early Rose, 63@75; Beauty of Hebron, 63@80; Burbank, 65@70; Prolific, 55@65; Chenangoes, .. @60.

Asparagus, $6.00@7.00; Onions, native, $2.25@2.50; Cabbage, ℔ ton, $40.00; Turnips, $1.75; Spinnach, $2.00@2.50; Kale, $1.25@1.37.

HAY AND STRAW—The market is unchanged. The best grades sell very well. Rye straw is coming forward slowly and firm.

We quote: Choice, $17.00@17.50 ℔ ton; Ordinary, $12.00@15.00; Fine, $13.00@15.00; Swale hay, $9.00@10.00; Poor, $10.00@11.00. Rye straw, $14.00; do, machine, $13.50. Oat straw, $9.00.

Groceries.

COFFEE—There has been an uncertain tone to the market for Rio coffee during the week, and it is wholly under speculative influence. There was an irregular tone at the close.

We quote: Rios, fair, 18½@18½c; do, ordinary, 17⅞@18; Mocha, 25@23; Maracaibo, 19@20; Costa Rica, 14@15; Jamaica, 13@14; Guatemala, 15½@16; Mexican, 15@16½; Hayti, uncleaned, 8@10; do, cleaned, .. @13½.

FRUIT AND NUTS—There has been a very fair trade in oranges and lemons during the week at steady prices. There has been a good demand for dried fruits.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $1.70@..; Muscatel, new, $1.30@1.50. Currants, 5¾@..; Citron, Leghorn, 18@18½. Dates—Persian, new, ..@..; do, skins, 5@5½; do, fard, new, 7½@9.. Figs, layers, 7@25; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 7@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½. Lemons, $3.00@5.00. Oranges—Florida, box, $3.00@6.50; do, Sicily, box, $3.50@4.50; do, Valencia, case, $4.50@8.00. Peanuts, hand-picked, 5½@7; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 16@18.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet but firm the past week, though the sales were quite small. Prices are decidedly well held. The market for refined sugar is about the same. Demand is strong and prices are firmly held.

We quote: Powdered, 6⅛; Pulverized, 6⅜; Granulated, 5 13-16; Standard A, 5½; Soft White, 5@5¼; Extra C, 4¾@4⅞; Yellows, 4½.

TEAS—The market has been quiet, and the demand only moderate.

We quote the following current prices: Oolong ranges from 17 to 25c; Formosas, 21@65; Japans, 15@35; Hyson, 31@36; Gunpowder, 29½@31; Twankays, 14@18; Congon, 30@48; Imperial, 46@50; Souchongs, 17@45; Pekoe Souchongs, 25@40; Pekoes, 20@60.

Flour and Grain.

GRAIN—The receipts of the week have been: Corn, 68,860 bush; Oats, 32,145 bush; Shorts, 35,873 bush. Last week: Corn, 31,274 bush; Oats, 24,905 bush; Shorts, 27,880 bush. Exports: Corn, 754 bush; Oats, 13 bush. Last week: Corn, 47,606 bush; Oats, 116 bush.

FLOUR—We quote receivers' prices for carload lots, as follows:

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.80; Superfine, $2.90@3.15; Common extras, $3.25@3.50; Choice extras, $3.50@3.75; Michigans, $4.15@4.25; Michigan roller, $4.40@4.50; New York roller, $4.35@4.50; Ohio and Indiana, $4.15@4.40; do, do, strai't, $4.50@4.75; do, do, patent, $4.90@5.10; St Louis and Ill., $4.15@4.40; do, do, patent, $4.50@4.70; do, do, clears, $4.90@5.10; Spring wheat patents, $5.00@5.15 ℔ bbl.

CORN—The market is quiet but prices continue steady.

We quote: Yellow, 54½c ℔ bush; High mixed, 54c ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 53@54c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 53¼@54¼c ℔ bush; No Grade, 50@51½c ℔ bush.

Fish.

FISH—The market is rather quiet, but with a fair movement. There has been an improved demand for mackerel. Codfish are quiet, but with a fair request.

Mackerel—Selected 1's, $25.00@27.00; No 1 Shore, $21.00@22.00; do, Bay, $15.50@17.00; N. S. large 2's, $14.50@15.00; Bay large, 2's, early caught, $13.00@14.00; do, late caught, extra, $14.00@15.00; Shore 2's ('85), $10.00; large rimmed, 3's, $10.00; medium, 3's, $9.50@10; large 3's, ..; small 3's and 4's, $9.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $3.75; do, do, med., $3.35; do, N S Shore, $4.50@4.75; Pickled Bank, large, $3.50@3.75; do, do, med, $3.50; Bank (new), $....@4.00; Georges, $4.00@4.25; do, new, $4.50@4.75; N S Shore (new), $4.37½@4.50; Hake, $1.62½; Haddock, $1.75@2.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.75. Boneless fish, 3@3½c ℔ lb; Boneless Cod, 4@5½c ℔ lb.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS—Sales are being made in small lots as needed at our quotations.

We quote: New York, 1886, good, 18@20c; do, 1885, choice, 9@16c; English, 1886, 25c; California, 1886, 28@30c; low grades, 12½@23c; Eastern, 18@20c.

Canada malt, 95c@$1.00 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, 88@92; Western, 65@80.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 9@10; New England steers, 8½@9½; do, do, cow, 8@8½. Calfskins—deacons, 30@40c; 6@6½lbs, 60@70; 8@9lbs, 90@$1.00; heavy, $1.15@1.25. Galveston dry, 14@14½; Texas kips, 15@16; Dry-salted Texas, 11½@12½; Buenos Ayres, 19¼@19½; Rio Grande, 19@ ..; Montevideo, 20½; Calcutta slaughtered cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6@6½; Sierra Leone, .. @21.

STARCH—We quote Potato Starch at 3½@3⅝c; Corn, 2⅜@2½c; Dextrine, 4½@6c.

SEEDS—The market is steady, and the demand has been good.

We quote: Clover, West, 7¾@8¼c ℔ lb; do, North, 8½@9¼; do, white, 15@22; do, Alsike, 12@14; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $1.90@2.00; do, Jersey, $2.15@2.20; Hungarian, 90c@$1.00; Millet, 90c@$1.00; Orchard, $1.80@2.00 ℔ bush; Blue Grass, $1.40@1.60 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $2.00@2.20 ℔ bush; do, North, $2.20@3.00 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25.

SALT—The market is very firm and prices steady and well held.

Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.10@1.30; do, duty paid, $1.50@1.75; do, sacks, c f, 80@90c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.50; Trapani, in bond, $1.62½; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

TOBACCO—There is a very firm tone to the market.

We quote: Havana wraps, $2.00@3.35; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.20; do, good fillers, $1.00@1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85c@$1.00; Kentucky lugs, $3.00@4.50; do, leaf, $7.00@11.50; Havana s'd wraps, 30@45; do, 2ds, 15@21; do, binders, 10@17; do. seed fillers, 5@11; Conn and Mass fillers, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, seconds, 13@18; do, fair wraps, 17@22; do, fine wraps, 22@34; Pennsylvania wraps, 20@35.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 5121 bales domestic and 1244 bales foreign, against 3717 bales domestic and 2499 bales foreign last week, and 6124 bales domestic and 1491 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1886.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, May 20:

Western cattle, 1095; Eastern cattle, 128; Northern cattle, 303. Total, 1526.

Western sheep and lambs, 7200; Eastern sheep and lambs, 21; Northern sheep and lambs, 4134. Total, 11,355.

Swine, 18,567. Veals, 1722. Horses, 725.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.50 to $7.50.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5.37½@5.75
First quality	5.00 @5.25
Second quality	4.25 @4.87½
Third quality	3.50 @4.12½
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00 @3.37½

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides	7 @	Dairyskins	25@50
Brighton tall'w	3 @	Shearedskins	15@ ..
Counntry hides	6 @6½	Lambskins	..@40
Country tall'w	1¾@	Woolskins	$1.25@1.75
Calfskins	8 @		

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER, May 21.—The fish market remains firm, with light receipts and good demand. The vessels arriving from Georges continue to bring small fares, and for the large number that have come in during the week the receipts are the lightest known for years. The shore fishermen continue to make successful ventures, with a total receipt the largest of the season. Fresh halibut are in good receipt, with prices the lowest for a year. No new mackerel have yet arrived, and the stock of old is nearly depleted, all the stock remaining in first hands being held at high prices. The boneless fish factories continue to fill large orders, and the demand remains about the same. The arrivals the past week were the largest so far this season, as follows: Georges, 41; shore fishing, 51; Western Banks, 27; Ipswich Bay, 7; South channel, 1; Brown's Bank, 3; Jeffries, 4; Middle Bank, 1; Grand Bank, 3; with a total of about 1,955,000 pounds of codfish, 205,000 pounds of halibut, 22,000 pounds of hake, 64 bbls herring, 85,000 pounds of pollock, 14,000 pounds of haddock, 1000 pounds of cusk, and 600 bbls of salt herring.

Following are the quotations as reported by leading dealers:

Best Georges cod, $3.25@4.50 ℔ qtl; medium do, $3.50@3.75; Large Western Bank cod, $3.12½@3.75; medium do, $4.00@3.75; dry cured bank cod, $3.50@3.25; large shore cod, $4.00@4.25; medium do, $....@....; Cusk, $3.00@3.12½; Hake, $2.00@2.25; Haddock, $1.75@2.00; Pollock, $2.00@2.25; Slack-salted pollock, $3.00@3.25; Georges cod from vessel, $2.75@3.00; Western Bank, do, $2.35@5.25; Fresh shore cod, do. $..... Best boneless cod, 5½@6c ℔ lb; medium do, 4¼@4½c ℔ lb; Hake, Haddock and Cusk boneless, 4@4½c ℔ lb. Pickled codfish, $5.00 ℔ bbl; do, haddock, $3.50; halibut heads, $2.00@2.12½; do, fins, $6.50@7.00; porgie slivers, $8.00; No 1 shad, $11.00; trout, $12.00@13.00; tongues, $6.00@6.50; tongues and sounds, $8.00; clear sounds, ...@....; Alewives, $4.00@4.50. Extra bloater mackerel, $38.00@40.00; extra mess, $28.00@30.00; No 1 do, $20@21.00; No 1 medium, $17@18; No 2 medium, $15@16; No 3 medium, $12@13; tinkers, $9.00@10. Pure medicinal oil, 60c ℔ gallon; crude do, 50c; blackfish oil, 55c; cod oil, 30c; porgie oil, 23c. Fresh livers, 25c ℔ bucket. Fish waste, $4.00 ℔ ton; do. scrap, $6.00; do, skins, $8.00; do, guano, $8.00. Last sales of fresh halibut from vessel were made at 2¼c ℔ lb; jobbing price, 4@6c; fresh codfish, 1¼c ℔ lb.

Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
Aspinwall	10⅝	11
Boston	—	9½
Bos W P	12⅜	12½
Boylston	—	5¼
Maverick	5⅛	5¼
West End	38⅝	—
BONDS.		
Atch 1sts	122	—
Atch L G	120	122
A & P 1sts	—	86½
A & P inc	36⅝	—
B&M in N6s	108½	—
do exem't	120	—
B & M N 4s	93	94
C, B & Q 7s	130½	—
C, B & Q 4s, Den ex	—	96¼
Eastern 6s	—	128
KC,S&M 6s	111	—
LR & FS 7s	114	—
Mex Cen 7s deb 10s	102	—
NY&NE 6s	117½	118
P & A Val 7s	—	124
Sonora 7s	112	111
Un P S F 8s	115	—
Wis Cen, 2d series	66½	67
RAILROADS.		
Atchison	117½	117⅝
At & Pac	14	14⅜
Bos & Alb	214	214½
Bos & Low	167½	169
Bos & Me	234½	235
Bos&Prov	238	240
Cal South'n	—	64
Cent Mass	28	29
do pref	—	56½
Ch, B & Q	153	154
Ch, B & No	—	96

RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Ch & E Ill	111	—
C & W Mich	54	55¼
Cin, S & Cl	28¾	—
Eastern	125	126
Fitchburg	110	—
F & P Mar	—	34¼
do pref	105½	106
KC, Sp & M	73¼	—
L R & F S	51	51½
La & Mo R	—	19
Mar, H & O	—	41
Mex Cen	17¾	18
N Y & N E	59½	59⅝
do pref	—	132
Og & L Ch	—	19
Old Colony	192	193
Or Short L	—	30
Rutland	10	10½
do pref	49	50
Summit Br	10¾	—
Wis Cen	28½	29
do pref	51	52
MINING STOCKS.		
Allouez	1	1¼
Atlantic	8	—
Bonanza	1⅝	1¾
Cal & Hec	209	—
Franklin	11¼	—
Huron*	3	—
Osceola	24¼	25
Pewabic	2	—
Quincy	47½	48
Tamarack	—	90
TELEPHONE STOCKS.		
Amer Bell	228½	229
Erie	31½	31¾
Mexican	1½	1⅝
New Eng'd	43¾	44
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Pul Pal Car	157¼	—

*Assessment paid.

Bulletin of New Music.

White, Smith & Co., have an attractive list this week. The bound volume, "Classical Vocal Music," is a collection of songs for medium voice, by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Raff, Rubinstein and others. This is the very best music, either for practice or effective singing in public, and costs only $1, notwithstanding 40 or 50 different compositions are included. "Wichtl's Young Violinist," is a republication of a German method that, better than any other, combines all the essential elements. Its treatment is careful, thorough and progressive, and will enable the student to reach the highest degree of artistic development. One hundred exercises cultivate fingering, the use of the arm, hand, and fingers, and enable the player to acquire the technique very perfectly before entering upon difficult practice. Either as a self-instructor, or as a manuel under a teacher, it will be found equally valuable. $1.

Two Two a Suit Didn't Suit.

[Springfield Homestead.]

Tailor: "You can't have more than one of those checks on a pant leg any way we can fix it."

Young Man: "Then I don't want the suit."

FIGHTING WITH SHERIDAN

Death of General Russell—Sheridan's Escape.

A Grand Charge by the Sixth Corps—Bravery of the Cavalry.

Magnificent Spectacle Presented by the Moving Wall of Men.

TWENTY-FOURTH PAPER.

The men of the battery, ordered not to move, stood to their guns loading and firing with the regularity and precision of a field-day, kept it at work in the face of the foe, who advanced at least within 200 yards of the muzzles of the guns. General Wright in command of the Sixth Corps acted with prompt decision. Although it was indeed early in the day to be forced to employ the reserve of an army, he decided to employ his reserves at once. The first division of the Sixth Corps under General Russell, immediately in the rear, was ordered in at the double-quick. Colonel Edwards' brigade advancing sent its bullets crashing into the enemy's lines, astonishing and checking them. General Russell, commanding the division, cheered on the troops of his command, galloping along the lines and endeavoring to reform the columns which were broken. The lines were constructed with admirable quickness, and the enemy were charged in turn.

As the revived troops moved slowly forward, giving out their volleys, General Russell was struck in the side with a bullet. Straightening himself up, without uttering a word of pain, he called out to the command to "move on," and moved on with them into the fray. In half a moment more a piece of bursted shell from one of the enemy's batteries entered his breast, passing down through his vitals and out at the other side. He fell from his horse without a word. His men moved by him. His officers, moving by, also saw with hearts full of sadness an agony which they never will forget, but which they could not then attempt even to alleviate.

The enemy, not yet wholly daunted, regained and preserved a somewhat stubborn front. At this moment the brigade of General Upton, also attached to the First Division, moved upon the right of Colonel Edwards and charged. The charge of this brigade was the finest spectacle in the infantry battle of the day. General Upton himself rode at the advance of his lines, and drawing his sword sat his prancing horse like a centaur, calling his men to follow. The brigade went in with a cheer that prophesied the event to come. Solid and straight and strong its two lines moved onward out of the woods and into the field. The rebel advance was an advance no longer. The route was turned. Back over the fences, into and beyond the ravines, and into the woods still beyond, their lines, flying and broken, were pushed on. The troops of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, reforming and charging, soon won back the lost ground and a portion of the field beyond.

The battle now slackened for a time and the main lines of our army were reformed, preparatory to a second attack. The Nineteenth Corps formed the centre, the Sixth Corps on the left and the army of western Virginia on the extreme right being ordered to advance simultaneously and drive the enemy out of their position. During all this time the cavalry of General Wilson, General Merritt and General Averill on the left and right had not been inactive. General Wilson had joined in the charge made at 11.30, driving the enemy's cavalry in his front. General McIntosh, commanding one of his brigades, had been wounded in the leg. Generals Merritt and Averill, who had been pushing the rebel cavalry from the Opequan, had formed a junction on the Winchester and Martinsburg pike, and were driving them in rapid and successive charges down towards the scene of the main battle. Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry had been overwhelmed by Custer in the early afternoon. The rest of the rebel cavalry made so little opposition that for eight miles our troops moved at a trot-gallop, coralling and driving them like sheep. At 2.30 p. m. therefore, when the second infantry advance was ordered, General Torbert with his two divisions was in a position to co-operate in time with the main army. The fire of our artillery, which, owing to the scarcity of good positions, had previously not been so destructive, was now increased. More batteries were employed by the Sixth Corps and Nineteenth Corps. These batteries were put in position in the rear of the lines. A rapid cannonade was opened just before the advance. The enemy replied to it with their usual vigor.

We advanced again about 2.30 p. m. It was made steadily from the first. The enemy must have known that to withstand their attack was their last hope during the day, but, although they met it with a front so stubborn and for a moment so unyielding, few would have ventured to wager upon their retreat. Their lines were very soon shaken by the determined and fearful volleys of our soldiers.

The stern and magnificent advance of every brigade employed in this movement made up a spectacle the grandeur of which has certainly not been equalled on any battlefield of this war. The left flank of the enemy, shattered by General Crook, gave way, and began wheeling around toward the southwest beyond the Martinsburg turnpike. At this moment General Torbert, to whom the sound of our guns was a signal, moved on his advance to help the attack. General Devens' advance on the left of General Lowell, in support, was confronted just before the advance by the enemy's infantry, pouring out from a mass of woods, in retreat before General Crook. General Devens had under his immediate command but two regiments, the Ninth and First New York. The moment was critical; to hesitate was perhaps to lose both.

General Merritt in command of the division shouted out:

"Charge them with what you have!" and Devens drawing his sabre headed his regiment, and went through the flying crowds, cutting them down, still further demoralizing them and capturing 300 prisoners and three battle flags. The rest of the cavalry charging in turn, in conjunction with General Crook, kept pushing the enemy's left and flank. Equally as successful an advance had been made on our left by the Sixth Corps. The right flank of the enemy was also pushed back. The rebel line soon formed a triangle, the apex towards us: the base gradually narrowing as both flanks were pushed towards each other by our attack.

As the rebel centre began to waver, under the terrible fire of Grover's Second Division of the Nineteenth Corps, Sheridan riding in front of the line, a shell came screeching through the air, and burying itself in the ground under the horse exploded, covering the rider with smoke and dust. We thought he must be either killed or wounded, but galloping through the temporary cloud he remarked in his peculiar characteristic manner:

"D—n close, but we'll lick h—l out of them yet."

You can bet we gave him cheer on cheer. Riding up to General Grover, he said:

"Now is the time to go in," and in we went, for we had them on the jump.

The battle was still a fierce one on both sides. Although the day was evidently lost to the rebels, they fought on at some points with a desperate resolution. The roar of musketry, thunders of cannonade, shouts of commanders, cheering of our men, echoed now for miles over the fields, through the woods and in the rivers. More batteries moved up to the front, the cannonade grew and grew in volume, until every second gave birth to the report of a gun. Battery after battery of the enemy was silenced, but from whatever guns they could command, they gave back fire for fire. Evidently believing from the fierceness of our charges that reserves were coming up, they hurled a hissing storm of shot and shell far into our rear, ploughing the roads and cornfields and making the abodes of stragglers scenes of terror. On and on went the battle, every moment more distant. Back from the front, along every roadway, out of the forests, across the meadows, came ambulances and stretchers, bearing the cost of a triumph that was now secured. The dead were horrible dead. It seemed as if the majority had received their death from shells. Most of the bodies were dismembered, and at least half were mangled beyond recognition. Now, if ever, was seen the good work of that class of Samaritans, perforce the medical officers and ambulance bearers of an army. Underneath flying shells, within range even of bullets, these men moved watchfully, bending down now and then to lift the sufferer and bear him to the ambulance in waiting. So rapid and thorough was this work that it was rare to find a wounded man uncared for one hour after the battle in which he was wounded had passed over him.

Still on, underneath the glowing sun, revived by fresh breezes, revived still more by the consciousness of victory, the Army of the Shenandoah thundered after its prey. The word is "Forward" along the miles of the contest. "Forward!" You could hear it from the lips of commanders everywhere, from general and colonels and captains, with a superabundance of oaths and curses and unnecessary entreaties added. The woods rang with it. Cheers succeeded it, and the lines advanced anew.

Yonder, in an orchard at the left, the troops of Getty's division of the Sixth Corps were making havoc among their enemies. They crossed a ravine and took a crest, and the batteries of McCarty and others, in their rear on this side of the ravine, sent over their heads a worse than equinoctial tempest of shells. On the right, far to the right, the army of Western Virginia, still pressing the foe with resistless ardor and revenging Winchester, Grover's division in the centre, with Burges and Moleoux's brigades in advance, the rest of the Nineteenth Corps in easy supporting distance and all the batteries firing over our heads.

We are obeying Sheridan's order to go in, and are making an angle out of the triangle described before. The cavalry of Torbert, on the extreme right, is sweeping around, preparatory to a last and overwhelming charge soon to be made. The artillery, closing up on our rear, thunders still more heavily. Back from the mountains, back from the nearing spires of Winchester, the echoes of the battle tremble.

The last plateau directly overlooking the plain before Winchester was gained by the whole army. The enemy, encompassed by a semi-circle, fought still, retreating upon the farthest verge of the plateau, their artillery, driven to the plain below, being completely silenced. Along the plateau the forward march of our battalions was as unconcerned as upon parade. Down lower and lower yet the heads of the rebels sank and were lost behind its verge. What a cheer then went up from the Army of the Shenandoah! A cheer that like the sweep of a billow ranged through the army, making its heart infinitely glad. Forward, still forward, at a double quick, cheering and firing still! Winchester came in full view, its roofs and steeples glowing red in the setting run. Our artillery, borne across the plateau to its farthest verge, did a work so terrible that to witness it was sickening. The whole rebel army swept down the slope and on to the plain below completely demoralized. At every discharge of our guns its ranks bent helplessly forward like the grasses of a field before a storm. Rebel horsemen, galloping everywhere upon the plain, swung useless sabres and shouted useless cries for the men to rally. There was no rallying in there. And as the right flank of General Crook swept around into view the enemy flew hopelessly before them everywhere. FRANK M. FLINN.

BILL NYE.

His Ideas on Economy, and a Few Philosophical Remarks on the Various Grades of Barber Shops.

[New York World.]

I read an essay recently on the inside of a valued exchange on the subject of economy, which greatly interested me. It relates to the great expenses which really aggregated from little ones, and dealt with the matter of daily papers, bootblacks, shaving expenses, baths, etc., and showed how millions of the people's money were annually squandered in this way that ought to go towards buying books. The article set me to thinking and I resolved to investigate it. I was more especially taken with the idea of extravagance in the matter of barbers and barber shops. You can go to a gorgeous shop and pay 15 cents and a tip for a shave, or you can go where you may avoid the tip, or you can go to a 10-cent shop, or you can get shaved on the Bowery for 5 cents, or you can ignore the whole business and let the wind blow through your whiskers.

Now let us enter the seductive and fragrant field of statistics for a moment and see how we may economize. If we shave every day and tip the barber at a 15-cent shop, where we are dealt with in a gentle and soothing way by talented men, we can readily see that it is no great trick to invest $75 to $100 per year.

If we lower our standard a little and get a plain 15-cent shave, with no funny business, we can put the bill at say $50, and we will get just as good a shave, though of course a young man with a clinging nature—one who pines to be fondled by some one all the time—would miss the caress which a tip generally calls forth. This little sketch is not for him. If no one else ever speaks a kind word to him or pats his Adam's apple with a powder puff in a playful, bantering way, I do not chide him for tipping a barber over and over if he wants to in order to secure those attentions from one of his own sex.

Carrying the matter still further, we find that by going down on the Bowery we can get a good, clean shave for five cents, with bay rum and cocoaine. This will cost $15 per year. Or we can allow our beards to grow wild and woolly, with fragments of cracker and autumn leaves in them, at a very trifling expense.

Last week I was thunderstruck when I found how much could be saved by changing from a 15 cent barber to a five cent barber, and keeping it up for a year, Counting 300 days as a fair estimate of the number on which I would be apt to shave, I found that by this change I could have at the end of the year $30, with which to buy books or cross-barred trousers, or any other means of intellectual improvement which I might choose. I could buy one of those expensive books that Mr. De Lux occasionally gets out, or I could hear Patti, or buy a small yet fragrant dog for $30. I could also buy myself some more hair or get my teeth filled. I could take a classical course on the banjo or buy an interest in a bird dog with $30.

But I wanted, more than anything else, to get more books. I wanted a new photograph album most of all. An album with illustrations in it, to lay on the parlor table and explain to strangers in low, passionate tones, is a never-ending source of pleasure to the thinking mind. With a frontispiece showing the proprietor as he looked with side-whiskers on and, later on, a view where he had himself photographed with chin-whiskers and holding a war-time plug hat in his swollen hands; with a picture of grandmother holding a Bible as though it might be a glass bomb, and a front view of a sightless child that makes up for its total absence of eyes by introducing a soul-stirring mouth that would make a golden-haired ball of North Carolina butter turn white in a single night. With all these little specimens of plastic art, I often think that a photograph album will do more towards entertaining a mixed company than any other literary work with which I am familiar.

So I went into a low-price barber shop a week ago and began to save $30 for the purpose of adding to my library. I soon discovered that in a five-cent barber shop you get less consideration and a lower grade of lather up your nose than elsewhere.

I believe the man who shaves you for five cents makes his own soap. Possibly he works up some of his fattest patrons that way. Anyhow, the soap he uses smells badly and tastes worse than any soap I have ever participated in. At this price of shave one saves financially, but he loses cutaneously.

The chair I sat in was not a good easy chair, and the spiral springs in it occasionally had to come to the surface for more air. I became very much attached to one of these springs, and the 10 cents I saved on shave had to pay a tailor down town who trepanned my trousers for me.

The chair was also mentally a wreck, and its memory was failing, I thought. Just as I would relax my muscles and close my eyes this tottering old chair would forget itself, and the worn-out trigger that held the head-rest would slip about nine cogs. Then with a low death-rattle it would fall about a foot and disturb my intellectual faculties. You can get shaved quicker for 5 cents than you can for 15, but the towels are more clammy and the bay rum is rather more of a chestnut, I judge.

Suffice it that I am not going to continue the course of economy that I had inaugurated for the year, for I am opposed to the hoarding and accumulation of a surplus. Money is tending too much towards centralization any way, and I do not want to encourage it.

While I may not be able to secure the books which I contemplated buying with my savings, I can visit the chamber of horrors at the Musee and improve my mind in such ways by actual observation.

We do not get all our education from books. We may easily obtain many refining and ennobling ideas from other sources than the musty tomes which decorate the shelves of our libraries.

One of the brainiest men I ever knew, if I may be allowed the temporary use of that term—a man, too, who had succeeded in amassing quite a fortune as a result of native shrewdness and knowledge of human nature—once admitted to me in a sudden burst of confidence, inspired perhaps by too much wine, that he had never read either of my books. And yet he had concealed this gross ignorance for five years and amassed a fortune. While this is a sad commentary on American galvanized illiteracy, it still shows that a man may be almost criminally ignorant in this country and yet acquire scads. BILL NYE.

A Haggard Sort of Love Making.

[Extract from Haggard's "Jess."]

And then, for the first time, where her love was concerned, she put out all her strength. She knew, and had always known, that she could master him, and force him to regard her as she regarded him, did she but choose. How she knew it she could not say, but so it was. And now she yielded to an overmastering impulse and chose. She said nothing, she did not even move; she only looked at him. "Why were you in such a fright about me?" he stammered. She did not answer, but kept her eyes upon his face, and it seemed to John as though power flowed from them; for, as she looked, he felt the change come. Everything melted away before the almost spiritual intensity of her gaze. Bessie, honor, his engagement—all were forgotten; the smoldering embers broke into flame, and he knew that he loved this woman as he had never loved any living creature before—that he loved her even as she loved him. Strong man as he was, he shook like a leaf before her. "Jess," he said, hoarsely, "God forgive me! I love you!" and he bent forward to kiss her.

THE OLD SETTLER.

Peleg Studies the Clarion Blast for News.

The Settler's Unsuccessful Search for What Maria Had Hid.

He Settles Down and Tells Peleg a Marvellous Snake Story.

[Ed Mott in New York Sun.]

"Peleg," said the Old Settler, as he filled his pipe after supper and dragged the splint-bottom rocking chair out on the back stoop for a quiet smoke, "run over to the 'squire's an' see if his folks has got through with their las' week's Clarion Blast o' Freedom yit. Seems to me it takes 'em a good w'ile to read that paper through. I sent over fer it yisterday, an' they sent back word they was readin' on it theirselfs yit. It'll be time for nex' week's paper to git aroun' 'fore I have a squint at wa'at were goin' on las' week it the squire's folks hold on to that paper much longer. I never see how selfish some folks is. Run over, Peleg, an' see if they'm through with it, an' if they can't send it this time, they kin keep their ol' paper for all o' me. Run along, Peleg."

Little Peleg put on his hat and started. He was about climbing the garden fence to make a short cut to the 'Squire's, when his grandfather called him.

"Hey, Peleg!" he called. "Hol' on a minute. Come here."

Peleg came back. The Old Settler took a few vigorous puffs on his pipe and then said:

"Yer gran'mammy's gone to 'xperience meetin', hain't she?"

Peleg said she had, and his grandfather said: "All right," and Peleg started once more for the garden fence. But the Old Settler called him back again. After a few more vigorous puffs at the pipe and a cautious glance around into the kitchen, the Old Settler said, in a low, confidential tone:

"I—I s'pose ye don't know whar yer gran'mammy keeps that air—that air bottle o' rum an' snake root o' her'n, do ye?"

Peleg said he didn't, and his grandfather told him to go on after the paper. When Peleg had mounted the fence, the Old Settler knocked the ashes out of his pipe, dragged his chair back into the kitchen, and lighted a lamp. Then he put on his spectacles, took the lamp, and went into the pantry. He looked along the shelves, felt behind two or three big platters that were slanted on a shelf against the wall, took down the ketchup bottle, smelt of it and put it back, looked behind the door and in all the corners, and came out into the kitchen apparently disappointed. He thought a moment, and then hurried to the tall old clock that ticked solemnly in the corner. He opened the clock and examined the interior. Disappointment evidently met him there. Then he opened the drawer in the kitchen table, looked carefully into it and shut it with a slam. The bedroom off then attracted his attention. He went in, rummaged through all the bureau drawers, looked under the bed, and came out again with disgust mingled with disappointment on his face. Then he sought the sitting-room and the spare bedroom, examined every nook and corner, and came back into the kitchen looking very hot and mad. He put the lamp down on the table, threw himself with a snort into his chair, and at last said:

"I guess M'riar's afeerd th't burglars 'll bore their way in here some evenin' an' walk away with that bottle o' durn bitter stuff o' her'n. They'd hef to want sumpin' to drink pooty bad if they did. I never see, b'gosh, how s'picious some folks is. 'Specially women!"

Just then little Peleg came in with the paper from the 'Squire s.

"Wall," said the Old Settler, "they made up their minds at las' to let ye have it, did they?"

"Yes," replied Peleg, "but Aunt Peggy said that maybe you hadn't never thought of subscribing to the paper yourself as being a good way to get the news when it was fresh."

"'Scribin' to it!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "'Scribin' to it! W'y, didn't I usety 'scribe to it? Didn't I 'scribe to it jis' to help the feller along th't started it? An' didn't he sen' me a bill fer two dollers 'bout a year arterw'ds, an' say he'd be obleeged if I'd drop in w'en I come to town an' settle, or sen' it down by a neighbor? That's w'at I done, an' that's w'at he done. Wall, I jis' sent word to the ongrateful chap th't w'en I 'scribed for his paper jis' to help him along I 'sposed he 'preciated it, an' th't I wa'n't use to no setch doin's ez his. I tol' him to stop sendin' his paper to me immejitly an' to wunst, ez I wouldn't hev his ornery sheet in my house. An' I hain't took it sence, an' I would't compermise myself by takin' it nuther. Peleg, w'en a man don't 'preciate his friends ez wants to help him along, the sooner he quits the better. W'at's in the paper, sonny? Open it up an' perceed. Has they b'en any Injin fights lately?"

Peleg sat down and opened the paper.

"Look for Injin fights fust, Peleg," said the Old Settler.

Peleg glanced over the paper, and his eye fell on a column headed "Deadly Work in the Wild West."

"That's it!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "That's Injins!"

Then Peleg read about some peaceful settlements on the frontier, and how the terrible cyclones had swept down upon them, killing men, women and children, destroying their houses, and even carrying little children away before their dying parents' very eyes.

"The bloody scoundrels!" exclaimed the Old Settler, greatly excited. "Injins is the terriblest critters ez ever roamed on the face o' the 'arth, takin' 'em all together; but I've allus said th't that Cycloon tribe was the bloodiest on 'em all! I only wish I were this gover'ment 'bout a week! If I wouldn't send a lot o' sojers out thar that'd wipe ev'ry red devil of a Cycloon offen this mortal globe in less time th'n it'd take me to tell it; then I'd go out thar an' let 'em chaw me, b'gosh, bones, boots, an' buttons, dod durn 'em! W'at else is th' startlin' Peleg?"

Little Peleg read column after column, until he began to get hoarse and wanted to stop.

"Wall, all right," said his grandfather; "but give us the Sugar Swamp jottin's fust. Le's see w'ats goin' on in the Sugar Swamp deestric."

So Peleg turned to the "Jottings from Sugar Swamp" and read them through. The principal items were that Simeon Shortlip's heifer had given birth to three calves, all alive and healthy; Obadiah Frazer's tame bear had choked to death on a turnip, and Jacob Pindibble had blasted a big white oak stump, and, besides blowing the stump to pieces, had uncovered a den of snakes, out of which came 103 big black snakes, 93 rattlesnakes, 47 copperheads and so many ordinary every-day snakes that Pindibble couldn't count 'em.

"Them calves I b'lieve is a lie," said the old settler, "an' ez fer the tame b'ar, that's a 'tarnal shame. Thar's that Obe Frazier, a big, strappin, six footer of a bushwhacker, the very sight of him bein' enough to skeer a decent b'ar inter the wust kind of conniptions, yit he's act'ally afeered to go inter the woods alone, 'cause he says he mowt run foul of a big b'ar an' be chawed up, an' his family mowt suffer. But las' spring he comes onter a little bit of a cub a whinin' in a holler log, waitin' fer its mammy to come back an' give it sumpin' to eat. W'at does Obe do? He gathers up the cub an' cuts his sticks on the double quick fer home, an' ez he happened to ketch a ride with a lightnin'-rod pedler that had a rattlin' good hoss, he throwed the ol' b'ar offen the scent an' gits home with the cub all hunkey. Now, if he'd only jist left that cup whar it were, the chances is that it mowt ha' growed up to be a tearer, an' some o' the boys mowt ha' run ag'in it an' had a bully ol' rassel with it. But no. Obe yanks the onpertected cub to his cabin, chains it to a pole, an' raises it to be a durn ornery, no-'count b'ar, that 'stid o' comin' to an' end ez'd ha' did it an' its fam'ly credit, setch ez gittin' a knife in its gullet or an ounce or two o' lead in its gizzard, its turns up an' dies ez the fool dieth, by chokin' to death on a turnip. Obe Fraser orter be prosecuted! He had, b'gosh!

"Ez to them snakes," continued the Old Settler, after a pause, "knowin' the Sugar Swamp deestric' ez well ez I do, I should say th't Jake Pindibble must ha' ben short o' sumpin' to do to go an' make a talk over setch a insignif'cant find o' snakes ez that. Jeewhizz! W'en I were a boy, and lived in that deestric', I didn't think nothin' o' goin' out an—but, pshaw! Wa's the use o' talkin'? Th' hain't no snakes no more."

"Oh, yes there is, grandpop!" said little Peleg. "Me an' Bill Simmons seen three great big ones down 'long the creek yesterday, and Bill says he knows where there's a heap of 'em."

"He does, hey?" replied Peleg's grandfather, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone. "Wall, does he happen to know whar he kin clap his eyes on a drill-tailed egg-spitter? Did Bill Simmons mention anything 'bout no-'count sarpints o' that name in that c'lection o' his'n?"

"N-no," said Peleg, opening his eyes wide. "He didn't say anything about it, but he says he knows a snake that milks cows and carries the milk in a bag that hangs from his neck, and takes it around and peddles it to other snakes that like milk but can't milk cows. Bill's going to show me that snake some day."

This seemed to stagger the Old Settler for a moment, and he looked uneasy. But he recovered himself and said:

"Bill knows whar thuz one o' them baggy-necked milk pedlers, does he? Wall, Bill's an obsarvin' boy, but I'm afeeard he's a follerin' pooty clus in his daddy's footsteps, an' the fust thing he knows he'll l'arn to lie. His daddy, ol' Jake Simmons, fit shy o' the truth till his dyin' day.

"But them drill-tail egg spitters, they was a sarpint th't Sugar Swamp deestric' were proud on w'en I were a boy. They was a tol'able curious snake, an' I don't see w'at people could ha' ben thinkin' on to let their breed die out, 'cause they was a useful part o' nat'ral hist'ry 60 year ago. But 'tain't likely thuz ez much ez a dried skin o' one left in the hull deestric'.

"The drill-tailed egg-spitter didn't brag much on his height, but w'en it come down to heft he alluz ockypied a front seat at the show. That is, 'specially the he-male. These snakes was fixed up by natur' in a curious way. Ye know, Peleg, th't in the honey-bee fam'ly thuz the queen, the drone, and the worker bee. Now these drill-tail egg-spitters was cut out by natur in pooty much the same way, 'cept th't they didn't hev no drone. Not much they didn't. They had the he-male, the she-male, and the worker. The he-male had the drill-tail, the she-male had the egg-spitter, an' the worker he jist worked. To make this int'restin' lectur' in nat'ral hist'ry plain an' simple, I'll call the feller the drill snake, the she un the spitter snake, an' the worker'll come under his proper name o' worker snake.

"The drill snake, Peleg, were not over two foot long. He were two inches an' a half through, an' the same size all the way down, like a round stick o' wood. The head were 'bout the shape of an ol'-fashioned flat turnip, an' weighed two poun'. In the middle o' the tail end, which were cut square off, just like a round stick o' wood is sawed off, th' were fitted a drill mebby six or seven inches long, an' an inch thick where it were fastened to the snake, an' tapered off to a tolable sharp p'int. Six inches or so of the tail end o' the snake were got up on the plan o' one o' these twisted springs that ye kin push way down ez flat ez a sasser, almost, but w'ich jumps up ag'in quicker'n a powder flash w'en ye let go of it. The drill snake were about the color of a fifty-year-ol' barn ez hadn't never been painted. So ye kin see, Peleg, th't this sarpint wa'nt ez pooty ez a pictur' book, but he didn't travel on his beauty no more'n he did on his height. W'at he bragged about were his oncommon git-up-an'-git.

"The spitter snake didn't seem to hev many p'tic'lar p'ints 'bout her ez fur ez ye could see, 'ept th't she were jist ez purty ez her ol' man were humly. But her innard arrangements was a leetle differ'nt from them o' any other sarpint ez had managed to 'scape from the ark with Noar, for 'stid o' layin' her eggs like common ordinary snakes does, she fetched 'em up like a cow does her cud, an' spit 'em out. Then w'en she travelled she alluz got herself up in the shape of a letter S, an' went sailin' along ez pooty ez a swan a swimmin', an' kinder putin' ye in mind o' one, too,

"The worker snake o' this curious sarpint fam'ly were a dandy. Peleg, I only wisht I'd a thort fur enough ahead w'en I were a boy, an' I'd a kep' a speciment o' this snake jist to show to you, so ye could see w'at funny things natur usety do th't she don't seem to care a durn 'bout doin' nowadays. It'd a pleased ye, I know, an' I'm consarned sorry. Wall, the worker snake were a dandy. It were built on the plan of a shingle ez to thickness, but its tail was roundin', like an eel's. The worker snake was proberly six inches wide, flat an' smooth on top, but roundin' on the bottom. W'en it travelled it didn't wiggle itself along with a sideways wiggle like other snakes, but got over the ground by an up an' down kinkin' of itself th't werd amazin' to see. The worker were nigh on to three foot long. Its head came to a sharp p'int' like the bow of a boat. A few inches back from the head end the sumpin' th't looked like a thin piece o'bone, mebbe three inches high an' four or five wide, 'peared to raise up outen the worker snake's back. That was bone, but it wa'n't fast to the back. Runnin' from the middle o' the under edge o' that thin plate o' bone, an' fastened to it, were a roun' piece o' sumpin' th't looked like a lead pencil, only 'twere bigger. That disappeared in the worker snake right at the shoulder. Pooty soon ye'll see, Peleg, wa't that apparatus were for.

"Long in the last o' April was the time th't this fam'ly o' sarpints got ready for their season's hatchin'. Then ye'd see the drill snake, the spitter snake, an' the worker snake pickin' out their ground. W'en that were were foun' to suit em, the drill snake d' stiffin hisself like an axe handle, give hisself a spring up in the air, and come down with his drill straight in the groun' and to its full length. As he struck, the weight of his head 'd drive the spring at his tail end down flat, but in the tenth of a second it 'd fly up to its place agin. That 'd throw the drill snake up in the air, an' he'd sail ahead mebbe ten foot, w'en down he'd come ag'in an' drill another hole, fly up agin' an' so on, ez long ez he wanted to. Wall, follerin' right along arter the drill snake come the spitter snake, twisted in her pooty letter S shape. She'd sail up to the fust hole her ol' man had drilled, stop fer a second, shoot her head down to the hole an' spit an egg inter it. Then away she'd go to the nex' hole. I fergot to tell ye that she had three egg chambers. One of 'em held the egg th't hatched the drill snake, one held the spitter snake eggs, an' the third the worker snake eggs—'cause, ye see, they had to keep up a sure supply o' each kind o' snake. In one hole she'd spit one kind o' egg, another kind in the next, and t'other kind in the next, or all three to wunst in one hole, if she wanted to. An' so she'd go on follerin' the drill snake ez he went leapin' over the country, peggin' holes in the ground fer her to spit in.

"Follerin, the spitter snake come the worker snake, churnin' its way along fast an' easy. It'd stop at the fust hole the spitter had been at, an' then ye'd see sumpin' funny. That sheet o' thin bone'd raise up from the worker's back, an' ye'd see th't w'at I said looked like a lead pencil were a handle fast to the bone, an' worked on a hinge at the snake's shoulder, an' ye'd see at wunst th't the hull business were ez complete a hoe an' handle ez anyone could whittle out. Well, Peleg, the worker would throw that little hoe ahead of itself, an' it'd strike the groun' on t'other side the hole. Then the worker'd hump itself a little, an' pull the dirt back with the hoe an' kivver up the egg th't had been spit in thar, an' it were pertected the slickest kind, an' could go right on a hatchin'. Then the worker'd foller on to the next hole an' the next jest ez long as the driller an' the spitter thort best to keep up the plantin'. Mustn't that ha' ben a funny sight, Peleg?"

"Yes, gran'pop," replied little Peleg, with bulging eyes; "but what did they make the worker snake so flat for?"

"Dzac'ly," said the Old Settler. "Dzac'ly. I know'd ye'd ast me that, Peleg. I'll tell ye why the worker were flat. Natur' don't make no mistakes. Ye see the drill snake were so heavy th't he couldn't swim, an' it often happened in their journeys 'roun' the country th't they had to cross rivers an' ponds. It were part o' the duties o' the worker snake to take the driller aboard of itself an' ferry him over to t'other side, an' that were the reason the worker were built that way. The hoe layin' on its back at them times made a bully sail, an' helped the worker on its voyages amazin'.

"Now this fam'ly o' sarpints were ez docile ez elephants, an' ez harmless as ginger pop. My poor ol' father struck an idee one day th't he see a good labor-savin' machine in them snakes, an' he ketched a fam'ly o' young uns an' trained 'em. The neighbors hardly believed it the next spring, w'en they come to our clearin' an' see a driller snake, a spitter-snake, an' a worker snake just more th'n drillin', an' droppin' an kiverin' corn in one o' our fields. My ol' dad had teached 'em to do it. All he had to do, arter the sarpints see w'at were 'spected of 'em, were to fill the spitter snake's egg chambers with corn 'an start 'em out, an' away they'd go. They could drill, drop, an' kiver more corn ground in one day than ten men could in a week. I don't see w'at in the world they ever let setch a race o'—but sh-h-h! Peleg! Here's yer granmammy!"

But Peleg was asleep, and when Maria came in the Old Settler was deep in the columns of the Clarion Blast of Freedom.

Highly Recommended.

[L. B. D. in Puck.]

For eight months the best-natured-creature-in-the-world had held undisputed sway in the kitchen and its environs; but toward spring the mistress began to take account of stock.

"Bridget," she asked, "where are the pots and frying-pans?"

"Pots, ma'am? and it's good for nothing they are! Every family as I lives with in the winter always gets new pots in the spring."

"Bridget, I cannot find the kitchen dishes!"

"Dishes, ma'am? and it's in the ash-cart they are! Every family as I lives with always gets new dishes in the spring."

"Bridget, what have you done to the bed and the table linen? It's positively in rags!"

"Rags, ma'am! What would you be expecting after the cold weather? Every family as I lives with always get new things in the spring."

"Bridget, when I walked through the kitchen last night, there were hundreds of roaches running over the floor and on the tables and shelves. How could you let so many bugs live in the house?"

"Roaches, is it, ma'am? and you haven't any at all! Bugs always comes out in the spring. Every family as I lives with always has as many running in the daytime as there is at nights."

"Well, Bridget, I thing you had better get a new home."

"And I'm thinking so myself, ma'am. Every family as I lives with in the winter always gets a new girl in the spring."

How to Get Stamps.

[Judge.]

"Haven't any stamps!" snapped out the drug clerk.

"I didn't ask for stamps," replied the mild young man. "Give me three cigars."

"Excuse me," continued the pill-roller, handing out the cigars, "I misunderstood you." Then, as the mild young man was going out, the drug clerk leaned over the cigar-case and said very politely, "I can let you have some stamps if you want them."

FATHER PLAYS TENNIS.

The Confounded Cut Eulie Picked Up in Boston.

Pa Takes a Whack at the Game with Some Disastrous Results.

Hysterical Tears in Eulalie's Eyes Soothe Pa's Blisters.

[W. J. H. in New York Times.]

The young foliage of the maples and willows was casting long purplish shadows over the vivid green grass as the west grew yellower in the afternoon. The dark tints of the Norway spruces took on a warmer hue and formed a pretty background to the picture. It was not an uncommon picture at all; but somehow it was one that never became tiresome. Perhaps it was the mysterious influence of youth that kept it always fresh and pleasing, for the central figures were young. Eulalie was not an umpire now. She was a player, and a good one, too; for the game was not base ball, but lawn tennis. Her blonde hair was just as fluffy under the Tam o' Shanter as it had been under the baseball cap. Her cheeks were a trifle redder, for excitement was coupled with physical exertion, and the product in the shape of peachy crimson was intensified. Eulalie wore a most bewitching tennis costume. It was only white flannel—a loose waist and a plain skirt with a dividing line of orange and black belt, for Eulalie was as patriotic a Princetonian as any of the boys. The costume was only white flannel, but it was bewitching for all that. Perhaps it was the substratum of round and pliant girlhood, supple as sea waves and graceful as a Chopin nocturne, that made the surface of white flannel bewitching. Anyhow, it was bewitching, and maybe Eulalie was not unaware of it. And then those dainty, restless little white tennis shoes that danced on the green sward like birds in their lightness—they had a special witchery of their own, and small as they were they managed to get about wonderfully. Johnny was on the other side of the net, and he was rapidly becoming an unctuous and unhappy mass in his efforts to place that ball where his sister could not reach it.

"Now, Eulie," shouted George; "now you have him!"

And so she had. A swift movement of the flexible wrist, a delicate back-handed cut and the ball fell on the line and twisted off, rolling and wriggling over the grass.

"Oh, hang it!" said Johnny, flinging away his racket, "I knew she'd down me with that confounded cut she picked up in Boston."

"Don't use slang, Johnny," said father, taking his cigar out of his mouth.

Father was lying in the shade of an evergreen, enjoying the sport.

"Bother slang!" cried Johnny. "What's a fellow to do when nothing else will tell what he means?"

"Use English as she is spoke," suggested Albert.

Johnny simply sneered, but in a moment broke into a smile. A new light broke in upon his brain. It was not the carol of a bird, but simply an idea. Johnny was frequently smitten with ideas. They were more or less diabolical, but they smote him always with much force.

"I say, father, why don't you take a hack at this game?" he said. "You're a dandy ball player, and you ought to be a good hand at tennis."

"Oh," said father, smiling, "do you want to get me into another pickle?"

"You can't get into a pickle playing tennis," urged Johnny. "Come and tackle me. I'm tired, but I'll give you a point on each game."

"No," interrupted Eulalie. "I know a better way than that."

"Oh, you always know better," Johnny said. "Girls are always spoiling things. What's the use of girls, anyhow?"

"Be quiet, Johnny," said George, "and let us hear what Eulalie wants to say."

"Well, I suggest," continued Eulalie, "that father and I play against Johnny and Albert."

"Ha! That's a fine match, ain't it?" cried Johnny; "why, Albert, can't play a little."

Eulalie bit her lip and looked at Johnny as if she thought him just too dreadfully stupid for anything; but she did not speak. George called Johnny aside and reasoned with him.

"See here," he said. "Albert can't play much, but father can't play at all; so that will make the two teams about even."

Johnny, however, would not listen to reason till father arose from his position under the evergreen and came forward.

"Give me a racket," he said.

Picking up a 16-ounce bat he walked over to Eulalie and threw his arms around her shoulders, saying:

Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the net with thee.

"Bravo, father!" cried Eulalie, "and we'll just knock them sil—I mean we'll beat them soundly."

Johnny looked on for a moment, and then shouted:

"Come along, Albert, and we'll make them run." Albert picked up his racket and went into the court.

"George, you must be umpire," said Eulalie.

"All right," responded George.

The preliminaries were soon arranged and Albert took the first service, with Eulalie in the opposite court. It was a pretty sight to see Eulalie receiving a service. Albert served well and the girl stood well back with her left foot thrown forward, and the racket extended backward and outward. She was ready for a catlike spring in any direction. She got the ball fairly and just lifted it neatly over Johnny's head. Albert, who was guarding the rear courts, rushed for the ball.

"Send it to father! Send it to father!" shouted Johnny, now fully aroused to the spirit of the occasion.

"Play back, father, and let me take net," said Eulalie, running up.

But Albert saw the change in time, and sent the ball over Eulalie's head.

"Now, papa!" cried Eulalie.

Father was ready for the emergency. He rushed toward the ball, and, swinging his muscular right arm round, hit the sphere a resounding thwack. Away went the ball 50 feet upward, over an evergreen, across the road and into a cornfield.

"Oh, father, that was a three-bagger," yelled Johnny. "Run hard and you can get home before it's fielded in."

"Johnny, be quiet," said Eulalie; "we're not playing ball now."

"You ain't, but father is."

Quiet was soon restored. Albert jumped the fence and got the ball, and George quietly remarked:

"Fifteen—love."

"That's too early for love," said father.

"'When the chestnuts bloom again,'" sang Johnnie, dancing around the court.

"Johnny," said Eulalie, "you're a naughty boy. Albert, serve to father—not too hard!"

There was a pleading look in Eulalie's eyes that even a brother could not resist. Albert served an easy one to father. It bounded close to his feet and he made a grand cut at it. The next moment he was dancing around in agony.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I've hit my best corn!"

"Father, you're going to make a great player," cried Johnny.

"Johnny," said Eulalie, sharply, "shut up!"

"Thirty—love," said George.

Albert served to Eulalie again, and this time the girl put a savage cut on the ball, and when Johnny struck it it went straight downward from his racket into the net.

"Thirty—fifteen," said George.

"That's one for you, Mr. Impudence," said Eulalie to Johnny.

Now Albert served once more to father, who this time successfully returned the ball, while Eulalie screamed her approval. Johnny sent the ball back, and Eulalie, who was playing in the rear courts, returned it again. It bounded beautifully in front of the wicked Johnny, who seeing his opportunity drove it with all his might straight at father. Before that inexperienced player could raise his racket the ball had hit him a hard blow on the cheek and dropped to the ground.

"That isn't fair! That isn't fair!" screamed Eulalie, rushing up to the net and brandishing her racket fiercely at Johnny.

"Yes, it is!" shouted that youth. "What's the matter with you?"

"Well, it's a shame, anyhow!" declared Eulalie, vehemently. "Papa, dear, did it hurt you?"

"No, it didn't hurt."

"Are you sure?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, yes; it's all right."

"Johnny's a beast!" muttered Eulalie, walking back to her position.

"Forty—15," said George.

Albert and Johnny won that game, but they lost the next. And so it went on till the games stood five all, and father was pretty nearly used up. He played net most of the time, for Eulalie found that with him in the rear court the boys could win by hitting over her head. And now the set was becoming very exciting. All the boys and mother had come down to see the finish, and father was full of determination to show what a player he was. It seemed, however, as if the fates were against him. He got in two good blows, but both sent the ball out, and the game stood 30—love in favor of the boys. Johnny was serving, and he sent a hard one to Eulalie. She returned it and Albert popped it up in the air.

"Run for it, papa dear; send it down hard!" cried Eulalie.

Father did run for it; but unfortunately for him that ball had no intention of coming over the net. It rose slowly and descended slowly. Father rushed forward with his eyes on the spinning sphere, and launched a tremendous blow at it. But alas! the net was between him and the ball, and he ran into the cords. The next thing that every one saw was a picturesque mingling of father and the net, the former standing on his head and the latter twining around his struggling limbs.

Johnny fell to the ground in a wild convulsion of laughter. Eulalie dropped her racket, and with a somewhat pale countenance ran forward to help her unhappy sire. She succeeded in getting him disentangled in a few moments, and he rose undismayed, though somewhat damaged.

"Papa, tell me you are not killed," pleaded Eulalie.

"I'm not hurt a bit," said father, "but this tennis is a pretty lively game, isn't it?"

"Well, I should—"

"Johnny!" screamed Eulalie, "you're a little brute, and I just despise you—so there!"

"Forty—love," said George.

"Now, father," said Eulalie, "you play back and let me take the net, and I'll teach these boys a lesson."

Father obediently retired to the rear of the court. Eulalie received the service, returned it, and ran up to the net. And then such a game as she played never was seen before. Her eyes flashed fire, her white teeth were set, her cheeks were two burning spots of red, her cap was off and her hair streaming in the wind, and she flew about like a little blonde fury. Such Renshaw smashes and such savage drives as she made had never been seen on the grounds before. Johnny and Albert, in the sporting language of the day, were "rattled," and they couldn't find the ball at all.

"Forty—fifteen!" cried George, as Eulalie sent the ball whizzing between the two boys.

"Forty—thirty."

"Deuce!"

"Vantage out!"

"Game!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Eulalie hysterically, with tears in her eyes, as she bounded across the court and threw both arms around father's neck; "we walloped them well, didn't we, papa, darling?"

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Old Gentleman Proposes to Buy a Horse and, Though Warned, He Goes to Ruin.

[Detroit Free Press.]

When Mr. Bowser suggested the idea of buying a horse I opposed it, not because it seemed a useless piece of extravagance, but because I feared that he would be made the victim of sharpers. I didn't put it in that way, of course. I simply remarked:

"Why, dear, we are so handy to the street cars, you know, and neither of us cares much about riding out."

"Yes, but horses are bound to go up, and I'm offered a fine beast at a great sacrifice."

"We got a cow at a great sacrifice once."

"Oh, we did, eh? I thought you'd be flinging that up presently! Whose fault was it that we had to sell the cow?"

"Well, but I wouldn't buy a horse just now."

"Maybe you wouldn't. You are not buying a horse, as I understand it. When I don't know enough to run my business I'll turn it over to a woman."

As he was evidently nettled with me I dropped the subject at once, but I knew from the way he bounced the cuspidore across the room that he had his mind set on a horse. And it was scarcely 8 o'clock next morning before five or six strange men were trotting horses up and down the alley to show off their points. I took a seat at a side window to watch them, but Mr. Bowser soon entered the house and called out:

"Mrs. Bowser, if you knew how prominent your red hair was through that window you'd take some other seat!"

I changed to another room, from which I could see through the closed blinds, and presently all the men and horses went away but one. The man had a red nose and a squint-eye, and the horse was a raw-boned, lumbering-gaited animal of uncertain age and color. I wouldn't have bought such a horse for the plough, but Mr. Bowser seemed to be hard hit.

"Sure he's a Dreadnaught, are you?" he queried as he lifted up the animal's big feet as if he expected to find a trade mark on the hoof.

"Look here, Bowser, old man," replied squint-eye, as he combed out the horse's mane with his fingers, "this is to be a square deal. Any man as knows you knows that you are 'up' on horseflesh. Might just as well try to deceive a born jockey as you. He's a Dreadnaught, or I don't want a cent."

"A little old," said Mr. Bowser, as he looked into the horse's mouth.

"Well, how old?"

"Past eight."

"I won't deny it, Bowser—no, I won't. What would be the use? That hoss is in his ninth year, but that's in his favor. He's settled. He knows what's what. No prancing around to scare your wife when he sees a bit of paper. Ah! Bowser, but you've bought horses before today—hundreds of 'em!"

"Feet a little off, I see?"

"Just a little dry, and that's the fault of the stable-boy. Two or three poultices will bring 'em out all O. K."

"Isn't exactly my color," said Mr. Bowser, as he stood off and squinted both eyes.

"See here, Bowser, don't take me for a cucumber!" replied the red nose. "Don't I know that that is a boss color—dirt and dust-proof—best in the world to stand the sun? And don't you know it, and won't you pay $25 extra on account of it?"

Mr. Bowser looked pleased, and after whispering softly to himself for a minute he said:

"Well, Peters, what's the lowest?"

"Two hundred, Bowser, and not a cent less to any human being."

"Make it $150."

The squint-eyed man put on an injured look and turned his gaze into a vacant lot.

"Well, say $175."

"Mr. Bowser," he replied, as he slowly turned about, "don't I know and you know that I'm sacrificing that hoss? Isn't he worth $250 of any man's money just as he stands? And you want to split hairs with a man who is square with you!"

"Oh, well, lead him into the barn and I'll count out the money."

And that's the way the horse changed hands. Mr. Bowser had no sooner tied him up in the stall than he started off after hay and oats. He was hardly out of sight when I heard an awful thrashing in the barn, and went out there to find the beast cribbing and kicking. He pulled back and broke his halter while I was there, and as I couldn't do anything I ran into the house. Not a word was said until after dinner. Mr. Bowser was just bursting to tell me of his purchase, but he managed to hold in until we were clear of the dining-room, then he said:

"I've bought a horse. The doctor has advised me to ride in the saddle for my health."

"What's the matter with your health?"

"Lung trouble."

"Oh! I didn't know it. Well, are you going to ride?"

"Just going to saddle up. Watch us as we come down the alley."

I watched. The horse came first, and when the dust settled I saw Mr. Bowser lying on his back on the ground. It seemed the horse objected to saddle exercise. I ran out to assist Mr. Bowser, but he got on his feet and waved me off and explained:

"I—I think somebody scared him! Go in and mind the baby."

When a boy brought the horse back Mr. Bowser tied him up and broke the pitchfork over his back, and he looked so downhearted that evening that I spared his feelings. Next day he borrowed a buggy and harnessed the horse to it, and there was a runaway and a smash-up, and Mr. Bowser came home with a cut in his scalp and two teeth gone.

We had the brute for about a month, during which time he devoured a ton of hay, 20 bushels of oats and several bushels of carrots and never gained an ounce of flesh. He tore the manger out, kicked down all the partitions and kept up such a row o' nights that the police threatened to make a case of it. I was determined not to say anything, and Mr. Bowser wouldn't broach the subject, but one day I saw him sneak into the barn with a stranger, and I slipped out and heard the man say to him:

"Bowser, you're a fool! That beast is not only 25 years old, but he's a cribber, a runaway and all that's bad! He isn't worth $10!"

"H—he isn't!"

"No, sir! You'll save money by opening the door and letting him go."

Mr. Bowser finally sold him to a pedler for $15, and that night I couldn't help but remark:

"Shall you buy another horse, Mr. Bowser?"

"Shall I! That's a pretty question to ask me, when you know that it was your treatment of this animal that made him act so! Another horse! Not while you are around."

Give Me Excess of It.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Music," says Carlyle, "is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that." I am easily moved "with concord of sweet sound." I love the "old and antique song more than light airs, and recollected terms of these most brisk and giddy-pated times"; but never did I appreciate Carlyle's saying until a few nights since, when I heard Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home." I will give you one stanza myself:

Mid pleaşureş and palaceş though we may roam,
Be it ever şo humble there'ş no plaşe like home:
A şharm from the şkieş şeemş to hallow uş there,
Which şeek through the world, iş not met with elşewhere.
Home! home, şweet, şweet home!
7h3r3'ş no plaşe like home;
7h3r3'ş no-ho şlaşe lşkş şşşş!

Kindness to Dumb Animals.

[Puck.]

The reason that check reins are not used on Philadelphia street-car horses is to give the animals an opportunity while the car is in motion to nibble at the grass.

MICKEY FINN'S RIDE.

The Cow's Salvation Depended on the Lad.

And She Was Saved Surer than Bob Ingersoll Will Ever Be.

Mickey Generously Gives the Credit to the Mule Jenny.

[New York Sun.]

The warm south wind had coaxed Tindsley's woods into putting on their new spring suit. Brown robins tripped briskly through the springing green places in Stumpy Field. Mickey Finn's tame crow sat on the fence and kept a watchful eye on a circling hawk, who had felonious designs on Mrs. Doolan's bantams. A venturesome frog came out of the mud on the margin of Brown's pond and tried to sing a solo; surprised at the dismal croak that came from his throat, he concluded that he was not fitted for solo singing, and went back into the mud to wait until the chorus began work in June.

Mickey Finn had grown rapidly during the winter. He was broader shouldered and deeper chested, and he began to put away childish things. A perception of the conventions of society was beginning to dawn on him. He began to ask himself whether there was any virtue in a paper collar. But then there would be too manifest an incongruity between a paper collar and a red flannel shirt; and so he bridged the difficulty with a dicky. But he soon found that elegance was gained at the expense of comfort, for the collar choked him and the dicky kept slipping around so that a strip of red flannel shirt was exposed to view. His mother, while she began to know that her boy was weaning away from her, failed to see that the subtle alchemy of manhood was beginning to stir his pulses, or that a perception of the dignities of life had unconsciously been appropriated by him. The development of brawn and muscle had no significance to her. Mickey would always be her boy, were he an Ajax in size and a Hercules in limb.

But Mr. Finn took a more practical view of the evolution of little Mike.

"Ye needn't be so swintilimental about th' b'y, Biddy," said Mike one evening. It's not that he's thinkin' less iv ye; but ye wouldn't be wantin' a big lump iv a b'y like him t' be mautherin around like a babby. I'll lave it t' yersel', now—would ye? Ah, ha! but he's good fer anny o' th' b'ys iv his weight an' inches. I seen him givin' the fut to' Pat Feenan's b'y Jamesey this Chuseday's a week, an' drappin' him on th' broad iv his back as aisy as you'd be turnin' a pancake. Shure he's good aither way ye take him—collar'n elbow, side holt, or catch-as-catch-can."

Mr. Finn chuckled to himself as he recapitulated his son's virtues, and his wife looked out into the gathering twilight with a brooding promonition that these physical accomplishments of her boy would get him into trouble in the days to come.

Mr. Finn's chuckles died away when he saw a man open the gate and walk up the little gravelled path to the door. He recognized the man as Jack Cooney, to whom he owed $30 on the purchase of a cow.

"Good avenin' t' ye, Mike, an' how's times wid ye?" said Jack.

"Well, thin, they might be bether nor they are. What wid th' rheumatiz and the late spring I'm discouraged entoirely. How's things wid yersel', Jack?"

"I'm in a mighty tight place, Mike. Troth, man, I'm nearly out iv me head wid trubble. Ye'll mind the undertaker McNulty! Well, me sister Mary's afther dyin' wid th' newmonya. God rest her, and whin she was sick fwhat did that dirty blaggard do but he comes around p'aceful and quite as a lamb, th' sn'aking villun. Jist whin he was goin' out iv the dure he comes back t' me sister an' says he: 'Mary,' says he, 'I'll lave me caard wid ye,' says he, 'an' if yer wantin' anything in my line, ye can send fur me. There's neer a man in my line o' business as kapes better goods,' says he, an' wid that he wint out, afther l'avin' his black caard on th' bed, an' it r'adin: "McNulty, ch'apest undertaker in the city.

"Fwhat did ye do wid him, Jack?" said Mike, leaning over the table to catch the reply.

"Fwhat w'ud any man do as had two fists on his arrums and two shoes on his fate? I jist wint over till him, an' I thumped him till his face was like a b'afsteak, an' I gridironed his back wid th' kickin I gev him."

"An' he tuk th' law on ye, I suppose."

"Faith he did that. He had me up for 'sault an' batthery, an' th' Jedge fined me $30 or go t' jail for 30 days. But I got out on a nolly somethin' or other, an' I hav 30 days t' raise the money. That's fwhat I'm here for tonight. I don't want to be pressin' ye, Mike, but if ye hav' th' $30 ye're owin' me on th' cow, or ye can get it by this day four weeks, I'll be much in ye're favor, so I will, plaze God."

Mike ushered his visitor to the door with a sorrowful heart. When he had closed the door he asked his wife how much money there was in the stocking. Mrs Finn poured the contents of the woollen safe upon the table. They counted the money over several times to be sure that no mistake had been made, but the most rigid calculation failed to make the total amount any more than $5.12.

Mickey was informed of the state of affairs, and he became very thoughtful. The idea never occurred to the older Finns that Mickey would be of any service in this financial strait, but Mickey had ideas of his own on that question, although he said nothing about them. Before going to bed he asked his mother to mend a rent in his trousers leg, and, contrary to his usual custom, he kissed his mother before retiring for the night. The next morning he left the house before dawn, closing the door softly after him, so that his parents were not awakened. Two hours later he had hired out as a driver on the canal at $10 per month. He had not told his parents of his intention, because he knew they would not hear of his entering on such a menial pursuit.

"Canalling is good enough for them as hasn't brains enough to do somethin' else; but as for Mickey, he's going t' be ayther a doctor or a lawyer. I don't care which; shure th' both o' thim wears b'aver hats."

As was to have been expected there was great excitement in the Finn shanty when the discovery of Mickey's flight was made. What object he could have in going away was more than his parents could guess. It seemed like a wanton desertion to his mother, although she hardly believed such an act possible, especially after his affectionate manner of the previous evening. Two weeks had gone by and no tidings were heard from the missing boy, although he had made one trip to Honesdale, and, returning to Cooney Island in the evening, had looked in the window and seen his father and mother sitting beside the old familiar table. He saw his mother's apron lifted up to her eyes several times, and felt such a big jump in his throat that he had to run away for fear of blubbering. How he got away he hardly knew, but after running a mile he regained control of himself, and the next morning he had started on another trip. In the meantime the Finns had been served with a notice from a lawyer that unless the $30 was paid by May 6 the cow would be seized and sold. Mike and his wife denied themselves even the luxury of butter; their potatoes were simply salted, and Mike, for one long, weary week, went without tobacco, because, as he said:

"Ivery pinny 'll help t' save th' cow. If that rascal Mickey o' mine had stayed home 'stead o' runnin' awa', he might iv helped a little by carryin' coal an' doin' an odd job or two. Th' good book tells th' truth whin it says a wicked b'y's like a rotten tooth. It's mighty rough whin a b'y goes back on his ould man, tho'."

But Mrs. Finn did not believe in the wickedness imputed to her son by his father. She thought he would come back and explain his absence in a satisfactory manner. When the fateful day arrived the Finns had raised $20. This sum had been saved by the most rigid economy, and Mrs. Finn had borrowed $2 of that amount from Mrs. Donnelly, the champion quilter of Coney Island. Still there was $10 to be gotten, and Mr. and Mrs. Finn took a sorrowful leave of the cow, for the sheriff was to come at 10 o'clock.

Mickey had arrived at Eddyville on the morning of the sale day. He knew that the cow's salvation depended upon him, but he was unable to get his money until 9 o'clock. He had been no less self-denying than his parents during the previous month, and so his wages were intact—$10 in $1 bills. He carefully pinned these inside his red flannel shirt and mounted the old mule Jenny. He had ridden the mule every day during the past month, had stolen hay for her and appropriated cabbage leaves until the animal had come to have an absorbing affection for him, or the tid-bits which he gave her. Before mounting her he fished a carrot out of his trousers pocket and stood impatiently by while she ate it. Then he jumped on her back and called on her for the supreme effort of her career. Jenny had never been noted for speed, but under the inspiration of Mickey's heels she galloped along the road under the mountains as though she was being pelted with chestnut burrs. The sleepy baker's mare whom they passed on the road pricked up her ears and made a feeble emulative spurt, but the mule disappeared in a cloud of dust around a turn in the road. Through Wilbur ran the mule, with smoking flanks, and chased by a pack of barking dogs, and still the boy urged her to greater exertions. Up the hill panted the mule, and then Mickey leaned over in his blanket saddle and whispered:

"Only wan mile more, Jenny; wan little mile, ould girl. G'lang!"

Down Newkirk avenue they came like a whirlwind. As they swung around Brown's pond, Mrs. Doolan stood in her doorway and cried to Mrs. Fogarty over the way:

"There comes that daredevil, Mickey Finn!"

The two watched the mule and her rider until they drew up in front of the Finn shanty. He was evidently too late, for the sheriff was putting a rope around the horns of the cow. Leaping from the mule's back, Mickey left her to graze by the roadside. His mother was so pleased to see him that she clasped him in her arms, regardless of the cow, but he gently pushed her aside and said:

"How much money d'ye want?"

"What's that t'ye, ye spalpeen," growled Mike Finn.

"Ten dollars, my boy," said the sheriff. "Have you got it?"

"Come in here till we see," replied the boy.

They went into the shanty, and Mickey laid ten one-dollar bills in a row upon the table.

That night, as Mike Finn sat in his doorway smoking, Mrs. Doolan came up and leaned over the fence.

"I hear yer'e b'y Mickey kum back."

"He did that."

"An' he saved yer'e cow."

"Troth, he did. But he's not proud iv th' job. He says 'twas th' meule Jenny as did it."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Discretion.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I met a freckled village boy,
Who loitered by the way;
His hat was off, his brickdust curls,
With balmy winds did play.

"Oh, whither bound, bareheaded boy,
Beneath this blazing sky?"
"I'm going home—but have to wait
Until my hair is dry!"

Why, Certainly.

[Life.]

A battle half lost is a battle half won—for the other fellow.

A Moonlight Scene.

[Life.]

I.	III.
A man In love, A maid Above	A man Enraged, A dog Uncaged.
II.	IV.
He twangs Guitar, And wooes His star.	A grip, A groan, A dog Alone.

One Kind.

[Washington Critic.]

A tight squeeze—Preparing the lemon for a bowl of punch.

What's in a Name?

[Anna Boynton in Youth's Companion.]

Rose is pale as January;
Kitty Snow is bright as June;
Lily is a darky; Mary
Carrol cannot sing a tune;
Gower Cross is gay and merry;
Solomon King is far from wise;
Madame Grace is awkward, very;
Polly Sharpe hath pleasant eyes;
Elder White is black and shining;
Mrs. Black is light and fair;
Samson Strong is weak and pining;
Mistress Joy is full of care.

Though our names be fine or funny,
They can never make our fame;
Loyal, loving, brave and sunny
We can be. What's in a name?

Can't Travel Far.

[Whitehall Times.]

Charity that begins at home seldom goes away without becoming homesick.

To Be Remembered.

[Sarah K. Bolton in Detroit Free Press.]

There's a year to be remembered
When your eyes first looked in mine,
And I felt my heart outreaching
Like the tendrils of a vine.
Then the world grew full of sunshine,
And the heaven above seemed near;
And I hoped with words unspoken—
Need I tell you, love, the year?

There's a day to be remembered
When your lips were pressed to mine,
And I felt my pulses beating
To a measure holy, divine:
It was bliss to lean upon you
Like a child who, tired with play,
Nestles closely to its mother—
Need I tell you, love, the day?

There's an hour to be remembered
When your soul was pledged to mine,
And a perfect satisfaction
Seemed my being to enshrine.
Love was life, and life was loving;
Rich was autumn leaf and flower;
Two as one, henceforth, forever—
Need I tell you, love, the hour?

Polyphonic.

[Life.]

Jack—Papa, what part of speech is woman?

Papa—She isn't any part of speech at all, Jack; she is the whole of it!

An Unfamiliar Word.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"You must hurry things a little," said a lively travelling man,
To a Philadelphian who in trade just recently began,
"You must keep the public posted on your plans and prices too;
You must always let them know exactly what you're going to do.
Keep hustling all the time and do not fail to advertise—
In short, conduct your business with some show of enterprise."

The listener looked slightly dazed and slowly shook his head,
He paused at least a minute ere these words he slowly said:
"Believe me, I appreciate your warnings highly—very,
But that word 'enterprise'—er—will you pass the dictionary?"

At the Ball.

[Life.]

"Ah! good evening, Miss Brown, is your card full?"

"No, Mr. Smythe, but my escort is, and if you would kindly take me home I should be so much obliged!"

Kate Has Made a Pie.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"I cannot ask you up, Ben Blend,
To dine with Kate and me;"
Thus spoke a drummer to his friend,
And sighed right heavily.
"I know I promised to, but then—"
A tear stole from his eye—
"The cold, frost-bitten fact is, Ben,
My Kate has made a pie.

"The pie is not so deadly when
An expert wields the plate;
But that's a different pie, dear Ben,
From pies composed by Kate.
She's not an artiste with the flour,
The spice, the lard, so I
Cannot invite you to our bower,
For Kate has made a pie.

"You are an honest bachelor, Ben,
Let me some truths unload;
Some little facts to ponder when
You're out upon the road.
Our honeymoon was filled with joy,
No cloudlets swept the sky;
Things might have thus continued, boy,
But Kate, she made a pie!

"A parody upon the pies
My mother used to make!
A thing to breed a wild surprise
Mixed up with stomach ache.
A pie to conjure spirits up
From Sheol's sulphurous state,
On which might Macbeth's witches sup—
That pie first made by Kate.

"What strange fatality attends
The young wife's pie-us art?
Pre-matrimonial pastry blends
Not with the wifely heart.
Before the orange blossom fades
Wide opens many an eye;
E'en unsophisticated maids
Should make a better pie.

"And so I cannot ask you, Ben,
With us to come to dine;
Some other day—some Sunday, when
My wife has ceased to shine
As empress of the kitchen range—
Grown more discreet—and fly—
So, Ben, old boy, don't think it strange,
But—Kate has made a pie."

She Was Merciful.

[Life.]

"John, I wish you'd get me a rawhide or a shingle. I want to spank Willie," quoth a St. Louis matron.

"Why not use my slipper, Mary?"

"Oh, I only want to spank him; I don't want to crush him."

STRANGE SIGHTS IN TUNIS

Eleven Days from Boston to the Heart of Islam.

Railroading Over Ground Where the Roman Legions Crossed Afoot.

Native Women and Their Startling Dress in Street and Harem.

TUNIS, April 2.—With fairly good luck and close connections 11 days of comfortable travel will bring the New Yorker face to face with oriental life fit to make dreams of. He can journey thousands of miles further, and for weeks and months, without getting any nearer to the heart of Islam.

The transition is rapid, but it is easy. The very suddenness of the change helps out the charm of contrast. It is a quick plunge into the Mahometanism of the middle ages.

COURT IN MERCHANT'S HOUSE.

In this itinerary there is little chance for discomfort or annoyance, unless one takes between Paris and the South a so-called train de luxe of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits. Better to spend the night in the old fashion, in a coupe bed, or even in the soft corner of an ordinary first-class carriage, than to risk a rupture of tranquillity by encountering the stuffy sleeping cars, the hysterical, moody, or insolent servants, and the infuriating tariff of this truly dismal concern.

A half-hour's ride in the open cars of the Italian railroad that is almost the sole foreign enterprise in the Regency not yet controlled by the French, brings you to the city. You are whirled over ground which Dido and Æneas and many armies of Rome have crossed afoot. On the right are the few hillocks that mark the site of Carthage; and, beyond, a lovely plain, many-colored with the brilliant little wild flowers that carpet North Africa in the spring months. Olive trees, with ancient trunks looking like great cables partially untwisted, so as to show daylight between the strands, stretch as far as the eye sees. On the other side is El Bahira, the broad lagoon that separates Tunis from Goletta and deep water. Feluccas, with lateen sails of the color of iron rust, crawl toward the city. Red flamingoes rise as the train skirts the edge of the lagoon. Here and there a clump of date palms, with magnificently feathered tops, and of orange trees yellow with fruit, encloses the summer mansion of some high officer of the bey. Across the lake, at first half a dozen miles away, the dazzling white houses of Tunis become more and more distinct—a great town with its towers and minarets and domes and 400 mosques, its walls and roofs rising in tiers half around a hill that is crowned by the kasba, or citadel.

This is one approach to Tunis, and, I think, the best. Last November the East Algerian railway was completed so as to connect with the Tunisian system. There is through service now along the north coast of Africa, 800 miles, from Oran by way of Algiers and Constantine to Tunis. The passage from Cartagena in Spain to Oran is a matter of only a few hours, and the express steamers from Marseilles to the city of Algiers cross in 26 hours. The traveller can reach Tunis either by way of Algiers, or of Philippeville, or of Bona, or again by steamer from Naples to Malta and Malta to Goletta. Most people come, as did, from East Algeria, along the line of the French advance. The railroad ride is very interesting, for the country traversed presents in turn every phase of African scenery that is familiar to the imagination—stretches of hard, yellow desert, dotted with striped tents of the Bedouins; the huts and villages of the Kabyle tribes, the direct descendants of the aborigines of North Africa, the Berbers, who held the land before the Arab or the Vandal, or the Roman, or even the Phoenician came; time-eaten gorges and mountains, indescribably aged and desolate in appearance, in color and form and forlornness recalling nothing save what one fancies moon scenery must be like; flat country with camels grazing in herds of hundreds; caravans of the same grave and clumsy beast, plodding along toward the market town or halting at stony water courses; palms against the horizon; the whitewashed domes of the tombs of innumerable saints; bands of nomad Arabs on horseback, their long guns strapped across their backs; old-world troops and Bible pictures everywhere, sharply portrayed in the vivid light of a strange atmosphere.

These are some of the scenes afforded by the long day's ride to Tunis from Bona or Souk-Ahras. Nevertheless, anybody unacquainted with oriental life and eager for a new experience of travel cannot do better than to make the quick trip to Tunis direct, without frittering away the novelty of the sensation in the successive stages of gradual approach.

The People of the City.

The Bab-el-Bahr is the gate which separates the Tunis of the past from that of the future. Outside is the town of the Franks—the one good French hotel and the three or four poor Italian and Maltese taverns, the post and telegraph offices, the railway stations, the liliputian Opera House, the cafes, electric lights, new houses of stone or stucco going up in the French or Italian style, a broad avenue reaching to the water of the Lake El Bahira. French uniforms and flirting women,

A TUNISIAN JEWESS IN STREET DRESS.

and all the bustle and bravado of modern enterprise. Here are the offices of the sovereign power which the bey signed away to France. Here is printed the little French newspaper which demands weekly the annexation of Tunis outright. The town of the Franks hums with the noise of real estate speculations, concessions for monopolies and schemes of municipal improvements, public works and colonization.

In the inner city the Mussulmans, the Jews and the Maltese dwell apart from each other in tolerably well-defined quarters. That of the Maltese is the cleanest in its material aspect, and its inhabitants are the least amiable and picturesque. Cunning, treacherous and vicious, the Maltese of Tunis may be dismissed at once as uninteresting to the stranger who does not suffer by them in some commercial transaction, or encounter some drunken specimen of the race in the street after dark.

The Jewesses of Tunis exhibit themselves freely at the doors and windows of their houses, and promenade the streets of their own quarter in attire that is rather startling until one gets accustomed to the spectacle. Their reputation for good looks seemed to me to be well deserved; some that I saw were not only strikingly beautiful, but appreciated the fact at its full value. Their habitual costume is unlike anything worn by respectable women in any other part of the world. It consists of a short jacket of figured silk, frequently of bright colors, or sometimes spangled with gold or silver, and white tights—very tight. The headdress is either a colored silk handkerchief wrapped in turban fashion, or the kufia, a conical hat pointing upward and backward. On the Jewish Sabbath the ladies of well-to-do houses discard the white tights of week-day wear and encase their plump legs in velvet breeches loaded with bands of bullion. Much of the accumulated wealth of their husbands or fathers is invested in these glittering breeches. A pair often costs from 500 to 800 francs, and perhaps the wardrobe chest at home contains a dozen pairs, acquired at different times, as the fashion changes in regard to color or ornamentation. As to cut, the style never varies.

The Jew men shave their heads, leaving a tuft of hair on top, and wear a fez or turban. Their loose jebbas of blue or green distinguish the elderly Israelites from the Moors, rather by the darker color than by any difference of cut. The dudish youths of the Ghetto affect lighter colors, white, robin's egg blue and pale green being the favorite hues for jebba or burnous. They are good-looking fellows, and their long, bearded seniors are frequently models of patriarchal dignity.

Most of the medahals—the females who practice the peculiar Moorish dance in the Arab cafes, or, with greater license, at private or semi-private entertainments—appear to be young Jewesses. They begin by moving to a slow measure, waving a scarf or clapping hands to keep time. The music grows more animated and the dancer waves the scarf over her head and hops around on one foot or jumps like a frog. Finally she settles down to the really characteristic part of the performance. Her body becomes almost motionless above the waist and below the knees, and the hips alone keep time to the music. There is no gross indecency so far as exposure of the person or coarse gesture or direct suggestion is concerned, but the indelicacy of motif is too obvious to be overlooked, and further description is impossible.

JEWISH MATRON IN PARTY COSTUME.

The first walk in the streets of old Tunis is an experience not soon to be forgotten. The widest thoroughfares hardly admit the passage of the narrowest vehicle. The byways and lanes hardly allow elbow room. These streets and the dim arcades of the bazaars, roofed in many places with planks to keep out the sun, are thronged with Moslems and Jews of the various types described above, Gamin Arabs of the plain stalk by, brushing against you with the skirts of their flowing burnouses. A Moorish gentleman comes along, in bright yellow slippers, picking his way daintily through the mud and accumulated filth of the pavements without the slightest damage to his spotless white stockings. A little further on progress is blocked by a camel kneeling at the door of a blacksmith's shop, the burden on his back reaching from wall to wall. The bazaar is a great aggregation of workshops as well as booths. In the pigeon holes ranged along the street the artisans are at work over their silk looms, the shoemakers are cutting and sewing morocco, the silversmiths are hammering at their wares. The sedate turbanned merchants sit cross-legged on Kairwan rugs, whence they can easily reach to every shelf in their little shops. They are sipping unsettled coffee thick as chocolate from tiny cups, and discoursing on theology or politics with customers who come prepared to spend half a day arriving at an understanding as to the price of some insignificant article. A few women in yashmaks are cheapening henna, with which to stain their finger nails and toe nails. There is plenty of life and movement and color everywhere, but the activity seems like the activity of people one sees in a dream.

The Salaam to the Vacant Throne.

In driving to the Bardo we first passed the cincture of Spanish forts, and then the girdle of Mahometan graves that surround Tunis. The fortifications, established by Charles V., have a moderate historical interest, but they are harmless. Much more dangerous to invaders is the outer belt of Arabian cemeteries, with their untold thousands of flat gravestones, often with one or two smaller stones superimposed, raking aft like the stumps of a sloop's or a schooner's masts. If an unbeliever enters the sacred ground of one of these cemeteries, or even manifests an indecent interest in its topography, he is likely to be knocked senseless, and liable to be knocked dead, by a volley of stones hurled by the hands of the faithful. It is by no means an exaggeration to say that one enters an Arabian graveyard at the risk of his life.

The Bardo is the great State palace of the Regency—its Versailles or Windsor—about two miles out of town. The vast castle, with its dependent buildings, the whole group surrounded with fortified walls and a ditch, stands in the middle of a plain occupied by the orange gardens and country houses of the Tunisian grandees. A card of permission from the Bey's Grand Vizier (formerly, and now from the office of the French resident, is required of the visitor. Some of the courtyards and corridors of the Bardo are as fine examples of Moorish architecture as Tunis affords. The marble is from Carthage, but the tiling, and particularly the incomparable plafond work, in white plaster, the delicate arabesques of intricate and ever-varying pattern in relief, as airy and as beautiful as a canopy of lovely lace, mark a perfection of art to which the ancients never attained, and of which the moderns have lost the secret. The huge throne room, on the other hand, is disfigured by a hideous brussels carpet with large flowery pattern and with furniture in the vilest Parisian taste of 25 years ago. Its walls are covered with big and bad portraits of kingly or otherwise eminent infidels, the best being a picture of Louis Philippe in Gobelin's tapestry, and the worst a mammoth caricature of our own George Washington in oils.

We reached the Stairway of Lions just in time to witness the peculiar ceremony known as the Salaam-alek, the salute still performed daily at 3.30 o'clock in recognition of the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan of Turkey. The only spectators were my companion and myself, our Arab guide and two Italian workmen who suspended their operations with kalsomine brushes and stood by while the Salaam-alek was in progress.

From some one of the hovels near the Bardo there came forth an old Arab musician, bare footed and bare legged, attired in a dirty burnous and a turban which consisted simply of a once white cloth placed over the head and wound around and around with camel hair cord almost as big as the regulation clothes-line. He seated himself cross-legged on the marble flooring just opposite a closed double door of carved rosewood, to the right at the head of the lemine stairway. This artist carried a two-stringed violin. The Arab violin never has more than two strings. The European violin is known and sometimes used, but its larger resources are not appreciated by the Moslem taste.

Presently two other miserably clad musicians appeared. The first bore an instrument closely resembling the Scotch bagpipes, while the second, a shrivelled little nonagenarian with a game leg, limped up the steps, dragging after him his tabouka. The tabouka is the Arab drum. It is an earthenware hemisphere, about as large as a big punch bowl, with the parchment stretched over its mouth. The drummer usually beats it with the points of his fingers. This little old man employed two short sticks, possibly because his joints were rheumatic.

The venerable orchestra being in place, squatting opposite the closed doors, we waited a long time—five, ten minutes—for the music to begin. At last the tardy master of ceremonies came hurrying up the steps. He was a slovenly official in a scarlet uniform—a fez of Turkish or Egyptian, and not of Tunisian fashion, a jacket with much gold lace wofully tarnished by time and neglect, and long, straight trousers, frayed at the bottom and reaching quite to his boots, or rather to the shabby yellow morocco slippers, which he trod down at

KABYLES OF THE TOWN—FAMILY GROUP.

the heels, as he trotted to the performance of his belated duty.

The scarlet officer unlocked and flung open the rosewood doors, and the band struck up a most dismal melody. The violinist scraped the two strings of his high-strung instrument, the bagpipes screeched, and the tabouka man pounded with surprising vigor. Through the open doors we saw a long vista of columns, and at the end, on a dais and under a canopy, a gorgeous and vacant throne. By the side of the throne stood a soldier, with drawn scimetar, perfectly motionless throughout the ceremony. The light in this apartment was rather dim, and perhaps the uniform of the soldier with the naked sword was not so shabby as that of his colleague at the door. The spectacle of the remote throne, supposed to represent the sovereign power of the absent Sultan, guarded by the motionless janissary, was the only thing about the performance at all impressive.

When the music stopped, the officer at the door recited in sing-song Turkish a long proclamation, or invocation, or address, the subject-matter of which I am unable to report. Then another elaborate and somewhat dirge-like arrangement for violin, bagpipes, and tabouka, was performed by the three beggars on the floor, and the Salaam-alek was over. The doors were shut and locked, the scarlet official hurried away, jingling his keys, and the musical wretches slouched off to their respective quarters, the game-legged old drummer bringing up the rear.

This celebrated salute is repeated in similarly perfunctory fashion day after day and year after year. It is kept up because the oriental character does not possess energy enough to abandon an old custom, even after it has become meaningless and farcical. It is not a brilliant ceremony to describe, but is noted as the last relic of even the nominal recognition of the once mighty power ever exercised in Tunis by the Sublime Porte.

The Empty Harem.

His Highness Sidi Ali Bey, Servant of the Glorious God, the Putter of all his Trust in God, Possessor of the Kingdom of Tunis, is a handsome gentleman, 70 years old, but not looking more than 50. He succeeded his brother, Mahomet Essadok Ben Hussein Bey, five years ago next October.

Although very deaf, Sidi Ali Bey hears well enough the voice of the future, and he has the good sense to make the test of the inevitable. He has relinquished the substance of his power to the minister resident representing the French government, receiving in return a private annuity of half a million of francs, but he still maintains the outward form and pomp of sovereignty. I saw him twice, once at his palace at the Marsa, close to the site of ancient Carthage, and again at a Saturday reception at the Dar-el-Bey in town, where he appears weekly to exercise his traditional functions as the ultimate tribunal of justice.

Sidi Ali Bey's home palace and harem are at El Marsa, where he lived before the death of his brother. He acknowledges two wives, one old and one who has youth and great beauty. Before Sidi Ali succeeded to the throne he was credited with a harem of 300 concubines and women slaves.

It is difficult to get reliable information respecting the size of his present establishment, for the Tunisians are very reticent in speaking of the harem of the actual Bey. At El Marsa we saw the chief eunuch of the Bey's harem sunning himself before that part of the palace for which he is responsible—a big Soudanese negro in a European dress suit with white necktie, wearing on his flat face an indescribably grotesque expression of self-satisfaction.

The gorgeous interior appointments of a bey's harem were disclosed to us for seven francs by a captain in the Tunisian guard at Kasr Said, the home palace of the late Mohammed Essadok. When a bey dies his habitual residence is never occupied by the successor to the throne. It is either put out of commission, so to speak, and bestowed as a gift upon some favorite subordinate of the new ruler, or allowed to tumble into ruins. One of the most melancholy ruins near Tunis is the palace of Ahmed Ben Mustapha Bey, who died nearly thirty years ago, after spending from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 francs in building and adorning this vast structure.

MOORISH DANCING GIRL.

The captain in charge of the palace unlocked for us these several doors and led the way up the narrow staircase to the empty harem. Above, we entered a suite of half a dozen large saloons, with smaller apartments opening on every side. The rooms were richly furnished in the oriental style, somewhat modified by attempts at European luxury. The floors of polished woods, and, in some rooms, of marble, were covered here and there with Kairwan carpets or with the less beautiful products of French looms. Low divans and broad sofas were upholstered with most charming stuffs of silk and gold. The windows, even those looking upon the secluded harem garden, were closely latticed. The innermost chamber was a bedroom perhaps 40 feet long by 20 wide. Here was the climax of riches in the fabrics used for upholstering, and at each end of the chamber was a vast and sumptuous bed 10 feet square at least, set into the wall under a regal canopy and forming a berth-like recess shut in on three sides and overhead, and on the front partly hidden by the hangings. These two luxurious caves were precisely alike in every particular except the color of the covering and the pattern of the incomparable tissues that enveloped them.

Looking from any one of the rooms of the harem in any direction, it was a vista of columns and Moorish arches and arabesque decorations and clocks. Probably no single individual on earth, unless it be the estimable Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, owns a more numerous or various collection of timepieces than that which the late Mohammed Essadok Bey gathered about him during the 23 years of his reign in Tunis. In one room I counted 16, in another room 12, and so it was throughout the harem and throughout the whole palace. To render the empty harem populous with beauty, it was only necessary to imagine that there was once at least one woman to every clock. And to get rid of the impression of aimless, ennuied existence inseparable from our ideas of harem life, it was only necessary to suppose that the inmates were charged by the bey with the task of winding up all the clocks and regulating them. That duty, faithfully performed, would have made the harem a hive of industry.

The women of the higher classes in Tunis are very strictly guarded, even as compared with those of other Mohammedan countries. The white-shrouded figures that you meet

BEDOUINS AT ANCIENT WELL.

In striking contrast with the manners of the citizens of Sidi Bou Said was the friendly attitude of a Bedouin tribe which we visited at El Malka, not three miles away. These Bedouins had taken possession of the Carthaginian cisterns at that place, using the immense vaulted reservoirs as sleeping apartments—cool enough, certainly, but somewhat damp for persons with a tendency to rheumatism. The Bedouin women do not veil, and they are often very comely, with good features, clear brown complexion and shapely arms and legs.

At the entrance of one of the underground habitations a woman about 30 years old sat grinding corn. The primitive mill consisted of two stones, the nether stone stationary, the upper revolving around a fixed peg as the woman turned it by means of a wooden handle. She got up, invited us into the cave, showed us her cooking utensils and other household implements, introduced us to a naked brat who claimed her maternal care and with coquettish frankness permitted us to admire her huge earrings and the chains of copper coin that adorned her person. Some of the men and a host of children came in during this interview, and stood around us with countenances that manifested a desire to be hospitable. Save one or two timid calls of "Karoub! karoub!" from the children—the karoub is the smallest bit of money—there was no suggestion of baksheesh on the part of any of these Bedouins.

E. P. MITCHELL.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Slavery's Influence on the City of Washington.

Ben: Perley Poore's Sickness—Something About His Busy Life.

Charles James Faulkner Recalled and Garfield's Statue Discussed.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—I like to wander over this new city and think of the times when I spent the springs here after the adjournment of Congress, when there were probably not 50,000 people in the place, and almost a majority was composed of refugee negroes who had followed the armies. For a good while it seemed as if Washington could never have much future. Individual men of energy borrowed money and started to build blocks, and most of these went to pieces before they got through. As in battle, so in business; there must be a percentage of skirmishers killed before the victorious main body is brought up. Captain Grant, Governor Shepherd and a good many more failed and retired, but the impetus they gave, especially the gradings, sewers, pavements and trees made the foundation of another town, and here at the end of May they are making bricks and terra cotta on all sides and indulging in land speculations miles out of Washington, which seem preposterous to the resident of twenty years ago. People like Washington who come to it, and the office-holding class especially. Our congressmen and senators are often taken from plain practical life and their families have seen but little good manners or style. They find in Washington a society they had not thought of; people who have but little to say about money; are much more engaged in matters of rank and public improvements and given to courting and marrying. The young women find something splendid in the mysterious contact of the officers of the army and navy. Their mothers find men who are not bolting their breakfasts with one eye on the newspaper, intent to go down town and howl all day in some grain or pork puddle. Washington is growing almost entirely through the social instinct.

Its climate can be praised at certain times of the year, but there is

Not Enough Ozone in the Air

greatly to invigorate the brain. A lawyer friend of mine who goes every week or two between Washington and New York, and whose home and property are in Washington, says that he is worth twice as much for thinking and doing in New York as in Washington. Hence, probably, strangers comment upon the want of brightness about the departments. The public business does not so much require push as system and regularity. Had Washington been placed in a region where slavery had never been it would at present answer almost every requirement of a sylvan and yet a social capital.

But slavery was one of those mysterious things the consequences of which will be encountered for perhaps 200 years to come; it raised a class of poor whites, who, while quickly offended at being confounded with negroes, yet drew many of their manners and methods from these negroes. The fact of this city being the centre of the government, of emancipation and of the armies converging here after the war caused a great surplus of slaves to come to the city, where there were already more than enough blacks. During the war emancipation was carried out in the District of Columbia and to some extent in the State of Maryland; the newly enfranchised felt safe in this district, and not very safe in Maryland or Virginia. So Washington has a negro population that, in some respects, is the noticeable thing in the country and, in some other respects, is the most annoying. A good many of the deeds of violence and robbery are traced directly to the negroes. During the present spring in the environs of Washington they have either attempted highway robberies, or frightened occupants of vehicles have supposed the behavior of intoxicated negroes to mean robbery. At the same time the domestic economy of Washington could hardly be carried on without this black population. They serve, I think, every one of the hotels in the city. In some cases they are hotel proprietors.

Such a Colored Man

as the late Wormley would be an addition to Boston or any other city. He had been well bred; was prudent, yet generous; had one-half of his blood from the white race, and rather preferred the white half of himself to the black half. He had managed without familiarity or assumption to have the real friendship of men like Hooper and Sumner of Massachusetts, and also of old citizens of the slave regions. The barbers of Washington are almost uniformly colored, and they constitute a diligent, cleanly class. Perhaps the most annoying thing is the use of black boys for newsdealers in the streets. They sell newspapers as their forefathers in Africa would have assailed a caravan. They espy a stranger a block or two away; rush upon him and attempt to dispose of their wares by force. Yet, notwithstanding the large negro population of this city, which may be as high as 50,000 to 60,000, it has its place in this climate, is finding new avocations, and at a recent exhibition of negro products I saw there were colored cabinetmakers, wagonmakers, carriage builders, blacksmiths, tailors, etc. From this city go great detachments of colored servants to the summer hotels all over the land. Indeed, the negroes of Washington and Baltimore may be compared to the Swiss, who keep most of the hotels in Europe, and make the best waiters.

President Cleveland did a good thing when he bought a piece of ground in Washington, and placed upon it a transformed house. He chose his place very well, but has considerable trouble in getting any privacy out of it. Persons drive up to his gates or see bars down, and without any ado propose to go into his fields and skirmish in their carriages around the house, and, I am sorry to say, that women provoke this discourtesousness on the part of their male companions. Now and then you will see a middle-aged woman, presumably Mrs. Cleveland's mother, rise on the piazza and vigorously wave her hand to these approaching carriages,

Like Miss Betsey Trotwood

driving off the donkeys, in "David Copperfield." General Grant bought property in Washington, but he omitted to carry out the plan he once had of purchasing land in the environs and in a mild way cultivating stock. Had he taken land almost anywhere in the high countries, within four miles of Washington, it would have turned out, by the present time, to be an independence for his family. An investment of $30,000 while Grant was president would now be worth four or five times that amount without any improvements. Cleveland's house is a very good instance of how our new architects can take an old and ugly thing and rearrange it and produce it in the form of beauty. On the other hand, Secretary Whitney's house has been hardly changed at all from the old plan in which it was built, perhaps 50 years ago. Both houses attract attention, but I suppose Whitney's is the most substantial. Cleveland's house has a good deal of roof, painted red, and in hot climate rooms under the roof are not desirable in mid-summer. Yet the lower floors of houses back of Washington on the heights are about as cool in summer as they are in any of our cities. If one can keep quiet here about the summer he is as well off as if he were at Cape Ann. But wandering over these asphaltum pavements, which admit a great deal of heat, and climbing eminences like the terraces and steps of the Capitol at mid-day, are apt to overheat a man, and we have just seen Major Ben: Perley Poore brought down in the month of May.

Major Poore is the oldest person about Washington city who has played any effective part in correspondence. Mr. Gobright, who died several years ago, was in his time the dean of the craft. An old gentleman named Kingman recently passed away who had been a correspondent in the times of Clay and Webster. This Mr. Kingman was supposed to have been worth about $200,000 from the advantageous purchase of real estate, but Mr. Caleb Willard, who succeeded his house, says that he was only worth $10,000. In his latter days he had no manager, and relatives

Rushed in and Ate up the Platter.

Major Poore was born to some condition, was of an antique colonial property in Newburyport; was both practical and social, pushing his way onward and yet pausing to make acquaintances and exchange the courtesies of life, and his friends probably thought that in the course of time he would be a distinguished public man. Partly from his political affiliations, which were conservative Whig, he did not pick up as rapidly with the Republican party as he might have done, whereas the Democratic administrations regarded him as an opponent. He was a prominent candidate for secretary of the Senate once or twice. The place he has held for years, however, was very well adapted for his industrious and methodical habits—that of clerk of the printing committee, otherwise editor of the documents of Congress and supervisor of the printing which Congress commands from its own printing establishment. The late Senator Anthony took a great fancy to Major Poore and had him constantly in his room and in his society. Charles Sumner also liked the major very much for a dinner companion and friend. Within the past year I have noticed that the old gentleman has been getting stocky, his thick head of hair turning very white and his eyes, which he had used for 50 years without interval, showing signs like cataract upon them, as if they had been warped like a sailor's in the wind. Nobody, however, can match his industry. Within a very recent period he has edited his own memoirs, in two large volumes, has organized and controlled a force which indexed all the documents of Congress, from the beginning of the government, and he has continued his newspaper letters in all directions, probably syndicating them. He has been living at the Ebbitt House for the past two or three years, where he has a parlor and bed room, and in his parlor is his table, in a window, and there he writes early in the morning, and comes home and sets at work in the evening again,

Filling Page After Page

of paper with the clearest handwriting and covering in an uncontroversial way nearly every theme of the times. For a long time he was the correspondent of the Boston Journal. In his newspaper work he is willing and cheerful almost to the point of humility, not discriminating much between paper and paper, generally accepting the work set for him to do. In the meantime he has carried along his interest in property, constantly adding to it, and his care of his autograph manuscripts and curiosities is quite remarkable. He showed me a few weeks ago a deliberate attempt he had made to get the autograph letters of every member of Congress from the commencement of the government. He would hear where some of these letters could be had, and he would open correspondence, and now and then he would get 15 or 20 letters from different congressmen at once. They were all indexed in scrap-books. On repairing to his country home the major takes with him a shorthand man and type-writer, and all through the summer he goes on indexing, revising, writing and printing. Few of the newspaper correspondents here have maintained his condition of a country gentleman while working for the daily press. I am told that he has seven horses at his Indian Hill farm, and that his house there contains 50 to 60 bedrooms, some of them small, but all peculiar. He has gained prizes for tree planting and other forms of agriculture. As a public man Major Poore would have been one of the most efficient that a constituency could have sent to Washington. Perhaps he has lacked mixing ability up to that degree which carries constituencies. Yet he can be both hospitable and interesting when he likes. I suspect that

The Behests of a Busy Life

have separated him from the crowd, and that it was his ambition really which prevented him becoming one of the boys. Persons who succeed in the constituencies are generally those who carefully conceal their interest. There was Charles James Faulkner, who was arrested at the commencement of the civil war. I wrote his life for a book, at his request, about 17 years ago.

He was equipped at all points for public life, and yet there was something of the over desirous man, which made persons like to antagonize his ambition. It is said that he was jealous of his own sons when they were occasionally mentioned for prominent offices, such as senator and judge. He has been laid in the grave but a little while, and hold! one of his sons, who did not carry on his face the information of his ambition, has easily come to the United States Senate, beating a man of the wealth and public spirit of Senator Camden.

I went to see Garfield's new statue yesterday, for the first time since it was unveiled. I approached from the Capitol building, to which its back is turned, and as I drew nearer I saw that the sculptor, Mr. Ward, had not obtained a good bodily portrait. The robustness of the back and shoulders were not visible. The legs were clothed in too fashionable clothing, and there was that flowing or fluent posture which the old-time designers adopted when they wanted to make a man look excessively pretty. Coming around to the front, there was a fairly good portrait of Garfield's face, but he was too much dressed, and the strong, hale, farm boy, grown up into a statesman, we had been in the habit of seeing was not there. Something of a foreign air was about the countenance and posture, as if Mr. Ward had been dabbling too much in French prints and studying from the French sculptors. Nevertheless the monument contained fewer errors in face than we generally see in such works. I must, however, say that

The Figures Around the Base,

of which there are three, of very large size—heroic in degree—also bear a Gallic counterfeit. One of them looks like a Gaul in his sheepskin, who was about drawing his sword to repel the Romans. It seemed to me that I had seen a figure almost the counterpart of this figure here abroad. There is a Dore straining in the monument, of which this particular figure is a strong exemplification. Dore executed with picturesque and dramatic contrast, but there was not a great deal of character in his faces. The figures on the Garfield monument represent the student, the soldier and the lawyer; they are of the nude kind, quite allegorical, and they constitute, with the figure of the orator above, delivering his address, a good monument, which yet falls short of something to be desired in the way of accuracy of design and the carrying of us back to the days of this man. It seemed to me that it would have been better to give us Garfield alone, making his inaugural address in the clothes he wore, so that the sculptor could have concentrated his art upon the countenance and expression. Our Garfield now at the base of the Capitol might pass for Gambetta or President Grevy, or one of the many infused and not particularly well-balanced French public men.

The same day I saw this Garfield statue I passed a man who has led a curious life about this city and other cities for many a year. He is now white bearded and rather bleached in the face, but has the address and the dress of a professional man. You might think him to be a doctor or a person retired from professional life with wealth, yet his only celebrity for years was his skill in playing Boston, one of the many games of chance on which money is bet. He came from somewhere about Ohio—perhaps from Garfield's own district, whereby he had declaimed of neighborhood upon that struggling congressman. From the time of his youth he was taken up with cards. If he ever had any other profession, people forgot it in

His Skill as a Boston Player.

He was one of the three men in Washington who played this game to perfection, and as it is considered a fair game at cards, with skill for the determining chance, he had no trouble in getting up a game with men of wealth, with paymasters of the army, with retired bankers, with speculators and brokers—sometimes with cabinet ministers and senators. The sporting temperament is a natural part of public life; men who take no interest in horses or chance are not of much account in the leadership of the multitude. To this day you see the British nobles go on the turf as a traditional matter. Garfield, though he was a moral man, had so much of this sporting nature in him that he liked a game of cards with a little stake at the corner. This is sometimes mentioned by his opponents as a proof of his hypocrisy, whereas, I think that a preacher who never played a game of chance is a very poor authority on the chances for the next world. The person I mention came to what he thought his golden age about the time Garfield was made President. A former officer of the Treasury Department said to me that this man had come to him and said that President Garfield wanted a certain thing done out of form and without examination. The officer did not like this sporting man and said to him: "I want you to bring some better guarantee than what you say to me, President Garfield is my superior; all that he has to do is to intimate to the secretary of the treasury that this thing must be done and it will be done at once. It is not very probable that he would send you here to order a clandestine thing like this."

"Well," said the other, in his cool way, "I tell you that he does want it done and that

Your Official Head Depends

upon your doing it."

"As to my official head," said the man, "I shall be the judge always of what is best to preserve that myself. I shall go to the secretary of the treasury with your statement, and he will see the President."

"It is not necessary to do that," said the other man.

"I shall be the judge of that, too," said the minor official.

He did not go to the secretary of the treasury, for he was well convinced that this man was a lobbyist under the guise of Garfield's friend. That is the misfortune of our presidents coming up from among the people; they must needs have some reciprocity and goodfellowship with the men they trained with when young, and often these persons presume upon their well-known acquaintance and go around jobbing in an outrageous way, thereby leaving a flavor of suspicion upon the eminent dead.

The Prince of Wales is kept within a certain circle of careful men from his youth up. Since the time of George IV. there has been no British prince who has been subject to animadversion on the ground that when he was a boy he went to school with some one and later turned his back upon them.

A large proportion of the imputations in public life are strained and false, and it is a mournful fact that in many cases otherwise innocent women spread these scandals from mere loquacity, picking up bits of innuendo and giving them the character of their own characters by retailing it.

Not long ago a vivacious woman was rattling off to me scores of these tattles. When she had finished I said: "My dear madam, I would have believed every one of those things 20 years ago, and probably have published half of them; but now I don't believe any of them, and would no more think of circulating them than I would of telling what some person on your block might say of you or your sad barrel or your wheelbarrow. They all belong to the class of highly unimportant, if true."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

CHECKERS.

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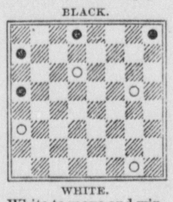

WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 2213—Opening, "Cross."

Played in the match between James P. Reed, champion blindfold player of America, and J. G. Lewis, champion of Northumberland. First game. Lewis' move:

11..15	27..23	15..24	23..19	10..15
23..18	10..15	28..19	18..22	17..14
9..14	24..19	7..11	5..1	29..25
18..11	15..24	22..18	14..18	14..10
8..15	28..19	3..7	1..5	15..19
22..18	6..10	18..9	7..10	16..11
15..22	22..18	11..15	19..16	23..26
25..9	5..9	9..13	18..23	31..22
5..14	18..9	12..26	21..17	25..18
29..25	5..14	30..23	22..25	10..6
4..8	26..22	10..14	5..9	Drawn.
25..22	11..15	9..5	25..29	
8..11	32..28	15..18	9..13	

Game No. 2214—Opening, "White Dyke."

By same players. Second game. Reed's move:

11..15	1..6	3..10	19..24	5..9
22..17	28..24	24..20	8..11	22..17
8..11	4..8	16..19	24..27	24..19
17..14	31..27	20..16	22..17	17..13
9..18	6..9	10..14	27..31	9..14
23..14	25..18	16..11	11..15	13..9
10..17	15..22	14..23	31..27	14..18
21..14	25..18	27..18	17..13	9..14
12..16	8..12	19..23	27..24	19..16
24..19	20..25	11..8	13..6	32..28
16..23	11..16	12..16	2..9	16..12
26..10	25..22	8..4	18..14	*28..24
6..15	7..10	16..19	9..18	Drawn.
27..23	14..7	4..8	15..22	

*30..25 would win.

Game No. 2215—Opening, "Cross."

By same players. Third game. Lewis' move:

11..15	5..9	9..14	10..17	10..17
23..18	17..13	2..23	21..14	25..22
9..14	4..8	14..17	6..10	17..26
18..11	25..22	23..14	14..9	31..22
8..15	14..18	17..26	15..18	W. wins.
22..17	29..25	30..23	23..14	

Game No. 2216—Opening, "White Dyke."

By same players. Fourth game. Reed's move:

11..15	27..23	15..19	27..24	26..31
22..17	1..6	23..16	31..27	10..7
8..11	28..24	7..11	16..11	31..26
17..14	6..9	16..7	5..9	7..3
9..18	31..27	3..26	29..25	26..23
23..

HOWARD'S LETTER

A Game Illustrating the Unreliability of Memory.

Frederick Grant's Appointment as Quarantine Commissioner.

Extraordinary Antics at General Grant's Tomb.

Pastor Halliday's Life of Henry Ward Beecher.

Circumstances Under Which "Boss" Tweed Died.

NEW YORK, May 20.—One of the best illustrations of the unreliability of human memory and of repetitious gossip can be found in a game played as follows:

Ten, 20 or more individuals seat themselves in a circle. One of them whispers in the ear of his neighbor an anecdote. The neighbor whispers it in turn to his neighbor, and so on until the circle, being completed the one to whom it is last told repeats it aloud, the fun consisting in the difference between the story as it was originally told and as it finally makes its appearance.

On Wednesday of this week the Governor of our State very idiotically appointed Frederick Grant a quarantine commissioner, a position for which he has no possible qualification, and in which I doubt very much if he be confirmed, in spite of his being the son of his father. The New York papers on the following morning spoke of him as the son of General Grant, and a member of that infamously famous firm of Grant & Ward, when, as matter of fact, he had no more to do with the firm of Grant & Ward than hundreds of others who deposited with that eccentric organization $5000 on Monday, and were "cheated" to the extent of taking out a profit of $20,000 on Saturday. Now, it is but comparatively a short time since that whole Grant & Ward story was told. But a few months have passed since the peculiar methods adopted by Grant & Ward were exploited to the extent of dozens of columns daily in some of our great papers, and in every journal of the land—in fact of every land. It is but the same comparatively brief space of time since the names of the firm, with their engraved letter-head, were published, reproduced in fact in every paper in the country, showing that Ulysses S. Grant and James D. Fish were the two senior partners, while Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., and Ferdinand Ward were the active junior partners.

Now, General Grant was a distinguished man.

He had been President of the United States eight years. He had been commander of our armies during the only great war known to the present generation. In many ways he was conspicuous, and yet this crowning act of his life is so little remembered in detail that when, as a kind of charity, one of his children is selected to be the recipient of a public favor, the very newspapers whose files convict them of error

Make the Extraordinary Mistake

of speaking of Frederick Grant as one of of the firm, whereas in matter of fact it was his brother, bearing also the name of his distinguished father.

Rather a brief memory that.

And let me call the pubic attention and, I hope, general indignation to a disgraceful fact in connection with the memory of our great soldier. I had occasion to drive in the vicinity of Grant's tomb a few days since, and was attracted as I drew near it to the horse play and extraordinary antics of some young men and women standing at the open portal of the vault. I left my carriage and walked the little distance from the driveway to the tomb, and just as I reached it, one of the boys, looking in, imitated the shrill loud too-whit-too-hoo of the owl, and as the echo rolled about the iron box in which the enbalmed and enamelled clay rests, the crowd laughed and repeated it. There, in full public gaze, the wind blowing the reckless dust and scattering leaves in upon it, stands the iron box. So far as it is concerned it might as well stand in the City Hall park, or in the midst of Broadway's tumultuous human tide. Respect for the dead, regret for the dust, affection for the gone father, husband, friend, general, president, where is the faintest semblance of either one or the other? A few potted plants, several withered leaves, a park policeman and a gaping, curious, laughing crowd. That's all.

Is there no sanctity about our dead?

Is there no tender memory associated with this man's activities? Is there no glory remaining to the great name which inspired armies on the one hand and made them cower with apprehensive fear on the other, or is it, as has been charged, that that body stands there today simply the hinge on which a speculative real estate ring moves, revolves and bides the time of its enormous profit?

Go and look at it.

Don't charge me with misrepresentation.

Go and look at it. Day in and day out, when the silent stars are watching and tremendous storms are raging; day in and day out, whether the snow be banked feet high or the summer sun beats down with melting power; night in and night out, when

Rowdies Romp and Lovers Sigh,

there stands that iron box with no more pretence of concealment from the general gaze than the sun in the midday heavens or the moon at midnight.

Does it stimulate patriotism?

Does it recall memories of the glorious past? Does it induce a solitary subscription to the languishing memorial fund, started long, weary months ago by millionnaires upon millionnaires whose pockets have not yet given forth a single dollar?

It does no one of these things.

It stands there a silent yet most eloquent illustration of the assertion that the dead are soon forgotten, that human memories are brief, that human affections are very unreliable. Next to Washington, it is said by his admirers, Grant forever stands. If so, it is stange, indeed, that the weekly average contributions to Grant's monument do not equal the sum of $10.

It is said that he was a kind husband and a thoughtful father.

If so, with the hundreds of thousands of dollars coined by his wife and children from the memoirs he with difficulty wrote in his last expiring moments, why do they not indignantly take that sacred dust and hide it from the vulgar gaze? Knowing none of them, I approach a consideration of this subject as impartially as a judge should approach the consideration of a criminal case; and you will notice I say should approach—would to heaven I could say does approach—but those days, so far as New York experience is concerned, are past. Judges today are selected for their prosecuting tendencies. Judges today are preferred because their minds are already clear as to the guilt or innocence of the parties brought before them for trial.

I repeat it with all the emphasis possible, with all the solemnity the subject demands, that the treatment of General Grant's body, exposed as it is by day and by night to the senseless chatter, the idiotic joke, the too-whit too-hoo rowdy boys, and the calm amazement of strangers, is

A Disgrace to the Nation

and an outrage, so far as his family are concerned. This nation is rich and powerful and great; his family are rich, in spite of all pretense to the contrary. Further than that, they have not been poor. There has been no time since General Grant's death that his widow and children were not only abundantly provided for, but they were rich, as modern judgments understand that term.

Now you have it straight from the shoulder.

The body is there, look at it; see how it is treated.

Is Grant the only one?

Oh, no.

Well, who else!

Henry Ward Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher forgotten?

Oh, I don't say Henry Ward Beecher forgotten, I don't say Grant forgotten. I say Grant mistreated, Grant neglected, and, I fear, I must add Beecher mistreated, Beecher neglected.

I was amazed to read in the correspondence of the Philadelphia News that much indignation was felt against Assistant Pastor Halliday, because he and Dr. Lyman Abbott had dared to write an unauthorized life of Henry Ward Beecher.

I confess I don't quite understand what an authorized life of Henry Ward Beecher is.

The morning after he died the newspapers of the land printed obituaries of him, in other words, biographies, some of them so long, so comprehensive, so well digested, so complete as to deserve preservation in permanent form.

Were they authorized?

Does anybody own the right to an expression of opinion in this or any other country, as to Beecher or any other subject? For 20 years Assistant Pastor Halliday took from Henry Ward Beecher's shoulders the pastorly burdens of that great Plymouth parish. Whatever else may be said of him he

Always Was in the Right Place

at the right time. Was a woman in anguish because of her bereavement? Halliday was sent for and Halliday responded. Was a man dying on a prison cot, turning in thought to the father and mother of his childhood, and the prayers and affectionate pleadings of his early youth? Halliday was on hand with book and prayer and gentle ministration. Was appeal after appeal sent to the great preacher of Plymouth pulpit for domestic succor, for personal interview, for prayer and consolation? Halliday was the man who went. His voice was the vehicle on which the halting petition ascended as far as may be. Daily consultation, daily concert of motive, of subsequent action, made him at least the left hand of Henry Ward Beecher for many, many years. So that if when the family, without the faintest particle of literary ability or literary training, were rushed to the front by a firm of enterprising book publishers, with absurd announcements of autobiographies and completion of Beecher's great work, the "Life of Christ"; had, I say, even at that time, Mr. Halliday come forward with a life of Henry Ward Beecher, who better qualified, who better informed, who more thoroughly equipped with data such as you and I and all the other hardheaded men of the world must necessarily admire, even though we cannot appreciate, than he?

But, bless your heart, this is all nonsense. The book about which all this fuss is made was published by Abbott & Halliday in 1883, four years before the dear old dominie died, and when he died Abbott, with the quick appreciation of the monetary suggestion peculiar to all his race, added a few chapters concerning the illness and death, put the book forward, and very properly, too, so that all this talk about Mr. Halliday's indelicacy and lack of feeling is the purest nonsense, the merest drivelling, of disappointed publishers who would like to grip every dollar that could be made. Now, as to contributing to the name and fame and perpetuating the memory and a recollection of the services

Done by This Great Man

during his long period of activity, there can't be too much of it, and I am delighted for one to see so many books about this great and good, and useful, this foremost citizen of our great republic, because I know how soon otherwise he and his deeds would be forgotten. Not forgotten in the sense that you won't remember that there was such a man and that he was a great preacher. But take his father. His father was a great preacher, and in some respects the superior of Henry Ward Beecher.

How much do you know about him?

How much could I tell about him?

We know that he was odd; he was eccentric; that he played a fiddle; that he had three wives; that he had 13 children, some of whom were as silly as the others were wise; that he preached in the West, and he preached in the East. Now, the average reader couldn't tell even that much; so, instead of feeling annoyance at a multiplicity of biographical data, every friend of Henry Ward Beecher, and particularly those who were bound to him by ties of blood, should appreciate this aid, so that 10 years from now, some trained writer with leisure can go quietly to his study, and, from all this carefully arranged and carefully sifted evidence, prepare the ultimate biography, a something of which his dearest and his nearest may be proud.

Beecher forgotten?

No, not forgotten, but squabbled over already. Not yet buried, with a church membership notable for its wealth, in a city the very name of which was borne around the world on the wings of his reputation, and yet but $19,000 raised for the erection of a proposed monument.

This human forgetfulness is a curious illustration of the way our minds work.

I think I have suggested before that if you want to raise a laugh at the expense of a little company of intelligent men, make a wager of an oyster supper or some harmless lemonadic beverage, that not a man in the group can tell when, where and under what circumstances William M. Tweed, familiarly known as "Boss Tweed," died.

This will be particularly interesting if there are lawyers in the company.

I have tried it at least 20 times, and I never yet found a man with memory so accurate as to correctly answer the question. They generally say: "Why, he died in jail, where he was

Imprisoned for Stealing $6,000,000

from New York city." They will also say that they remember he was tried for stealing $6,000,000 and convicted, and on one occasion a man produced an illustrated paper with a picture of Bill Tweed in his prison garb. Now, as matter of fact, the only offence for which Mr. Tweed was tried was malfeasance in office, malfeasance consisting in the fact that he, as a member of a board of audit, signed a report in the privacy of his own office, instead of signing it at a board meeting in the presence of his associates. He did it a great many times, and Judge Noah Davis ruled on the trial that, being convicted, he could have what is called accumulative sentence; therefore, he sentenced him on 12 counts in the indictment to 12 years' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island. This decision was appealed from and the Court of Appeals upset it, ruling that Davis was wrong and that Tweed was wrongfully sentenced. At the expiration of one year Tweed was released, and as he stepped across the threshold of the prison he was rearrested on a civil suit, brought against him by the city of New York, to recover $6,000,000, which, it was alleged, had been stolen by the ring. Excessive bail was demanded, and until he could furnish that bail, Mr. Tweed was sent to Ludlow-street jail in this city, where he had a suite of rooms, and lived like a fighting cock. He was never able to procure the bail, and while waiting for it to come, or for the trial of the civil suit, not his trial, mind you, but the trial of the civil suit to recover $6,000,000, he fell sick and died.

It is so with everything, and no better illustration can be furnished than this Grant episode in the life of one of our greatest and most helpful men in time of need, wherein the chief newspapers in this great city of New York forget at this early date which of the Grant family it was who participated in the cheerful ongoings of that remarkable organization, Grant & Ward. HOWARD.

EPIDEMIC PREVAILING IN CANADA

Victims Die in a Few Hours—Local Physicians Unable to Cope With It.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 21.—An epidemic has prevailed for the past few months in the northeast corner of Lancaster township, near Alexandria, Glengarry, which has baffled the local physicians to name or stop.

It is without doubt contagious, and seems to affect the lungs. When attacked the patient rarely survives a week and often dies within a few hours.

Since the breaking out of the contagion in Glen Nevis there have been 25 deaths, more by a large per cent. than has heretofore been the yearly average. Three members of one family—the hired man, aged father and a son—all died within 10 days. The latter came from Montreal to attend the funeral of his father, was taken with the disease and died on the same day that the old gentleman was buried.

No measures have been taken by the local authorities to stay the progress of the disease, which it is claimed originated from the decaying vegetation along the banks of the Beaudette river.

The secretary of the provincial board of health has been requested to investigate the matter.

THE BOAT CAPSIZED.

Five People Drowned in the Delaware River.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—Early this afternoon a party of eight people started out from Port Richmond, in the northeastern part of this city, in a rowboat to take a ride down the Delaware. On the return trip, when near Market street wharf, the boat, which was overloaded, capsized, and five of the occupants, Kate, Jerry and Thomas Murphy, Denis Clemens and Maggie Haney, were drowned.

How He Kept His Health.

Professor Oscar Lenz, who has crossed Africa on foot practically, attributes his perfect health to having followed strict dietary rules. He never ate raw fruit nor drank unboiled water. He lived mostly on rice, chicken and tea. Wine and spirits he never touched. He was also careful not to bathe in the rivers and pools of clear, cold water which are so tempting to travellers, but which often give deadly chills. He dressed in flannels, exposed himself as little as possible to night air and thus passed unharmed through regions infested with marsh fevers, ague and smallpox. These are valuable hints for travellers in the tropics and elsewhere.

HOMES FOR WOMEN.

Grand Scheme of a Benevolent New York Lady.

Worthy Working Women to be Provided With Pleasant Abode.

One Such Home in Each of Three States to Train Females for Artistic Labor.

What does the heading suggest to the reader? A handsome building, doubtless, well kept and precise, with shaven turf whereon one sets foot with hesitation, flower-beds blooming for show, where it is a special favor to pluck a blossom, a sharp-eyed, suspicious matron, a spruce parlor for guests, a sitting-room furnished mainly with old mezzotints and dogs-eared magazines, seven by nine bedrooms, spare and hardly large enough to contain the formidable code of regulations posted on the wall, two weeks' glimpse of paradise in the shape of green hills or ocean crests—if paid for in advance. And this vacation, the only freshness in toiling lives perhaps, so hampered by petty restrictions that an inmate finds all personal comfort and freedom cut down as if she were a criminal, whose convenience was the least thing to be taken into account. Thousands of women who have experience of such things will testify that the picture above is not overdrawn.

One uses the word home in such a connection with reluctance.

Suppose, however, the name were not so much a misnomer, but recalled a homelike, substantial house, like an old English manor house, with vines up to the eaves, setting retired in its own fields, overlooking lake and hill, with orchard slope and vineyard, beehives, dovecotes and poultry ranges, giving promise of cheer for the year round. Without and within are works of comfort, seats in shade of clematis and apple trees, where one may come upon a laceworker busy with her braids and and patterns, or a group intent on chevrels and filoselle, or window seats with small tables drawn before them, where

Proofreaders and Writers

have established themselves for change; attic studios for artists, wide halls turned into breezy sewing rooms, a little, bright "parloir," just a closet for receiving people who must be spoken to, and a large, cheery sitting-room with cabinets and latticed windows full of flowers, inexpensive, but dainty and artistic enough to satisfy any woman's tastes. Suppose the rooms and closets were so studiously contrived for comfort, so airy in summer, the whole house so warm in winter as to convey the vigor and refreshment that come of physical comfort, something that many women hardly know in their lives. If baths and laundry privileges, dear to women who dislike to trust their laces and, to tell the truth, their fine flannels, to any hands but their own were matters of course; if it were optional with a woman whether her trunk were allowed to stay in her own room or in the storage loft; whether she had a sewing machine or canary, or both, some trifling inconvenience might result to the management of the house, but the homelike feeling would be worth it a thousandfold. Suppose, also, that a woman, dependent on her own efforts, after trying conclusions with the bitter rivalry and competition of the world, could knock at the door of such a house and enter as freely as she would a convent or a Shaker community, not for a fortnight or three months, but for life if she chose, finding shelter, direction, encouragement, free to come, free to depart, as suited her, on the sole conditions of good behavior and work, would not this be a blessed advance on present conditions for women?

Do not take this for a fancy picture, for it is the outline of a studied plan for the aid of women, which is to find development in three pleasant homes for them in New York, Massachusetts and one other State.

The idea has been growing for years in the brain of a thoughtful woman, who, as writer on the New York press and interested in private charities, saw the need of more radical help for women than is yet undertaken. There are societies in plenty for training women in various arts and crafts, but this forces twice the number of workers in competition with each other, and yearly the struggle for work grows more desperate.

All these training classes will send 10 women to contest the work for five, with the result already seen in many callings of reducing wages of skilled workers to the lowest pittance.

Look at the delicate hand-painted holiday or menu cards, which slender girls are glad to do for $2 a dozen! Hardly seamstress' wages. The brilliant color designs for book bindings are furnished by

Pale Women with Leaden Eyes

for less than it costs to print them. The prices dealers pay for art work are often so miserably small I wish they could be placarded on the frames, to frighten buyers into demanding justice for the artist.

The prices for slop sewing are hardly more meagre than those paid by cheap monthly journals for articles, taking time into account. Typewriter girls and stenographers find a cut in their wages every year because so many new hands are seeking places, and teachers barely hold their own, while normal schools yearly turn out regiments of severely drilled girls to contest the crewded field.

Every woman has an ambition to earn money, no matter how liberal her own private income. The lady of fashion crowds the professed actress from the stage, the leader of society is not above taking the $10 a week for a newspaper letter from the fingers of the self-depending woman educating her daughter abroad, or jotting on her invalid's couch the gay gossip conferrees bring her, the rich merchant's daughter is not above studying art in free classes to compete for prizes with lads and girls whose sole portion is their skill.

And when will it all end? There must be a revulsion soon to force consideration for the sake of society, setting people of income at the higher tasks of humanity, but the great army of workers that remain will so divide and diminish wages that the first step of safety is to furnish food and shelter at the least possible cost.

This can only be secured in community homes, where living is reduced to a science, and the utmost extracted from every dollar and pound of supplies. Do not shrink from a distasteful subject. Economy has hitherto been supposed to mean scraping and stinting. Instead of this it means enlarging, making much of substance, getting the usual worth of five dollars out of one.

This is no fancy sketch. Every assertion in it has been tested, not by solitary experiments, but by living them out. It is possible in such a home as described to meet all expenses and pay interest on the first outlay, while giving each woman thorough comfort, at cost of not over $250 a year.

For this sum the homes propose to give each woman a room and closet with storage beside, ample, acceptable fare, no "institution diet," either in quality or quantity, medical care, except in very serious illness, baths, library, music and various pleasant things.

To do this without calling on the public for help to support it is entirely possible with good management, and no management is good which narrows its expense by paring down the comforts of those under its care. There is more in a dollar's worth than most people suppose. In the first place

A Fair Property in the Country

costs less than the lot for a city institution; the gardens, orchards, and poultry yards, etc., furnish most of the food, of the best quality, beside income.

The home will be in reach of Boston privileges for students and artists, while giving women the sweet surroundings of country life and pure air to breathe. But to do this alone were only to keep a boarding-house of an improved sort. The home will take women who must depend on their own exertions, provide for them and train them in such callings as they are best fit for. There are hundreds of women of the better class thrown on their own resources who struggle bitterly with poor results, who, if trained, helped a little, with the business suggestions of more experienced heads, would be comfortable and independent. There are scores of women trying to write for newspapers, who would make more money and be better satisfied with poultry raising if they once tried it under experienced direction, and not a few women, useless, unsettled, who would do well at the minor forms of decoration with a season's study.

There are also many ladies in reduced circumstances who are mere helpless hangers-on to richer relatives, but who, in such a home, could turn their little gifts of fancy work or preserving to account, enough to earn their own support, at least, at its reasonable prices.

Further, the home will take homless women in, train them, and take their labor in payment for its services after they are trained, providing they are honest, capable and willing to work. The principle of the whole scheme is that if any woman will work she shall eat and live comfortably. For the indolent, visionary, incapable, it his no place, and its doors, so easy to open for those who mean honest work, are sternly closed in the face of others. It means help in the broadest sense for those who need it, and as far as they need it.

That such good-will can tend to demoralize those who receive it, or could be imposed upon to any extent, presupposes an ignorance of human nature and inexperience in those in charge which should never be trusted with any plan. Those who would do real good must take their training of being imposed upon perhaps 20 times in the beginning, but are sadly wanting if this continues.

It is a reflection on the penetration and common sense of humanity that benevolence should be restricted, as it often is, by the fear of being imposed upon if it undertakes any broad, liberal effort. Today it is impossible to manage a community where educated women of various tastes and gifts, from the artist and musician to the perhaps equally artistic milliner or florist can

Live in Comfort and Honor,

is a reflection on both the helpers and those helped which each must resent.

As to the business success of such a scheme, which is co-operation with a head to it, a hundred communities in this country today are rich and growing richer on the same basis. The Shakers, the Moravians, the Amana community in Iowa, worth its millions, to say noting of smaller individual concerns, show what may be done by thrifty combination. The same thrift, without the isms and restrictions, can be turned to happier results.

Brook Farm should have been a success to this day, if some saving common sense had mingled with its schemes. The opinion of this man, whose substantial grant of $5000, with promise of more behind it, first placed the scheme of the Country Home on a footing of fact, is pertinent here: "I do this because it is the first plan of the sort I ever heard that has a hard business foundation. I look on it as an investment in common sense bonds.

"There is no reason why it should not succeed and pay well, if there are women in the world who know how to work and to manage."

There are such. Miss Parloa told in her New York lectures last winter, of women she knew studying in the New England Conservatory to fit themselves for teachers, living on 25 cents a week. That is, she said, living to get through the course and breaking down immediately afterward, useless for years. No wonder she said godspeed to the home when its plan was first detailed to her. The writer knows four women in Boston of the best education, two artists, two authors, who confessed time after time to spending less than 60 cents a week for food. The pictures of one are in the Academy of Design, New York. The work of the others is winning the best recognition. I know, too, of women of no common gifts who have within a few years gone insane with the struggle to make even tolerable incomes from professional work meet ordinary claims. The price of such living as makes life endurable to refined women is far out of proportion to the earnings of the well qualified, and the community described is to afford congenial homes to the most refined of workingwomen, who are commonly, also, the most practical of their sex. SHIRLEY DARE.

DR. M'GLYNN.

The Pope Upholds Archbishop Corrigan's Course — Henry George's Doctrines Condemned.

NEW YORK, May 21.—Archbishop Corrigan received the following letter today regarding the case of Dr. McGlynn:

To our venerable brother, Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York. Leo P. P. XIII.—Venerable brother, health and the apostolic benediction:

Your letter dated the 2d day of April last has reached us, in which you lament the contumacious disobedience of a priest, one of your subjects, not only towards yourself, but towards this apostolic see; and anxiously seek to bring before the supreme tribunal of authority the false doctrines concerning the right of property disseminated by him among the people in private and in public assemblies.

We, therefore, moved by these your words expressed to us with just grief of heart and in the conscientious discharge of duty, have accurately considered the whole series of facts from the beginning, and have especially seen with commendation your firmness joined with singular charity.

It has been indeed a great grief to us to see the rebellion which has arisen against your authority in your city through the deeds and some of the craftily devised machinations and the open conspiracy of factious men.

Our anguish has been all the greater since, from information lately conveyed to us, we have it that there are some others of the clergy imbued with the doctrines of this priest who have not hesitated to adhere to him, although the clergy generally of the whole diocese, and the better part of the laity, gladly remained with unchanged will in faithful obedience and loyalty to you.

It is indeed grateful to us, and approved by us, that you have labored to crush, ere they sprang up, the vicious seeds of doctrines scattered under the pretext of helping the masses.

Nor is it less to your praise that with long suffering and patience you have not ceased with watchful industry to calm proud and restless spirits, although they have not refrained from slanders and reproaches against you and this apostolic see.

It is fitting, then, that you should be of good heart and with unwavering firmness. Apply all your strength to the work of the salvation of souls and in defending the sanctity of faith and discipline.

Nevertheless, led by Christian charity, you will leave nothing untried that with paternal benevolence you may embrace those who are deceived by this new doctrine if they return to wiser counsels.

We, however, will never permit any injury to your good name and dignity, much less to the authority to this apostolic see, and we will not fail to make known to you, through the sacred congregation of the propaganda, timely measures for the correction of the rebellion.

Meanwhile we earnestly pray the God of consolation that He will console you, venerable brother, tried by so many cares, and as a pledge of His divine favor and a proof of our special affection for you we lovingly bestow upon you the clergy and the people committed to your care the apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 4th day of May, 1887, in the 10th year of our pontificate. LEO, P. P. XIII.

A $30,000 CHANDELIER.

Novel Designs for Illuminating Homes with Electricity.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"There have been more ingenuity and artistic taste developed in designing fixtures for the electric light during the past year than a half century developed for all other kinds of lights together," said the head of one of the principal electric lighting companies in the city. He was sitting in his office, one end of which was covered by beautiful and novel samples of electroliers, brackets and globes of all materials, colors and shapes.

"The best designing talent," he continued, "in this country and in Europe is being utilized to turn out just such work as this. Here is a design for a bracket in the shape of a branch of a rosebush. The leaves and thorns are perfectly imitated in brass. The roses are small colored globes. When you turn on the current the effect is indescribably beautiful. Similar designs in lilies, bluebells and tulips have become comparatively common. The natural tint of the flower is reproduced admirably in the glass. Sometimes two or three different flowers are imitated on the same bush and the effect of a flower garden is produced. Such contrivances are very costly and are only used for decorative purposes. We can duplicate any designs that the makers of gas chandeliers can invent and then improve upon them greatly. You see, the electric light will burn in any position. We can have long stems and boughs with the light drooping at the end like a blossom. Or we can have the lights nestling in a vine running over an old tree, like they are arranged in a $30,000 piece of work now being made for an English nobleman. Tiny lamps with an intermittent arrangement will be fixed in the boughs of the tree to look like glowworms. There will be an imitation of moonlight, too, that it is thought will be something remarkable.

"For the illumination of ball rooms, something in the shape of the old chandelier is very popular. It is much more artistically made, however, and is thickly covered with globes, each having a different tint. The general effect is dazzling.

"Sconces are now made of hammered brass, with jewelled incandescent burners at the side. Another favorite wall ornament is a sort of brass panel covered with little branches bearing bright colored lights. The brass is highly polished and the effect of the reflection on the different colors is very bright and warm."

Classifying Church Worshippers.

The Archbishop of York has strong opinions as to free pews, to the effect that they should not exist. He does not believe in mixing classes in this world anyhow. Some one who appreciates his attitude recently issued circulars to the parishioners of a church where that question was under discussion, inviting them to hand in particulars concerning themselves. The queries were a trifle more searching than those of the census man, and demanded information as to rank, income, presentation at court, high-born relatives (if any), occupation, and a dozen other soul-searching points.

Sicilian Coral Fishing.

Coral fishing in Sicily has been suspended for the present, owing to the supply of material having greatly exceeded the demand. Five years is fixed as the time which will be required to sell off what is now in the market.

MR. CHILDS' LIBRARY.

Unique Collection of the Great Philanthropist.

Interesting Original Manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

Unpublished Satirical Doggerel by Lord Byron on Wordsworth.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—George William Childs of this city, who received so much attention at the recent banquet to Colonel Taylor in Boston, owns one of the finest private libraries in America. Perhaps it is not the largest private collection of books, but it certainly contains the rarest number of expensive prints and historical manuscripts in this country, if not in the world.

The library of Mr. Childs fills one entire end of one of his three magnificent residences. The book cases are of real ebony, beautifully carved, and all of the books have been rebound uniformly in dark green leather, and embossed in gold.

Of course the collection includes the standard works, but the value of nearly all of them is greatly enhanced from the fact that they are authors' editions, and contain either the simple autograph of their writers or, as is more often the case, they have autograph letters from the authors presenting them to Mr. Childs, while in not a few cases several pages of the original manuscript are to be found bound into the initial volume.

In the centre of the principal room stands an elaborately carved table made from wood brought from Africa to Mr. Childs by M. Paul du Chaillu. Upon the table lie several books, and in the centre of is the little green harp that once belonged to Tom Moore, in the days of his greatest triumphs as poet and singer, and which was carried by him to all the homes where he was so heartily welcomed.

Guests of Mr. Childs are asked to register their names in a book that lies upon the writing desk which Lord Byron used for years, and which bears his name, hacks of his penknife, spots of ink from his quill, and his monogram and crest.

The treasure that occupies the place of honor in Mr. Childs' library is the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only manuscript of any of Dickens' stories in existence outside of the South Kensington Museum. Opening the first of the two immense morocco-bound volumes, there is found opposite the title page the following autograph letter:

GADSHILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. CHILDS.—Welcome to England! Dolby will have told you that I am reading again—on a very fatiguing scale—but that, after the end of next week, I shall be free for a fortnight as to country readings. On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the meantime will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of the month? My housekeeper daughter is away, hunting in Hampshire, but my sister-in-law is always in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter anywhere than here, and you certainly cannot have from any one a heartier welcome than from me.

With kind regards to Mrs. Childs, believe me,
Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

A study of this interesting manuscript reveals Dickens' method of going about his story-writing. At the head of the first sheet there is a date, Thursday, 4th January, 1866, which was the day on which the tale of "Our Mutual Friend" was completed and sent to the printer. On the same sheet, near the top, is the signature of the author, entered just as newspaper correspondents sign their manuscripts.

From this manuscript of Mr. Dickens it is clear that he first conceived a plan of his story, then thought it out carefully and fixed the plot firmly in his mind, together with the prominent traits of each character. This completed, he made his skeleton from which to work in the details. Then came the finished story. In the case of "Our Mutual Friend" he filled 16 quarto pages with his skeleton, and even then seems to have left it unfinished. Here is how his skeleton notes begin:

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

On the Lookout.

The man in his boat, watching the tides.
The Gaffer—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—Hexam.
His daughter rowing, Jen or Lizzie.
Taking the body in tow.
His dissipated partner, who has "robbed a live man!"
Riderhood—this fellow's name.

CHAPTER II.

The Man from Somewhere.

The entirely new people.
Everthing new—grandfather new, if they had one.
Dinner party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mortimer, languid, and tells of Harmon, the dust contractor.

These notes continue throughout the skeleton and in them can be traced suggestions of the story now so familiar to thousands of readers. The summary of the notes appears near their end in this fashion:

FOUR BOOKS.
I. The Cup and the Lip.
II. Birds of a Feather.
III. A Long Lane.
IV. A Turning.

Throughout all of the sixteen pages of notes appear such sentences as this: "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich." "Don't make Podsnap too pronounced, but keep him within good bounds." "Remember the lane is to turn just here."

These notations are written in in all sorts of shapes, sometimes across the page, sometimes diagonally, and often right through the other written words.

The paper which Mr. Dickens used is light blue and heavy; and the ink is dark blue. He wrote a peculiar hand, the lines very close together, the letters very small; and the frequent marks of erasure and change prove that that inimitable literary style which we so much admire was not natural and spontaneous, but the result of hours of patient labor.

At times whole lines are scored out to be replaced by other selections of words by different modes of expression, or to be dropped altogether. Sometimes the lines run down hill, as we say. Every inch of paper throughout the manuscript is covered as though paper was dear and scarce. Although the present owner of the manuscript has had each sheet bound into a heavy calendared leaf and the whole fastened together in green morocco leather, yet the names and numbers of the compositors who set it up into type the first time are still there, so that it is possible to pick out each "take," as it is also possible to find sooty spots from the touch of the compositors' type-stained fingers.

The second volume has even a longer skeleton than the first, and there is an extra note to suggest that Mr. Boffin is to be given a little more to say and do. Instead of a preface, there is a postscript, which is remarkably free from erasures or changes.

At the bottom of the postscript there is the statement that the story was finished Sept. 2, 1865, which does not agree with the previously made assertion that it was finished nearly six months later. The two dates are there, however, and are contradictory.

Another unique thing to be seen here is an edition of the works of Lord Byron, in the first volume of which there is bound the original manuscript of the "Bride of Abydos." It is in Lord Byron's own hand. So also is a curious parody or doggerel that is pasted into the inside of the cover of the sixth volume. As is well known, Lord Byron detested William Wordsworth, and when the latter's "Peter Bell" appeared, Byron cut it out, pasted it at the beginning of a copy of his own works, and upon the margin wrote a parody of Wordsworth's lines. The original begins thus:

There's something in a flying horse,
And something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Whose shape is like the crescent moon.
And now I have a little boat,
In shape a very crescent moon, etc.

In a scrawl across the top margin of the slip on which "Peter Bell" is printed, Lord Byron writes, "Ravenna, March 22, 1820," and signs his name. Following it is in the original is the following in Byron's own hand:

There's something in a stupid ass
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so dammed a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.
And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once;
I really wish that Peter Bell,
And he who wrote it were in hell,
For writing nonsense for the nonce.
I saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet babe of one and twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers.
He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth—if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Exercise.

Among other original manuscripts of Mr. Childs' are: A sermon by Cotton Mather, the first half of the "Iliad," first book, translated by William Cullen Bryant, together with a copy of "Thanatopsis," in the handwriting of the author, and as it originally appeared; James Russell Lowell's June idyl, "Under the Willows"; James Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Captain Richard Somers"; "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," and a great lot of correspondence from Poe when the latter was seeking a publisher for his writings; the original draft of President Grant's address at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, in the president's own hand, and an inscription upon it giving it to Mr. Childs.

He has the Tom Moore Bible, in which are entered in Moore's hand the birth and death dates of his children; the original of N. P. Willis' "The Need of Two Loves"; Rev. Dr. Pakradenny's manuscript translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost" into Armenian, in which appear the portrait and autograph of Queen Victoria, to whom the work was dedicated.

Then there is the manuscript of Harriet Martineau's "Retrospect of Western Travel"; and the "Habitations of Our Kings," covering four closely written quarto pages, and embracing the time from William the Conqueror to the Georges. It was composed and written by Gray, the author of the Elegy.

John Howard Payne, whose affianced died the other day and had buried with her the original of "Home, Sweet Home," had equal bad luck with a play that he wrote for Charlotte Cushman. It is in four acts, but Miss Cushman declined it, and so it was never printed. Mr. Childs has it handsomely bound and preserved.

He also has the last letter which Washington ever wrote, and which is dated six days only before his death; the original manuscript complete of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's "Concordance of Shakespeare," Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," in the poet's hand, but not the original copy, and hundreds of autograph letters from about every person of distinction in this country or Europe during the past half century.

Mr. Childs has entertained more distinguished people than any other living American, and is amply prepared for the task, for he has three palatial residences, and is a capital host. EUGENE M. CAMP.

WOMEN IN WALL STREET.

How One Lost Money Through the Interference of Her Husband.

[Eleanor Kirk in Lawrence American.]

There was a nice little tiff in Wall street a few days ago between a man and his wife, both speculators, who were unfortunate enough to have the same initials. Mrs. E. G. B. bought some stock unbeknown to her lord and master, but the fact was divulged by a brother broker. Thinking to help his wife out of a bad scrape, the gentleman ordered the account to be closed by means of a telegram signed E. G. B. The lady, who exceedingly perspicacious in the matter of speculation, and who had received some valuable "points" to sustain her resolution to hold on, was naturally much disturbed to receive a notification of closing from her broker, and immediately advanced upon the bulls' stronghold.

Then husband and wife met. Greek and Greek sure enough. The upshot of the affair was that my lady lost $100 by her husband's interference. But she immediately re-invested and sailed away with pennants flying, having warned her broker to pay no attention to documents not bearing the prefix Mrs. to the signature. The mania for speculation seems to be increasing among women. A member of the Stock Exchange told the writer that his lady customers were far less nervous than men, and while they were more cautious about large investments, they were seldom troublesome, and as a rule their judgment seemed superior to that of men.

I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '86. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

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No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

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Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

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"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost do miracles?"

—Mrs. E. D. SLACK.

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Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

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. . . Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism!!!
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good ! ! !

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well today as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

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Valuable medicine:

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